June 20, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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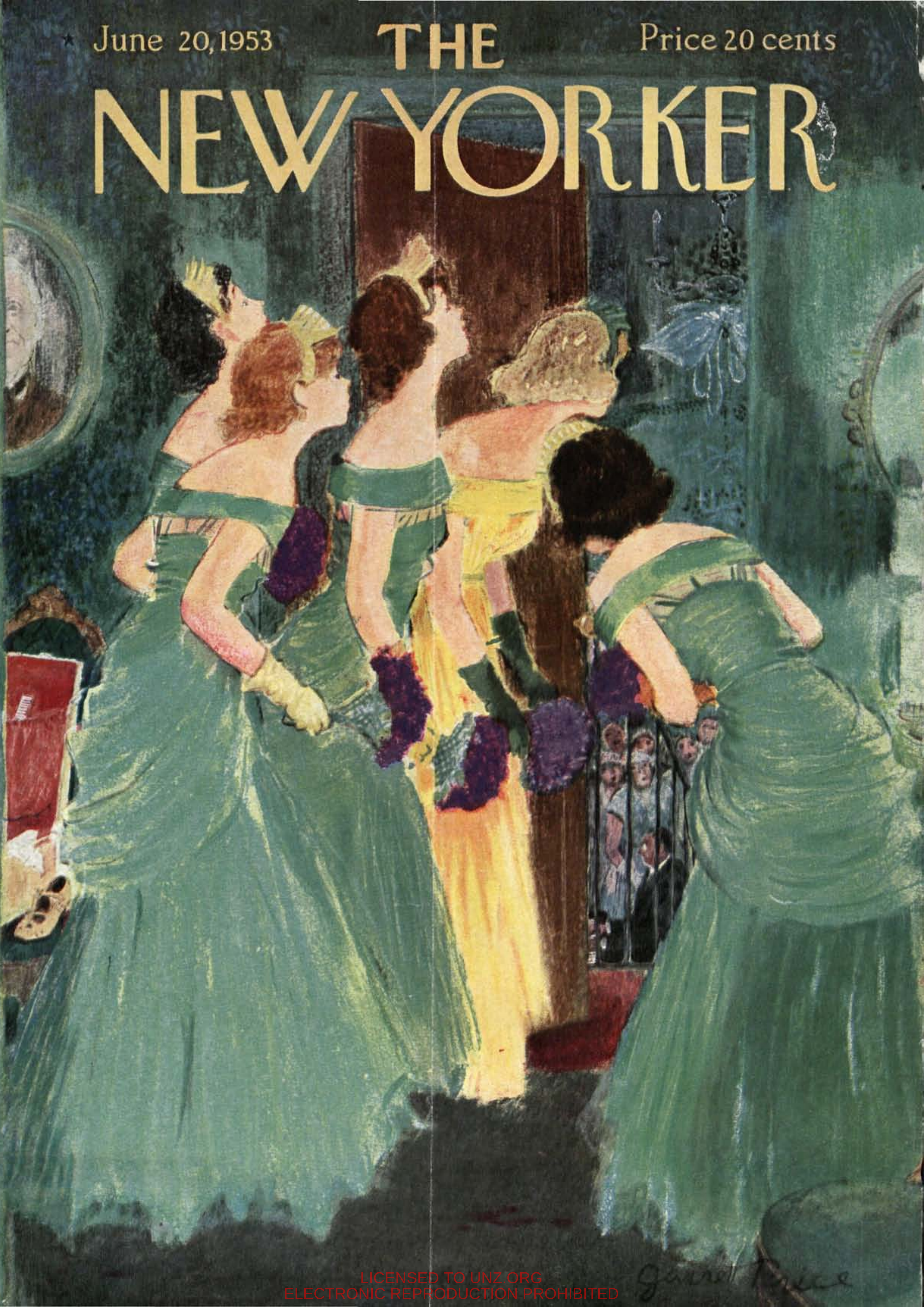
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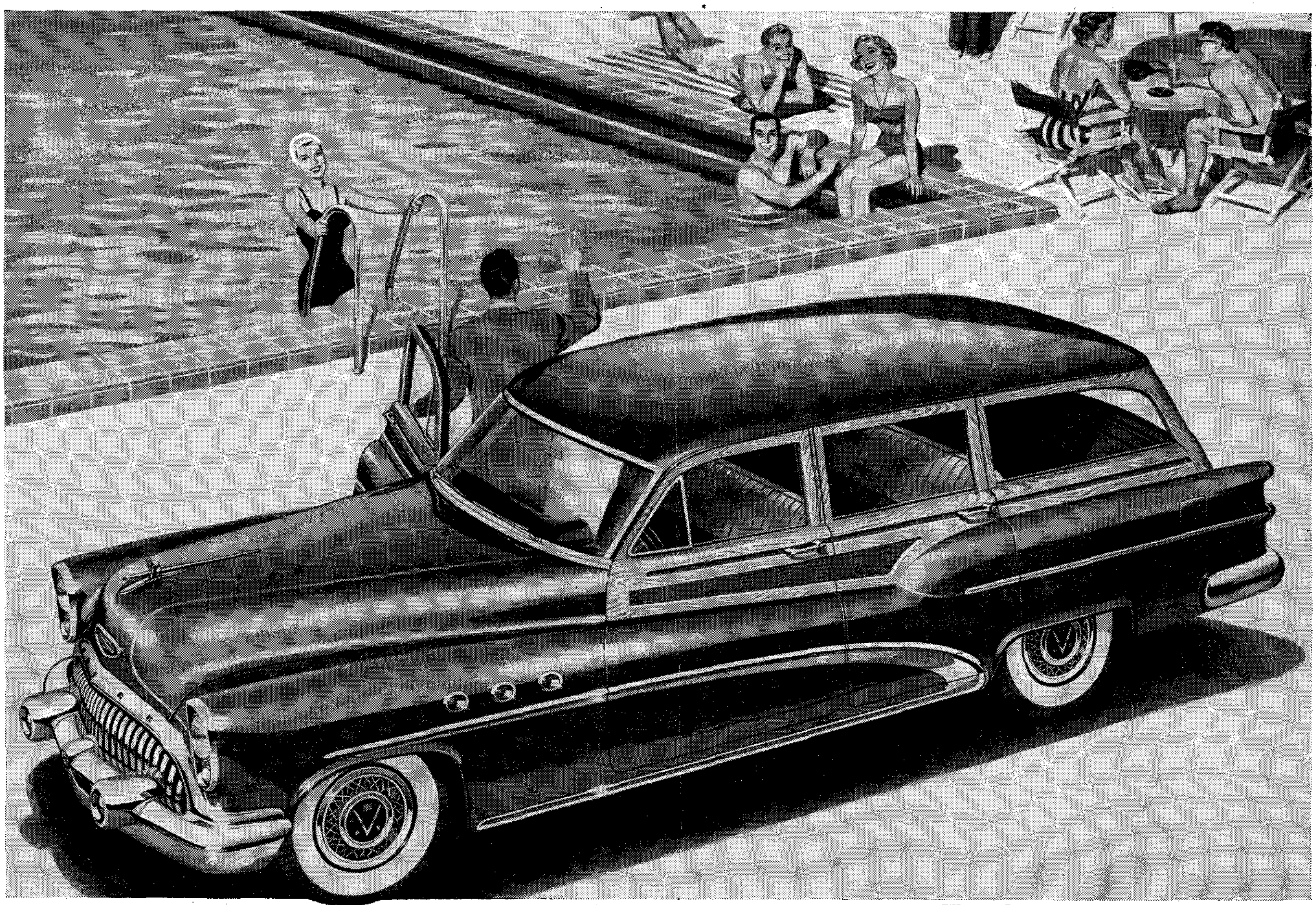

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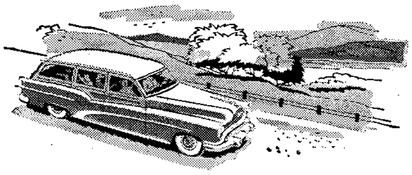

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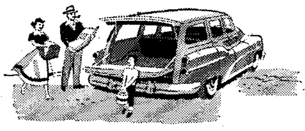

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATER
SUSAN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Crucible—It is hard to say what contemporary reference Arthur Miller had in mind in this play that has to do with the Salem witchcraft trials, but in any case he has written a moving and impressive piece. The cast, directed by Jed Harris, is headed by Arthur Kennedy, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, and Philip Coolidge. On Monday, June 22, Mr. Kennedy will leave the cast and Mr. Marshall will take over his role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dial "M" for Murder—A solid British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way, and Gusti Huber as that unfortunate lady. They and John Williams, who plays a perfect model of a Scotland Yard man, do a first-rate job. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik has the leading role in this comedy about the garment industry, and his acting is just about the only thing deserving of your respectful attention. Richard Whorf is also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Misalliance—Shaw's comedy, written in 1910, concerning the decay of the British aristocracy, is still very funny. Among the principals now are Martyn Green, Jan Farrand, and Tamara Geva. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—Sam and Bella Spewack have made an extremely humorous item from this French play about three convicts in Cayenne who have their own ideas about justice. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are especially praiseworthy in the cast. José Ferrer is the director and Boris Aronson has designed a fine tropical set. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—All the ladies of a small Kansas town are comparatively placid until sex turns up in the shape of a prepossessing young bum. William Inge's superior play, directed by Joshua Logan, has a talented cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—A comedy, by George Axelrod, about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. It's one of the happiest things in town. Tom Ewell plays the distracted hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Time Out for Ginger—If the idea of a teen-age girl whose father inspires her to go out for her school football team doesn't depress you unduly, this play, starring Melvyn Douglas, may be just what you are looking for. Also with Polly Rowles and Laura Pierpont. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 27.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The excellent choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of the Montmartre in the good old days, and Motley's costumes are a help, too. But the book by Abe Burrows and the music of Cole Porter are hardly up to scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hazel Flagg—The plot of this lavish and ornamental piece is taken from Ben Hecht's story about a girl who thinks she may be dying of radium poisoning, but you can ignore it in favor of the dancing girls and the scenery, both of which are very pretty indeed. Helen Gallagher, Thomas Mitchell, and Jack Whiting provide most of the brighter moments. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to the medium, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvellously ingenious. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—This third appearance of the Gershwin Heyward classic is even better than its predecessors. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy; Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos; Cab Calloway is Sportin' Life; and John McCurry takes the part of Crown. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra, as he did both times before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wonderful Town—Rosalind Russell shows that she is an astonishingly gifted comedienne, if not a spectacular singer and dancer, in this revival of "My Sister Eileen." Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov again handled the book, Leonard Bernstein composed the music, Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the lyrics, and George Abbott is responsible for the excellent direction. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**guys and dolls:** All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast at present includes Iva Withers, Julie Oshins, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 27, for six weeks.) . . . ***the king and i:*** A royal Siamese (Alfred Drake, for the time being) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. Yul Brynner will resume his role as King on Monday, June 22. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** George Britton and Martha Wright will again be playing the leads in this show when it returns from a brief road tour on Monday, June 29. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, and Patricia Marand. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre de Lys—The second and third plays in a four-week repertory presented by Terese Hayden: Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow," with Douglas Watson, Eli Wallach, Patricia Neal, and Anne Jackson; through Sunday, June 21. . ¶ Sheridan's "School for Scandal," with Miss Neal, David Stewart, and Orson Bean, opens Tuesday, June 23, and will run through Sunday, June 28. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A recurrence of "A Night in Venice," the spectacle put on last summer by Michael Todd. Ruth and Thomas Martin did this adaptation of the Johann Strauss operetta, and Jack Russell, Nola Fairbanks, and Thomas Hayward head the large cast. Opens Thursday, June 25. (Nightly at 8:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, June 20: "Murray Hill." Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: "Peg o' My Heart." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Clinton—Starting Saturday, June 27: John Dall in "The Moon Is Blue." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: Brenda Lewis in "Music in the Air." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, June 21: "Panama Hattie." Tuesday through Sunday, June 23-28: "The New Moon." (Lambertville

	Page
BOOKS	85
THE CURRENT CINEMA	56
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	72
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: THIS AND THAT	64
THE RACE TRACK	81
TABLES FOR TWO	79
TEE AND GREEN	69

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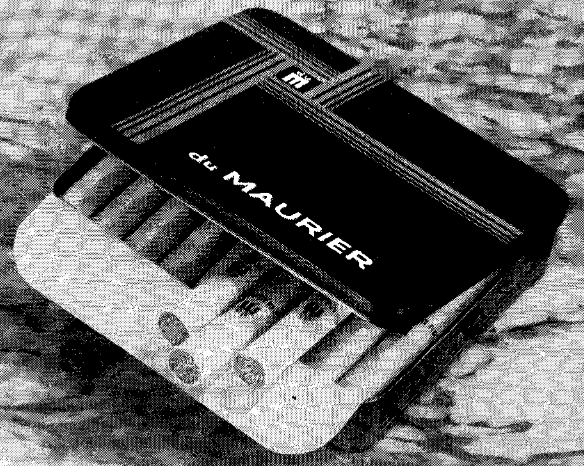

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Matunuck—Saturday, June 20, through Saturday, June 27: Farley Granger in "John Loves Mary." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 20: Billie Burke in "Life with Mother." Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: Cedric Hardwicke and Lili Darvas in "Island Visit." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Starting Friday, June 26: Russell Nype in "Mister Roberts." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Wednesday, July 1, at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, June 18, at 8:30: "The Great Gesture." Friday, June 19, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Saturday, June 20, at 8:30: "The Rivals." Wednesday, June 24, at 8:30: "A Phoenix Too Frequent" Thursday, June 25, at 8:30: "Arms and the Man." Friday, June 26, at 8:30: "The Rivals." Saturday, June 27, at 7:30 and 10:15: "The Affairs of Anatol." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, June 20: "The Country Girl." Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: "The Voice of the Turtle." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: Margaret O'Brien in "Peg o' My Heart." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 20: "Two Adams for Eve." Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: "Tons of Money." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: Elsie Ferguson in "And Two Make Four," a new play. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 20: June Havoc in "A 'New' School for Scandal." Monday through Saturday, June 22-27: Betty Field in "Second Fiddle," a new comedy by Mary Drayton (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Dancing at dinner and supper in the Garden, which is way down yonder in the middle of the New York Central tracks, to Jules Lande's orchestra. Between times, there's concert piano. Silence on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Very little mountain greenery around this sky high dance floor, but there's Harry James' band, with Buddy Rich on the drums, playing subdued yet alert jazz. On Monday, June 22, Sammy Kaye's orchestra will replace it. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Old Lady of Madison Avenue has gone modern, even Parisian, what with double piano in the Palm Court at cocktail time, except Sundays, and a passel of violinists and a piano at dinner in the Bowman Room, which is closed Sundays. No dancing in either place.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The ice show, an innocent art form dating back to Grandma Moses, still flowers in the Terrace Room. Since it all takes place indoors, the pretty girls in it needn't dress too warmly. Bernie Cummins' orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's music every day for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's quartet is usually responsible.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, the Blackburn Twins and Marion Colby whip through a brisk performance of what is still, no matter how thin it's sliced, basic vaudeville. Clifford Guest, a personable ventriloquist, talks glibly out of both corners of his mouth, and Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's bands pulse away during the rest of the evening. Closed Sunday and closes for the season on Saturday, June 27.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of dining and dancing in state, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo (who else?) is playing in the Grill. Closed Sunday and closes for the summer on Saturday, June 27.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, that beautiful and ornate old valentine, is open again. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz conduct a practically nonstop marathon all evening. Closed Sundays.

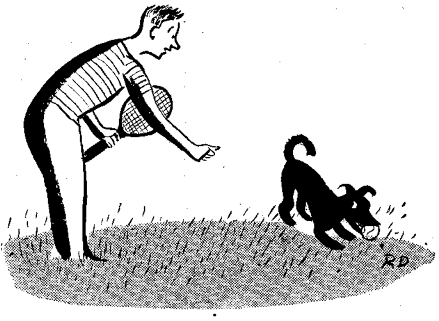
Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Charlie Fisk's jazz band and Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland, two orchestras new to Manhattan, are in the Café Rouge. The room closes for the season on Saturday, June 20. On Monday, June 22, a quartet will report to the cocktail lounge to make dance music from cocktails through supper every evening but Sunday.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—If your problems are little ones, you're more than likely to find them dancing their young hearts out here almost any evening. One of Hugo Pedell's orchestras and a rumba band do the music. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St (SC 4-8100)—There's dancing outdoors after eight on weekdays and seven on Sundays in a huge courtyard surrounded by all the evidences of countryside except red ants.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, always a real bright girl, truly comes of age in the local musical comedy. Lou Nelson and Georgie Kaye are pretty funny, too, so you shouldn't mind the occasional dry spells in the script. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.



Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The dance music compiled by Los Chavales de España is so infectious that the boys in the band sometimes get up and dance to it themselves. They also sing with good, solid Spanish gusto. Trini Reyes dances, too, and Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras hold forth in between. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Mr. Borr's band plays all by itself on Sundays, when there's no show.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of the Tasman Deep, but rather more hospitable to mankind. It's open for cocktails from four to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays and Saturday, June 27.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Calm, starlit nights the year round. Under their mellow glow, Ralph Strain plays, from ten to one, the hands-across-the-table piano that goes with the scenery. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The luxurious saloon of the Golden (or Volstead) Era, reconstructed with an antiquarian's care. During dinner, Johnny Mehegan plays fairly recondite piano all by himself; at supper he alternates with Marshall Grant, a handy man, too. They're off Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's desultory piano and violin, after nine-thirty, in what amounts to a *pied-à-terre* for the Westchester set. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, does quiet but elegant études at the pianoforte every night except Monday.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of John Kelley, Jr.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): This is a cellarful of nothing but Latin-American music, dancing, and cuisine, all of it highly but tastily seasoned. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the handiwork of some fancy-free decorators, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield at dinner and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Life in a relaxed and happy coeducational youth hostel, where anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge is apt to bob up onstage, singing along with the pianist.

BIG AND BRASSY

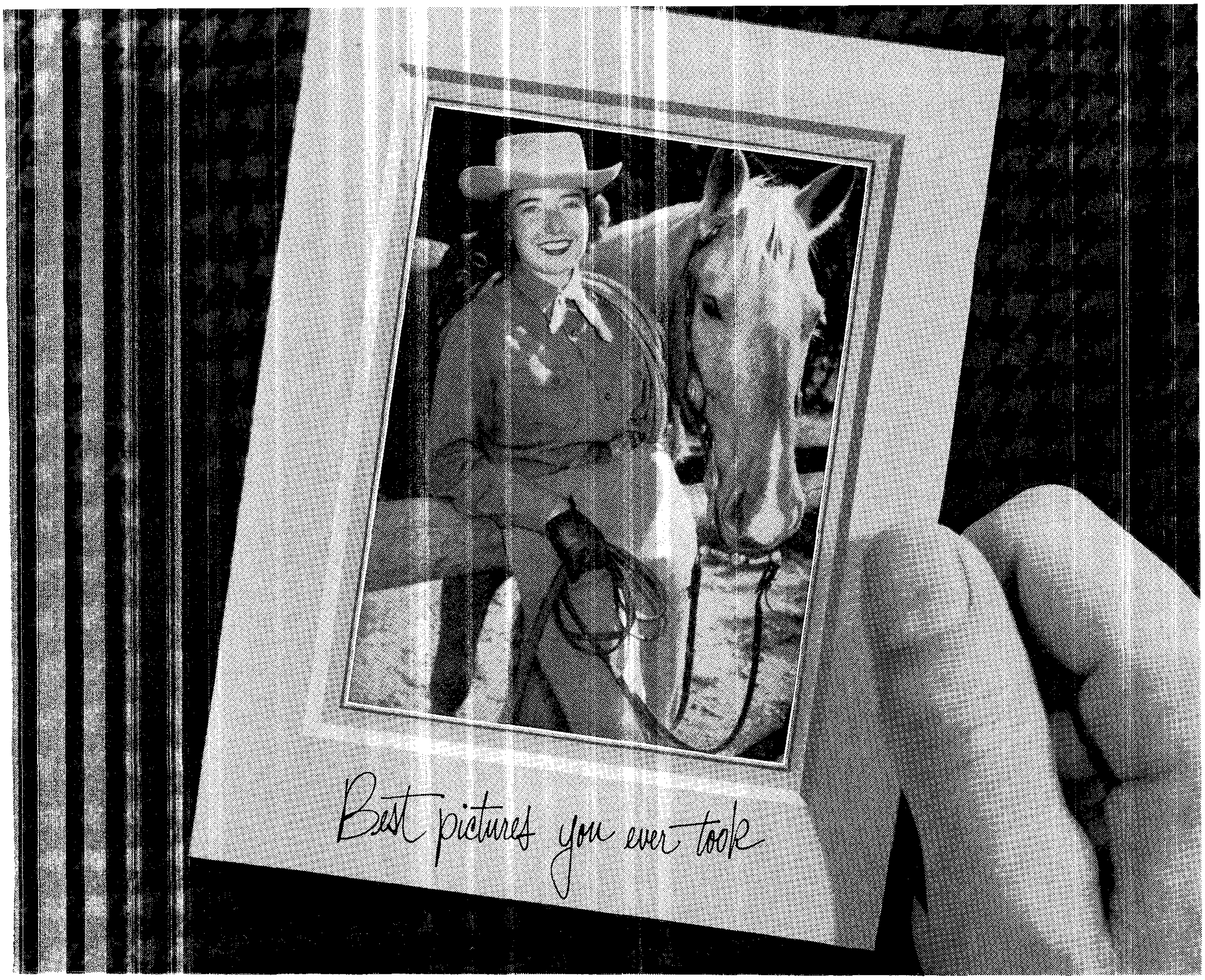
(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Nelson Eddy, all-round American boy, is exhibiting his famous chest tones, and there are perky dances by Teddy and Phyllis Rodriguez, who never, never keep both feet on the ground. On Thursday, June 25, another show moves in, headed by Joyce Bryant's dynamic songs and Dominique's practically miraculous pickpocket act.... **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Hudson rolls majestically by on the starboard side, and a top-heavy floor show lists slightly to port. On the passenger roster are Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, who dance; Tony Martin, who sings; and Jack E. Leonard, a humorist who came along largely for the ride.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4355): Sarah Vaughan is doing her usual commendable job of high-style jazz singing. On Monday, June 22, Josh White and his bagful of old American folk songs will replace her. Cy Coleman's trio provides less traditional sounds.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The wit, most of it triple *sec*, is set forth by the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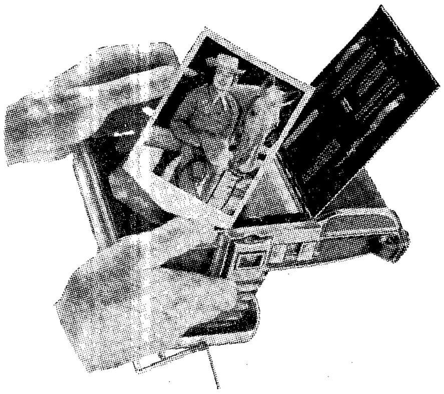

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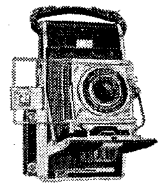

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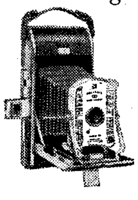

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Three Riffs and Orson Bean, all of them excellent *farceurs*. Portia Nelson, who's becoming one of our very best romantic singers, is not above a bit of frivolity, either. Amru Sani, a Hindu soprano, is a striking brunette and an uneven singer. The piano of Bart Howard and the Jimmy Lyons trio provide an agreeable background. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, mentor of this nursery for talent, has let loose one of the brighter *enfants terribles* of the season—a pandemonious sprig of wild thyme named Ceil Cabot. Nancy Reed, a gift-wrapped package in whose ballads there is plenty of come-hither; the fledgling but upcoming comedy team of Dana and Wood; and the Jackson Sisters, three youthful seraphim who sing quiet jive with great aplomb and greater charm, all do their very best to maintain the pace. The unique and glittering music of Norman Paris and his virtuoso trio gives the whole deal an extra dimension. Closed Sunday and closes for the summer on Saturday, June 27. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The humor of Jimmy Komack is rampageous but literate; Patricia Wilson is a green hand not yet quite sure what to do with her good voice. Between shows, the dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar. Closes for the summer on Saturday, June 20. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Youngsters up for tryouts in the big leagues are underfoot here. One is Marijane Maricle, who sings; the others are Marsh and Fields, who joke. She's off Sundays, they're off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A *petite histoire* of love life among the moderns. The words and music are by such belletrists as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard; their sounding board, calm but persuasive, is Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is reached through the often raucous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A fine tantivy that reaches its peak in the small hours. The contributors are the diva called Mae Barnes, who could literally be described as a howling success; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, whose recitations, all very prankish, *are like nothing else on land or in the sea;* Oliver Wakefield, a salty lecturer on contemporary mores; and the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism. Only the piano of Garland Wilson and Norene Tate is ever unruffled. Closed every Monday for alterations.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's horn leads the other muskrats (Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes Mr. Condon) a merry ramble. Ralph Sutton is the genius in charge of the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): One of the most joyful of the new quartets (Jo Jones, Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, Tommy Potter) and Eddie Heywood's stalwart trio defend the honor of this stronghold of honest music. The noise starts at nine-thirty. Don Abney is at the piano from five-thirty to nine. Closed Sundays . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, which is on the sunny side of the Mason and Dixon Line, holds forth here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore, all good men and true, are right off the boat—the New Orleans stern-wheeler, that is Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368)· Bud Powell is playing out-of-this-world piano in a quartet that also involves Charlie Parker. Cootie Williams' orchestra and Paul Quinichette's band are on hand, too.

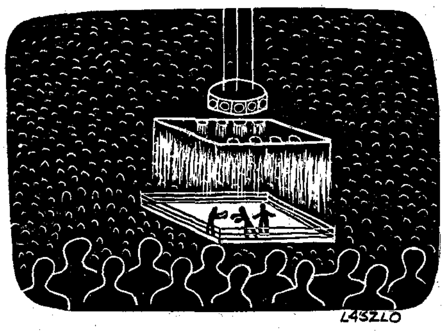
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

On Thursday, June 25, Erroll Garner's trio will replace the Williams gang. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, June 21, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, they'll have Max Kaminsky's boys in for tea and jam. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX**, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): Some of the music here is simply manic-depressive, but Woody Herman has put a lot of spit and polish on his brass, which pours forth rich, warm, compelling melody with a flashy change of pace. He goes away on Sunday, June 21. On Tuesday, June 23, Lionel Hampton's and Charlie Ventura's bands will check in. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the jazz of the new Douglas Duke trio, which is light-hearted, inventive, and so progressive as to be way out in deep left field. . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Friday, June 19, a company of ancient and honorable artillerymen—Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Peanuts Hucko, Joe Sullivan, Tommy Benford, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing—is forecast. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, it is reliably reported, there'll be intentional cacophony by Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Jimmy Archey, Gene Sedric, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing Friday through Sunday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628); dancing on Friday evenings. . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).



ART

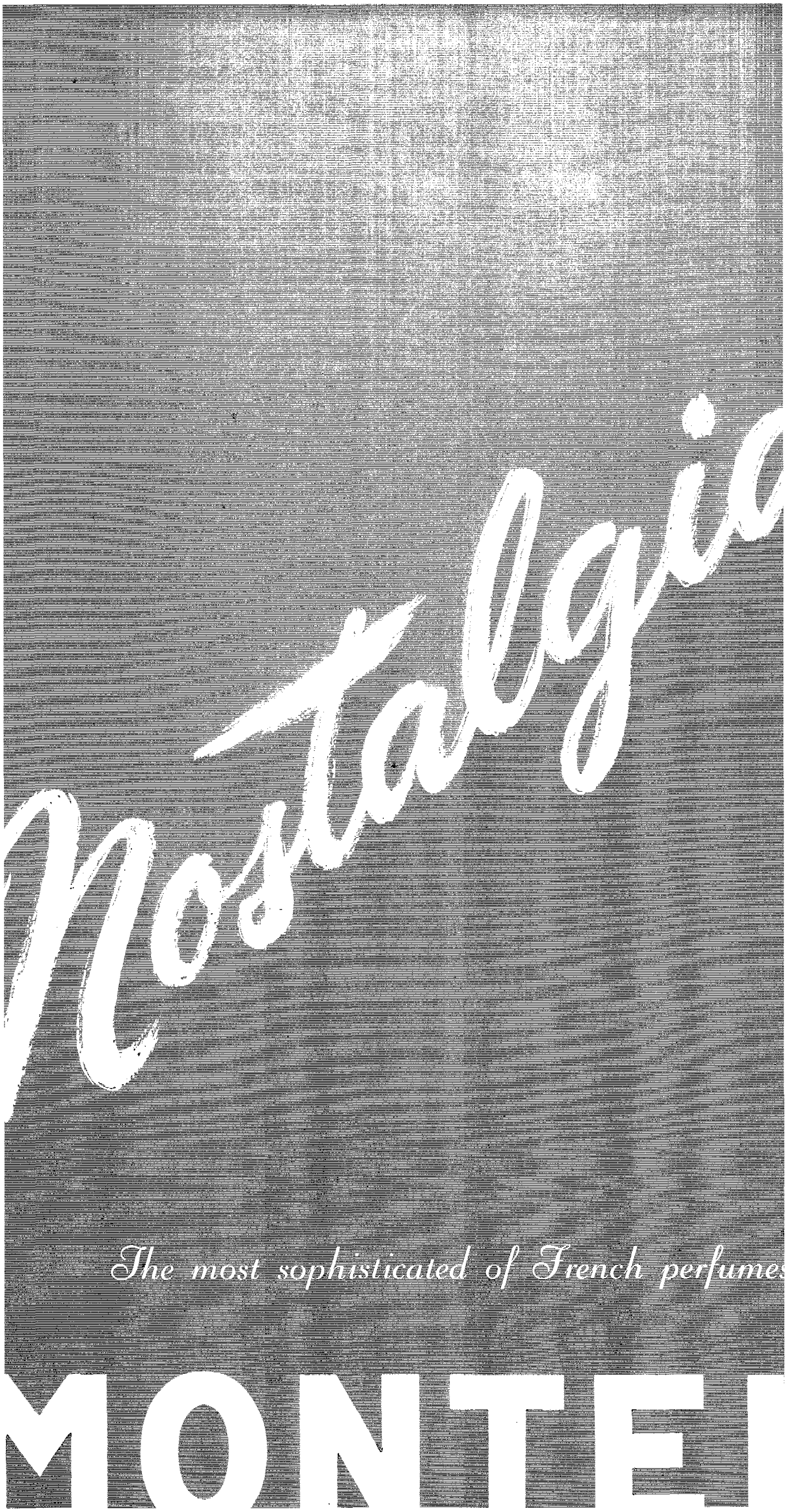
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

American Abstract Artists—A modest but cleverly selected spring exhibition of small paintings and sculptures; through June 30. (Hacker 24 W. 58th St. Open Saturdays.)

Americans, Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.: Paintings and other works by Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Bouché, William Zorach, and other members; through June 28. *(Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)* . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Impressions of New York City in oils and water colors by Raphael Soyer, Adolf Dehn, and eleven other contemporaries; through June 22. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A minor survey of art in this country over the last hundred years, with canvases by Whistler, Eakins, Prendergast, and others, as well as by eighteen present-day artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: John Marin, William Zorach, Stuart Davis, Niles Spencer, and thirty others, each represented by an oil, a water color, or a sculpture; through June 30. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century drawings, ranging from early examples by William Glackens and Gifford Beal to more recent ones by John Heliker, Joe Lasker, and others; through June 26. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual end-of-the-season retrospective, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Dong Kingman, and Cécile Bellé; through June 26. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works in a variety of mediums; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Mostly new, unshown sculptures and constructions in stone, wood, steel, and other mediums by Dorothy Robbins, Clark Winter, William Muir, and others; through July 18. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **CIRCLE & SQUARE**, 16 W. 58th St.: Abstractions (oils, gouaches, and prints) by Serge Poliakoff, Nina Negri, Henri Goetz, and others; through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St: The first exhibition in this country of paintings by Alexandre Garbell, plus recent works by Yoram Kaniuk, Bruno Krauskopf, and others; through July 22. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **HELLER**, 108 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and graphics by Roy Lichtenstein, Rhys Caparn, Julio De Diego, and others, and mobiles by John Marshall Brown III; through June 30. (Open Saturday, June 20.) . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Roszak, Miró, Balthus, Lam, and others whose paintings and sculptures usually are shown here; through June 30. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Chiefly oils, by Renato Guttuso and such Americans as Peter Blanc and Charles Shucker; through July 15. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: An exhibition of oils and gouaches by Austin, Bombois, Braque, Picasso, and at least fifteen others whom the gallery regularly handles; through July 3. . . . **CURT VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: A group of five artists, none especially well known, in a small but distinguished showing; through June 19. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo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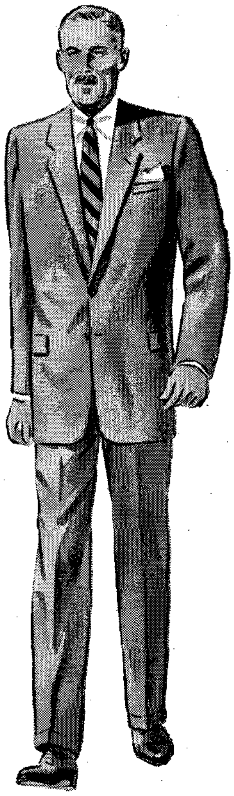

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **CADBY-BIRCH**, 21 E. 63rd St.: Twenty or so paintings by Campigli, Miori, Marandi, and others whose work was displayed here last winter; through July 15. . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 51 E. 57th St.: About fifteen oils by Cross, Derain, Vlaminck, and other French masters; through June 25. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: More French masters, among them Chagall, Soutine, Rouault, and Utrillo; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Landscapes of France done from the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries by Lorrain, Robert, Corot, Fragonard, Renoir, and others; through Sept. 30. (Open Saturdays.)

REGINALD MARSH—Black-and-white drawings, among them a notebook of lithocrayon sketches for Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," as well as other illustrations for John Dos Passos' "U.S.A." and "The Grand Design," Ben Ames Williams' "House Divided," and other books; through June 26. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Seventeenth Biennial International Water Color Exhibition, with two hundred paintings by John Marin, Dong Kingman, Graham Sutherland, I. Rice Pereira, and others; through June 21. . . . ¶ Lee Chesney, John Paul Jones, and Seong Moy are among the hundred or so artists taking part in the annual print show, which this year is predominantly made up of woodcuts; through June 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Israeli collections, many of them only recently discovered in Palestine, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. Also seventy-five paintings by Nahum Gutmann, Reuven Rubin, and five other Israeli artists. Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, tracing the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures that have been left to the Museum by Katherine S. Drier. Together with a group of American prints and German Expressionist paintings, they make up an exhibit of the Museum's recent acquisitions. Through July 26. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Pre-Columbian architecture, including Aztec pyramids in the highlands of Mexico and Mayan ruins in the jungles of Honduras and Guatemala, described in oil paintings and water colors by Henry Schnakenberg; through July 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collection of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Close to forty water colors of Israel (1951) and twenty-five sculptures dating back to 1931, all by Chaim Gross; through July 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibition of drawings by Abraham Walkowitz assembled from the Museum's collection and ranging from early detailed sketches to more recent abstractions;

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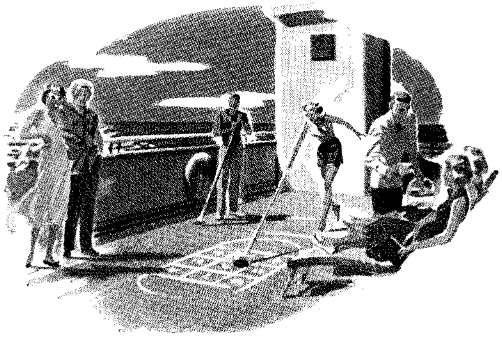

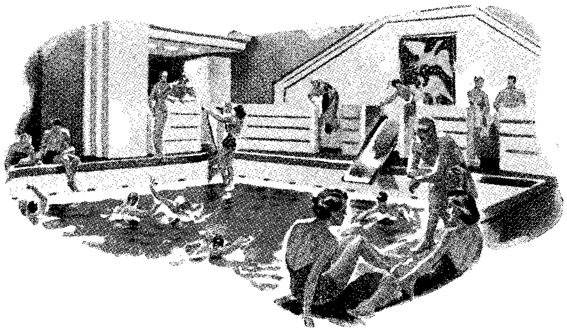

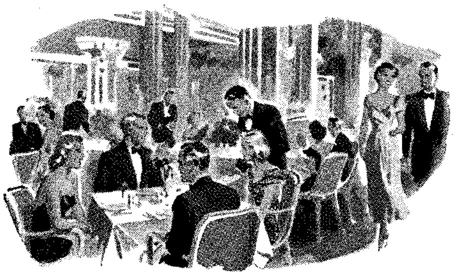

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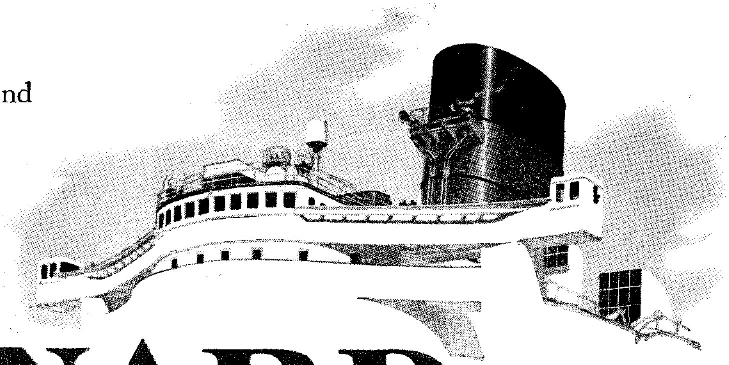

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 1—Monday, June 22: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-French program; no soloist. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Schumann program, with Aldo Parisot, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25: Leonard Bernstein and David Mendoza conducting a Latin-American program, with Bernardo Segall, piano, and with songs and dances by Yma Sumac and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Frederick Dvonch conducting a Kern and Hammerstein program, including a concert version of "Show Boat," with Jane Pickens, soprano; Barbara Ashley, contralto; David Poleri, tenor; and William Warfield, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Lemonade Opera—"Don Pedro," by Mozart, with an English libretto by Joseph Longstreth. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Goldman Band—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert, Friday, June 19. In celebration of the two-thousandth concert, on Monday, June 22, Percy Grainger, Aaron Copland, Morton Gould, and Vincent Persichetti will be on hand to conduct various of their own works. In the event of rain, this program is scheduled for Wednesday, June 24. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

OUT OF TOWN

New Haven Pops Concerts—Harry Berman directing the New Haven Symphony Orchestra in a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Dorothy McNeil, soprano; Carol Jones, mezzo-soprano; William Carson, tenor; Norman Atkins, baritone; and the New Haven Chorale. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, June 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thursday, June 18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 2, and Sunday, June 21, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 23, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 26, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 27, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 19: Paddy Young vs. Bobo Olson, 15 rounds, for the American Middleweight Championship. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26: Joe Giardello vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 20.)

Fencing—National Championships—Thursday, June 18, at 10 A.M.: Women's individual foil; semifinals and finals. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 5 P.M.: Men's individual sabre; semifinals and finals. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8 P.M.: Men's three-weapon team; semifinals and finals. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. EL 5-3000.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Senior Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday and Friday, June 18-

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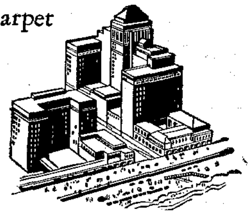

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

19.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Tuesday, June 23.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, June 24-26.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport. Friday through Sunday, June 26-28.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury.

RACING—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 1:15. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track both days between 10:45 and 1.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, from Saturday, June 20, through Saturday, July 11. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, June 20; the Shevlin, Monday, June 22; the Gazelle, Wednesday, June 24; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, June 27. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 10. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Annapolis race, Saturday, June 20. . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week for Stars. (Noroton, Conn. Saturday through Wednesday, June 20-24.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the periodic sessions of the Security Council, as well as to meetings of the Trusteeship Council and of various commissions and committees. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

MARINE EXHIBIT—Scrimshaw work, braided-rope designs, and other examples of sailors' handiwork, including a large and extremely impressive collection of ship models, some of them more than a hundred years old. (Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South St. Daily, 10 to 5.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—Drafts of twenty-three poems; working manuscripts of "Immortality" and "Of Beauty;" correspondence with Carlyle, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, and others; first editions, many of them inscribed; and a raft of other items, arranged in an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Emerson's birth. Through Sept. 30. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—Simulated rainbows, a lunar halo, northern lights, and a violent thunderstorm, plus explanations of them and of the role the sun plays in creating such phenomena, make up the major portion of the June show, called "Color in the Sky." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

THE FIVE LIVES OF MR. GOULD

MORTON GOULD, who made a nostalgic ballet out of a gory old murder case, and who recently wrote a gravely classical concerto for tap dancer and symphony orchestra, is (as you were probably just thinking) the most unclassifiable man in the history of American music. He is not only a composer, arranger, conductor and performing pianist, but he is prone to compose, arrange, conduct and perform at a variety of musical levels, or hair-lengths. This is vaguely disquieting to people with neat minds, who like to keep their contemporaries nailed up in boxes marked "Heavyweight" (guaranteed immortal), "Middleweight" (certified semi-immortal), or "Lightweight" (to be enjoyed without worrying about it). Such people find themselves secretly wishing that Mr. Gould had been born, for the sake of orderly filing, at least five different men.

There is, to begin with, a Morton Gould who composes symphonies, concerti, and ballets in classical form but with an unmistakably American beat and flavor. This Mr. Gould is one of the most frequently performed contemporary composers, and very snugly enshrined in the standard concert repertory. Next, there is a Morton Gould who takes popular songs and packages them in sensuous and velvety arrangements intended to add to the agreeableness of life rather than to its perplexities, and this Mr. Gould is responsible for some of the most relaxed Martini-in-hand listening that is done in this country. Still another Morton Gould is a major influence in musical education—a composer of unpatronizing pieces for school orchestras which have brought sparkle to the eye and muscle to the lip of thousands of apprentice hornblowers and woodwind men. The fourth Morton Gould writes Broadway hit musicals such as "Billion Dollar Baby" and "Arms and the Girl." And finally, there was a Morton Gould who wrote that singing commercial for Cresta Blanca Wines—a progression of notes as haunting, for better or worse, as the opening chords of Beethoven's Fifth.

We called on the five Morton Goulds recently and found them coexisting amiably in one nice-looking man of thirty-nine with a mild voice, humorous eye, and an unpressed Donegal tweed suit. Mr. Gould, who had been laboring over a new piano concerto for Dimitri Mitropoulos, wouldn't let us get far with our apology for interrupting him. "I like to work but I love to stop," he said, closing *that* subject. We asked him how he happened to have done so much to break down the fences between "popular" and "serious" music, and he told us there wasn't anything deliberate about it. "I've always felt that music should be a normal part of the experience that surrounds people. It's not a special taste. An American composer should have something to say to a cab driver that makes sense, and it can't make sense unless it's heard. I've written for radio, movies and the theater as well as for the concert hall because those are the places where most people hear music. I grew up, like most other kids, on cowboy ballads, jazz, spirituals, carols, hot dogs, high school proms, vaudeville shows, band concerts in the park, and all the rest of it. So it was natural for me to use that musical language when I began to compose. Classics grow out of pretty common soil. Take Carl Sandburg—those wonderful poems made out of little colloquial words. Well, popular tunes and rhythms are the colloquialisms of music, and it's just plain sensible for an American composer to take them seriously. However," said Mr. Gould with sudden emphasis, "you don't want to pay too much attention to what a composer *says*. The thing to do is listen to what he does."

We took Mr. Gould's advice, got an armful of his records from Columbia, and spent the next three hours listening to all the Morton Goulds—all piled up on the phonograph in no particular order. And it seemed to us that the automatic record changer, in its blind wisdom, revealed that the diversity of Morton Gould is a pretty simple thing after all. It is the diversity of an artist who has reacted with sympathy and love to all kinds of American experience—to Main Street and Times Square, the front porch and the cocktail lounge, rhumba lessons by mail and square dancing in the school gym, the Gettysburg Address and the Lizzie Borden case, Carnegie Hall and bubble gum, and kids' space-caps with propellers on them. It all belonged, it was all about us, and it was all true.

However, as a fellow once told us, you don't want to pay too much attention to what people *say* about music; the thing is to get out and listen. Any Columbia Records dealer can get you started listening to Morton Gould, and after that we rather doubt you'll ever want to stop. L.R.

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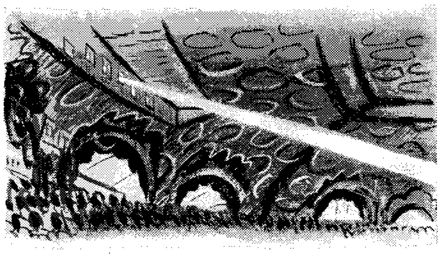
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Call Me Madam—A movie musical based on the Lindsay-Crouse work about a jaunty American Ambassadress abroad. It has the solid virtue of employing Ethel Merman in the principal role. Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders, and Billy De Wolfe are also helpful. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; June 18. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through June 20.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth, in her first movie appearance, showing the other girls what acting is all about. She plays the unappetizing wife of a disconsolate and unappetizing chiropractor (Burt Lancaster) in a community that even the housing shortage could not excuse. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 19.)

Fanfan the Tulip—A breezy French film that spoofs war, love, and costume dramas, and includes among its assets a toothsome lady named Gina Lollobrigida, and Gérard Philipe, whose imitations of Douglas Fairbanks are first-rate. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A stylish version of the Wilde masterpiece, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, Edith Evans, and several other fine people, all of whom are very deft at tossing the incandescent lines about. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 22. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 23.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz' interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Man on a Tightrope—A detailed account of the escape of a Czechoslovakian circus from the clutches of the Communists. The performers are a lively lot, and their method of cracking the Iron Curtain is highly original and exciting. Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou are in the cast. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Moulin Rouge—A celluloid appreciation of Toulouse-Lautrec, directed by John Huston and with color photography of the first order filmed under the supervision of Eliot Elisofon. José Ferrer plays the artist, and Colette Marchand is superb as the dubious lady who takes control of his affections. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 23. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting June 24.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A British film in color describing the Coronation. On its merits, it should command the respect even of an Irish Republican. Sir Laurence Olivier is the narrator. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—An episodic melodrama concerned with the lives of some interesting young women catapulted into catastrophe by the collapse of a stairway. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis—gentlemen who were, respectively, involved in "The Bicycle Thief" and "Bitter Rice"—this Italian film is quite worth your while. With Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 20-22.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 18.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 24.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 21-24.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 24.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 20-22.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 18.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 21-24.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 21-23.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 23.)

Trio (1950)—The second English screen translation of Somerset Maugham stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 21: "One Hundred Men and a Girl" (1937), with Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski. . . . ¶ Starting June 22: "The Little Foxes" (1941), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, afternoon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through the afternoon of June 24: "Never Let Me Go," Clark Gable, Gene Tierney.
From June 24, at 8:30: "Melba," Patrice Munsel. (Opening night will be a benefit for the United Cerebral Palsy Fund of New York City.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
June 18: "Fort Ti," a three-dimensional film, with George Montgomery.
From June 19: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T," Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
June 18 (tentative): "The Farmer Takes a Wife," Betty Grable, Dale Robertson.
From June 19 (tentative): "O. K. Nero!," Silvana Pampanini, Gino Cervi.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
MAN ON A TIGHTROPE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Dangerous When Wet," Esther Williams, Fernando Lamas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 23: "South Sea Woman," Virginia Mayo, Burt Lancaster.
From June 24: "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms," Paula Raymond, Paul Christian.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

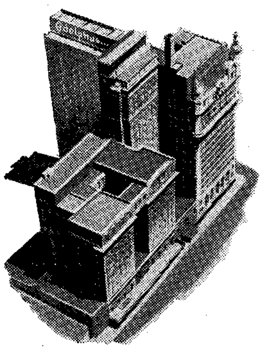
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Pickup on South Street," Richard Widmark, Jean Peters.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"It Came from Outer Space," a three-dimensional film, with Richard Carlson.

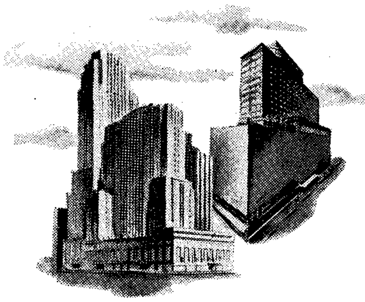
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Sangaree," a three-dimensional film, with Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:15 and 10; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

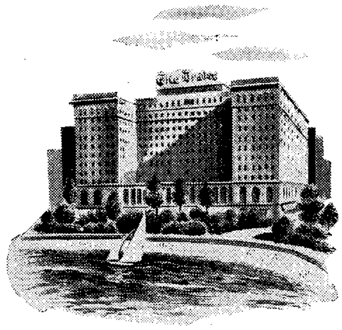
World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).



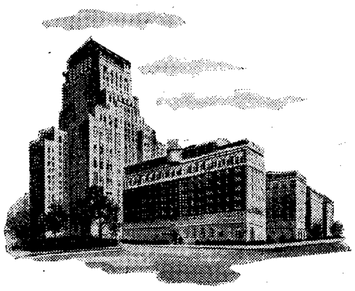
DALLAS
The Adolphus



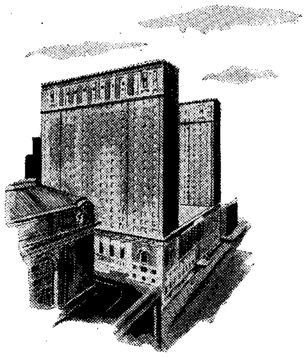
CINCINNATI
Netherland Plaza & Terrace Plaza



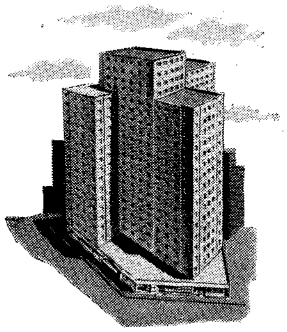
CHICAGO
The Drake



ST. LOUIS
Chase & Park Plaza



NEW YORK
Hotel Commodore



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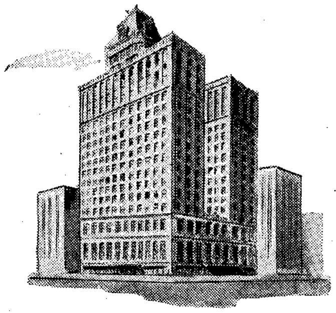
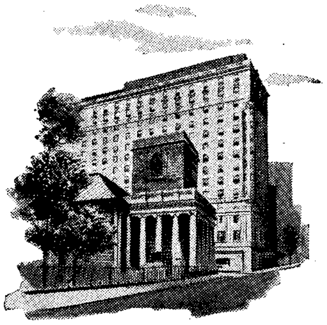


BALTIMORE
Lord Baltimore



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CI 244
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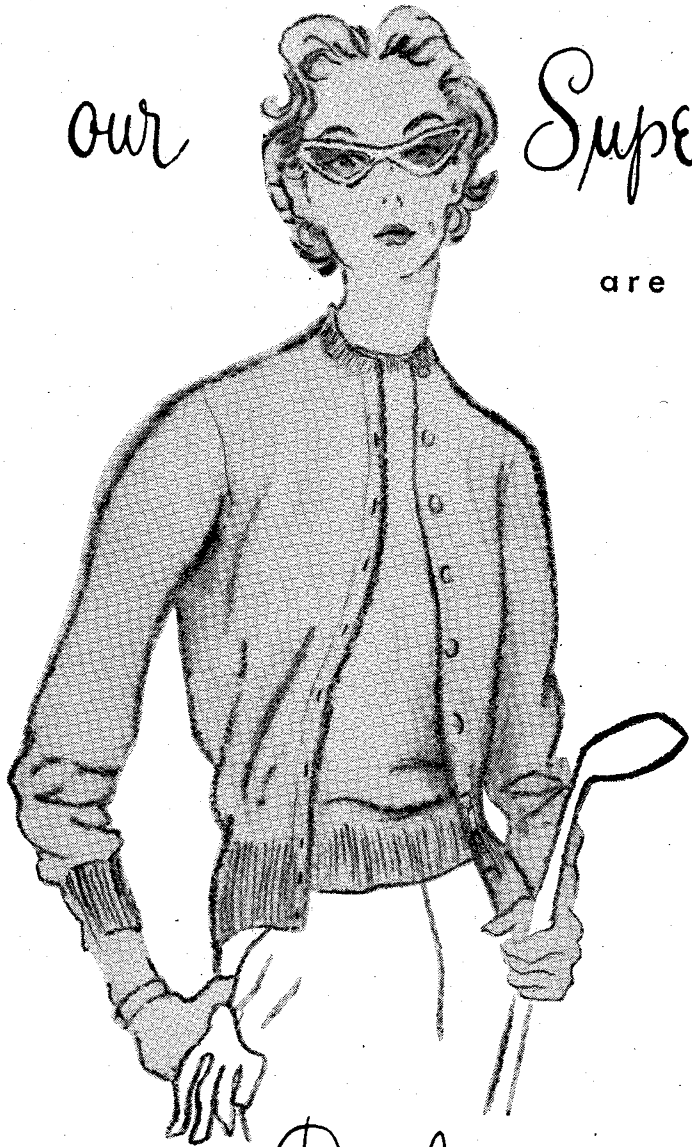

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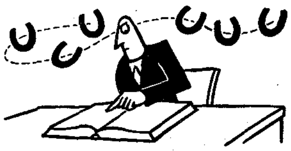
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

“TIME,” which makes every effort to be helpful to its readers but doesn't always succeed, recently attempted to give us a lift by explaining how to pronounce the name of the new president of Harvard, Dr. Pusey. It rhymes, said *Time,* with newsy. Well, this is no help at all. There are millions of Americans (among whom you can count us) who call newsy noozy (rhymes with floozy); and then, of course, there are the trained radio newsmen who give the word the full treatment and pronounce it niews, rhyming with pews. So the president of Harvard remains as mysterious as ever. Dr. Poozy? Or Dr. Piewsy? It depends on whether you read *Time-the-weekly-noozmagazine* or *Time-the-weekly-niewsmagazine.* Depends on whether you are an exponent (rhymes with Conant) of the elegant and the correct, or of the simple and the quick.

We became so infatuated with the sound of Pusey and the long “u” that we finally found our way right to the heart of Webster's Unabridged, which turned out to be every bit as useless (to a bum like us) as *Time.* In Webster's “A Guide to Pronunciation,” by Paul W. Carhart, entirely rewritten by John S. Kenyon, Ph.D., one finds the key—if it can be called key—to the long “u” or “ū.” Webster, or Carhart, explains it this way: “ū, as in cūbe, pūre, mūte, tūne, lūte, dūty, hūman.” How's that for a help? We call duty dooty, and we call cube kiube. We call tune toon (rhymes with moon), and we call human hiooman (rhymes with *Saturday Evening Post*). We're a direct man, though, as well as a slovenly one, and our plan is to corner Pusey somewhere and just ask him how he pronounces his name. We considered cancelling *Time* but abandoned that as the gesture of a hothead and a malcontent.



The Rich Dust

THE skull of a Neanderthal man, found in a cave at Mount Carmel; artifacts from King Solomon's mines, dating back to the tenth century before Christ; ivories from Megiddo; pottery jugs and plates from Canaan; part of a scroll of the Book of Isaiah that may have been transcribed as early as the first century B.C. and is by many hundreds of years the earliest known Biblical manuscript; coins of Pontius Pilate and other procurators of Judaea; the lead coffin, small and trim, of a Christian child who died near Jerusalem in the sixth century; a dainty capital, carved by a Burgundian sculptor in 1183, for the great Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth, later pulled down by Saracens—all these and a host of equally rare objects in bone, gold, bronze, iron, glass, mosaic, marble, chalk, pottery, and porphyry are currently at the Metropolitan Museum, in an exhibition called “From the Land of the Bible.” We went up to see it one afternoon last week, a couple of days before the official opening, and were shown round by Dr. Walter Moses, who not only is one of the leading industrialists in Israel but is the founder and head of the Museum Haaretz, in Tel Aviv, and collected many of the treasures on display.

Dr. Moses is stocky, bald, middle-aged, and pleasant-faced, and speaks fluent English with a German accent. On the occasion of our visit, he was wearing a short-sleeved white shirt, nondescript trousers, and squeaky shoes, and seemed cheerfully unaware of the Museum staff members, painters, carpenters, and electricians bustling about him. After watching him place half a dozen odd-looking glass objects in a display case, we asked him what they were—had they perhaps been used as decorations? “Decorations!” said the Doctor, more in sorrow than in anger. “Please! Do you suppose that in the oldest time craftsmen made things merely to be shown off in curio cabinets? Like so many pretty objets d'art? No, no! We are not quite sure what these pieces are, but we think they have a funerary significance. Possibly they were votive offerings. In any event, we can be sure that they were believed at the time to serve an important purpose. With us, it is so often a question of beauty, while with early man it was a question of utility, and not natural utility alone but supernatural. But there! We cannot even say that, for it would never have occurred to early man to divide things into natural and supernatural.” Upon which, catching his breath, the Doctor led us from gallery to gallery, beginning with a display of old maps of Jerusalem. On a wall above the maps was a quotation from the Psalms—“For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and love her dust.” “So!” said Dr. Moses. “There is no dust anywhere richer than the dust of Palestine, there at the crossroads between Egypt and Asia Minor. We are one of the smallest places on earth, yet the names of the towns, mountains, and rivers of our land are household words in all nations.”

The government of Israel has an active Department of Antiquities, and numerous parties of American archeologists have been digging in Israel in recent years. “The fact is Israel is an archeologist's heaven,” the Doctor said. “Why, you can scarcely walk two metres in open country without stumbling over an artifact! Did you see that seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor down in the main hall of the Museum?" We said we had. "Third century A.D.," said the Doctor. "It was found in Caesarea, when some farmers were clearing land to plant banana trees. People like me, who care something for the past, get so they find it hard to pay proper attention to the present. My mind swings to the Roman emperor and away from bananas." We inquired into Dr. Moses' own past and learned that he was born and educated in Berlin. He practiced law there until, in 1925, he moved to Palestine, which was then a British mandate. He established a cigarette factory near Tel Aviv, and it prospered so mightily that the Doctor was soon able to spend most of his time stumbling over artifacts. "I am an insatiable collector," he said. "I have collected birds, I have collected glass, I have collected ancient remains. I try to discover as much as possible about the land and the people; I feel as if I could never discover enough about them. Look at this!" He reached into an open display case and brought out a ruddy pottery bowl. "From the Kingdom of Judah," he said. "The date is seventh century B.C. See how simple it is, but how strong! Strong like my people, like the old ones that made it. I am not a nationalist; I am a believer in the land and in what comes out of the land."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There are three signs on an elm tree in Forest Hills Park, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, as follows: "No Dogs Allowed," "No Golf Allowed," "Minimum Nudity—Shirts & Shorts."

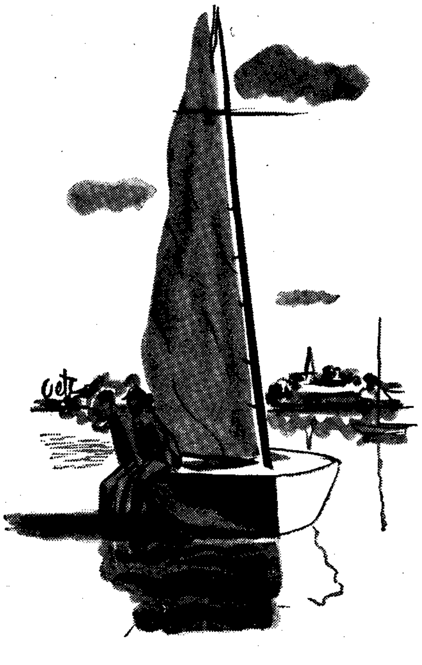
To examine throats of the young, one local pediatrician has a line of candy-coated tongue depressors, in lemon, lime, orange, and cherry.

The myna bird that used to be in Lord & Taylor's Birdcage Restaurant was banished for giving wolf whistles at lady lunchers.

By Another Name

TALK about name-dropping! The New York Curb Exchange, as it was known when we bought our first stock, has dropped its name five times in the past hundred or so years. First it was the Outdoor Curb, then the New York Curb Agency, then the New York Curb Market Association, then the New York Curb Market, then the New York Curb Exchange. At the beginning of this year, it dropped *that* and became the American Stock Exchange, which it still is. We went down to Trinity Place to see how it and its relatively new president, Edward T. McCormick, were getting along. Well, fine. The American Exchange has four hundred and ninety-nine members, who operate about seventeen hundred offices in more than four hundred cities in forty-seven states (no members in Wyoming), and it handles stocks in seven hundred and seventy-seven domestic and foreign companies. Mr. McCormick, its president since the spring of 1951, has a house in Rye and plays golf at the Winged Foot Club, in Mamaroneck. He was born on St. Valentine's Day forty-two years ago, in Phoenix, Arizona, the son of a railroad contractor who built a number of stations in Mexico for the Southern Pacific. The Southern Pacific is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. "My father was Irish and my mother Spanish," American's president told us. "I have a B.S. from the University of Arizona, in Tucson, where I was brought up; an M.S. from the University of California; and a Ph.D. from Duke University." He taught economics at Duke, and in 1934 joined the S.E.C. as a junior security analyst. He spent sixteen years with the S.E.C., graduating to commissioner, before exchanging Washington for New York and public service for private industry. Just the opposite of Charlie Wilson and all those fellows.

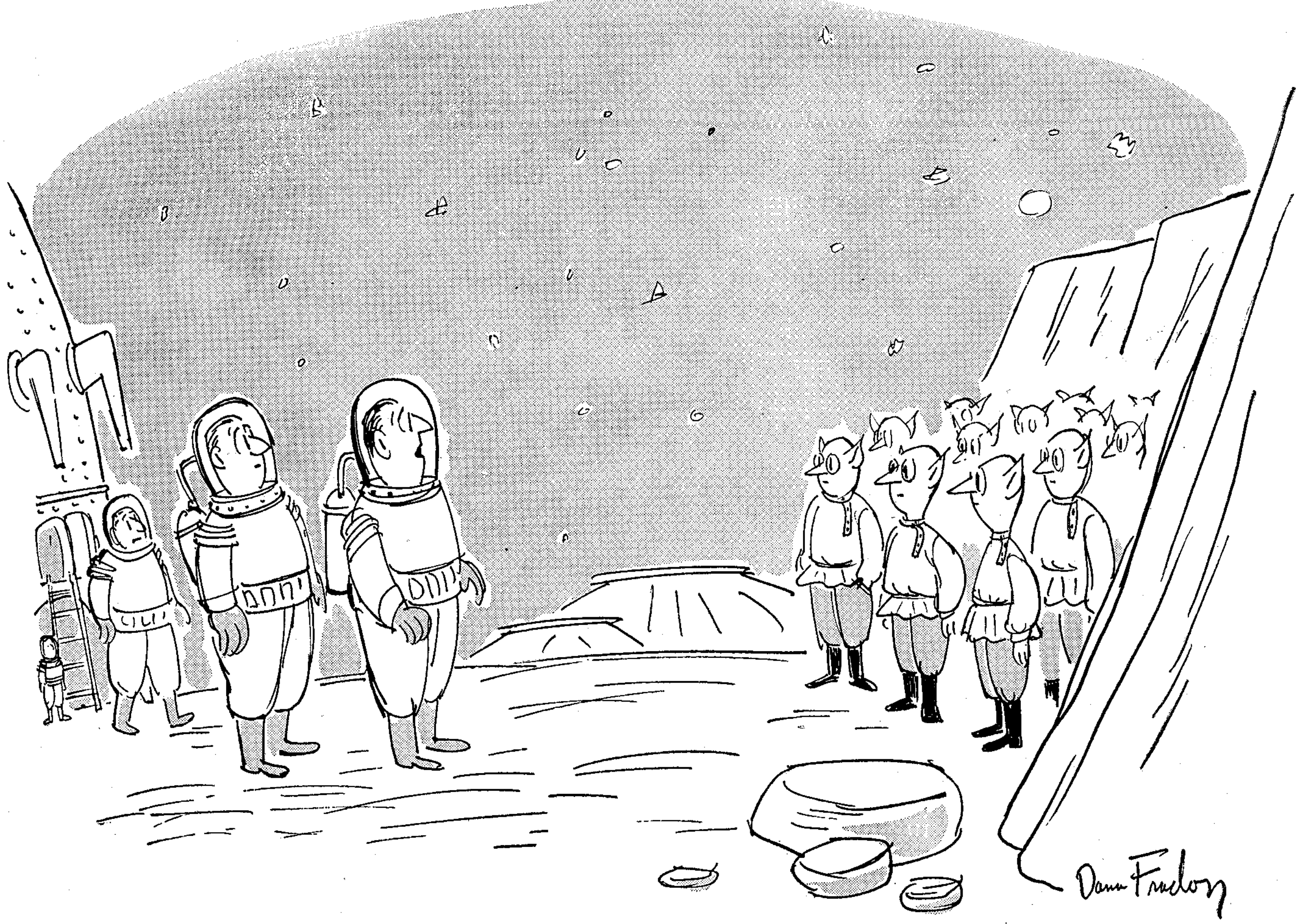
"We're the second-largest market in the United States," Mr. McCormick said. "Of the fourteen stock exchanges in the country, the New York Stock Exchange and American are the only ones who don't trade in each other's stocks. We're the only two with nationwide and international facilities. More than fifty per cent of the common stocks traded on our exchange have paid dividends for ten or more consecutive years. Two have paid for more than a hundred consecutive years—Providence Gas, for a hundred and four years, and Pepperell Manufacturing, for a hundred and one. I feel we haven't sufficiently aggressively merchandised our product and that we should increase commissions on retail sales. Some people think we should *reduce* them." He paused, and we asked him for his typical day. "I take the eight-eighteen from Rye every morning," he said, "attend to my correspondence, visit the floor around noon to talk to various members, and often lunch with someone whose company I want to get listed. Many companies move over from here to the New York Stock Exchange when they're well established. I've tried to indicate they should stay here. Afternoons, I have committee meetings—Floor Transactions, Outside Supervision, Finance, Securities, and so forth." We asked whether the Committee on Outside Supervision occupies itself with hydrants, drains, and the like. "Capital requirements of members," Mr. McCormick said, and, excusing himself courteously, turned us over to Mr. John J. Sheehan, American's public-relations director.



"We tried to contact every one of the shareholders in companies listed on this exchange and send them this notice, explaining why we changed our name," Mr. Sheehan said, handing us a copy. "The name American Stock Exchange reflects our present national stature and underscores the key role of the exchange in the economy of this continent," we read. "Over a century of service . . . expanding economies of the United States . . . nationwide network of member-firm offices . . . constantly expanding ticker system . . . high standards of ethics . . . rigidly regulated auction market." Mr. Sheehan observed that his waistline had expanded, along with everything else. "We had so many lunches and cocktail parties to explain this change to people that I gained seven pounds," he said.

Memento

A LADY wearing an Edwardian hat showed up at a Madison Avenue jeweller's the other day with a rather tarnished Yale door lock in her hand. She asked the jeweller to slice off the face of the lock and make a medal-



"Oh, oh! I've got a hunch we're in for trouble."

* * *

lion out of it, to be attached to a necklace. "It's from the old Ritz," she explained.

Hitchcock Types

IT'S been over three years since one of our men made a sampling of the makeup of those blocks-long, all-weather lines leading to the entrance of the Radio City Music Hall. Since then a new outdoor crowd attractor has sprung up in the same neighborhood. It is the N.B.C. news-and-special-features program "Today," which is telecast between seven and nine o'clock each weekday morning from a ground-level fishbowl directly across Forty-ninth Street from the R.C.A. Building, and which—to neither the surprise nor the dismay of the program's producers—attracts on the sidewalk what may be the first outdoor studio audience in the annals of television. Our crowd-sampling man joined the "Today" crowd one recent morning when the weather was partly cloudy and the wind, from the northwest, was at a hat-lifting twenty-six miles an hour. Accompanied by an N.B.C. drumbeater named Bob Graham, he arrived on the scene at a few minutes after seven-thirty, by the half dozen or so clocks on prominent view inside the studio; at that time Dave Garroway, the principal performer, was marking up a weather map on a blackboard, Merrill Mueller, a news commentator, was fondling a small chimpanzee with what appeared to be distaste, and an assortment of alert-looking young people were hurrying purposefully to and fro. The sidewalk crowd—which could see, but not hear, the goings on inside—numbered about fifty, or enough to block up the sidewalk pretty well, and it appeared reasonably bemused by what it saw. "Good average-size turnout," Graham told our man. "The sidewalk crowd, by the way, serves as a dependable point of elasticity for the show. That is, any time some feature runs short, the cameras pan to the crowd. They always do it at least once a morning anyhow. Most of the people here are hoping to be seen on TV, and we don't want to disappoint them."

Our crowd-sampling man got to work and asked someone if he was there in hopes of being seen on TV. "As a matter of fact, no," the subject replied. "Live at the Waldorf, always take a constitutional at this hour, and sometimes I glance in this window as I pass, to check the time and the weather prediction." Graham remarked to our man that the "Today" window was so interesting to crosstown bus drivers on Forty-ninth that they were running well behind their schedules until the police forbade them to loiter. He added that passing motorists sometimes stop and become hypnotized, causing traffic jams. Our man asked some more questions of the crowd, and found out that about two-thirds of those present were from out of town, that the other one-third was divided fairly evenly between people going to offices and people going nowhere in particular, and that one man, or two per cent of the total, had never heard of "Today" and had just been attracted by the crowd.

A small boy, to get a better view of

the proceedings, started shinnying up one of the small trees on the street side of the sidewalk. His father pulled him down. Garroway, sitting at a desk, began talking out toward the window and the crowd in a sincere way.

"How do you know when he's on the screen and when he's not?" a woman asked.

"He's on now," her companion answered. "Look at the way he's nodding his head and twitching his glasses. You can tell he ain't just talking."

"There's that monkey!" somebody said, pointing to the pained Mr. Mueller.

The cameras panned around to the sidewalk audience, whereupon nearly everyone waved, and a few raised placards bearing brief messages to their loved ones. Our man left, but not before Graham had told him that in the seventeen months "Today" has been running there has never at any time, even on the coldest, blackest January morning, been a sidewalk crowd of less than six or seven. "Of course, we haven't had a blizzard or hurricane yet to put it to the real test," he said. "You never know who's going to turn up in the 'Today' crowd. Norbert Wiener, the electronic-brain man, is a terrific fan, and any Thursday—that's the day he's usually in town—you're liable to find him with his nose plastered to that glass. You get a lot of interesting faces in that window, believe me—Hitchcock types, Carol Reed types. Once, when we panned to the crowd, a man from a competing network held up a sign advertising one of its shows. Since then we've become extremely cagey, and we're on the alert to cut the instant an untoward sign appears."

Insurance Problem

AN automobile owner well covered by insurance recently collided with a bear on a mountain road and filed a claim for damages. An adjuster sent him the following interim report:

> If the animal in control of its locomotion crashes into the car, that is Collision.
>
> If the animal fell or jumped off a height which resulted in the loss of control of its own movements and landed on the car, that would be a falling object and Comprehensive would apply.
>
> If the animal scratched the car or climbed on or around it, trying to get in to search for food, then that would not be considered Collision but a Comprehensive loss because it partakes of the nature of vandalism. Even though it can hardly be said that animals have sufficient intelligence to commit acts of vandalism, nevertheless their actions, frequently, are akin to what we consider to be acts of vandalism or maliciousness.

The adjuster is now on the road, seeking to get a statement from the bear.

Resourceful

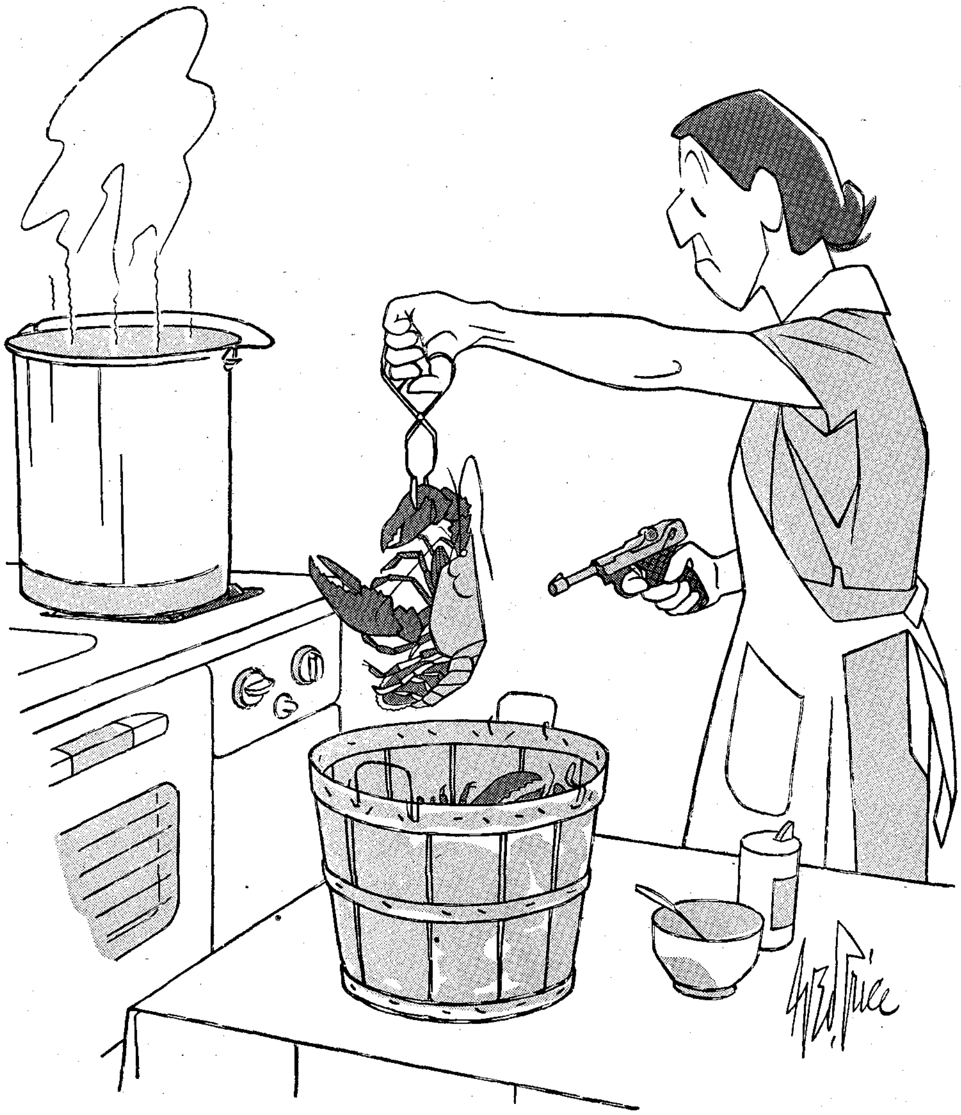
WE'VE just been over to Ridgewood, New Jersey, to talk with a nice young couple named Morris, who plan to spend their summer vacation prospecting for uranium on the Colorado Plateau. Gloria Morris is blond, pretty, and thirty-one; Joseph Morris, who is a tool-production engineer with a firm that manufactures fire-fighting equipment, is thirty-five. They have a four-year-old daughter, Ellen. "Our friends all call us Glo and Joe," Mrs. Morris told us at once, as if to get *that* out of the way. "They also claim it's eccentric of us to rush out West for three weeks to look for uranium. We claim they're the eccentric ones, never missing the night ball games on TV and all that guff."

"Glo's wonderful," Mr. Morris said. "A year ago, she'd practically never heard of uranium."

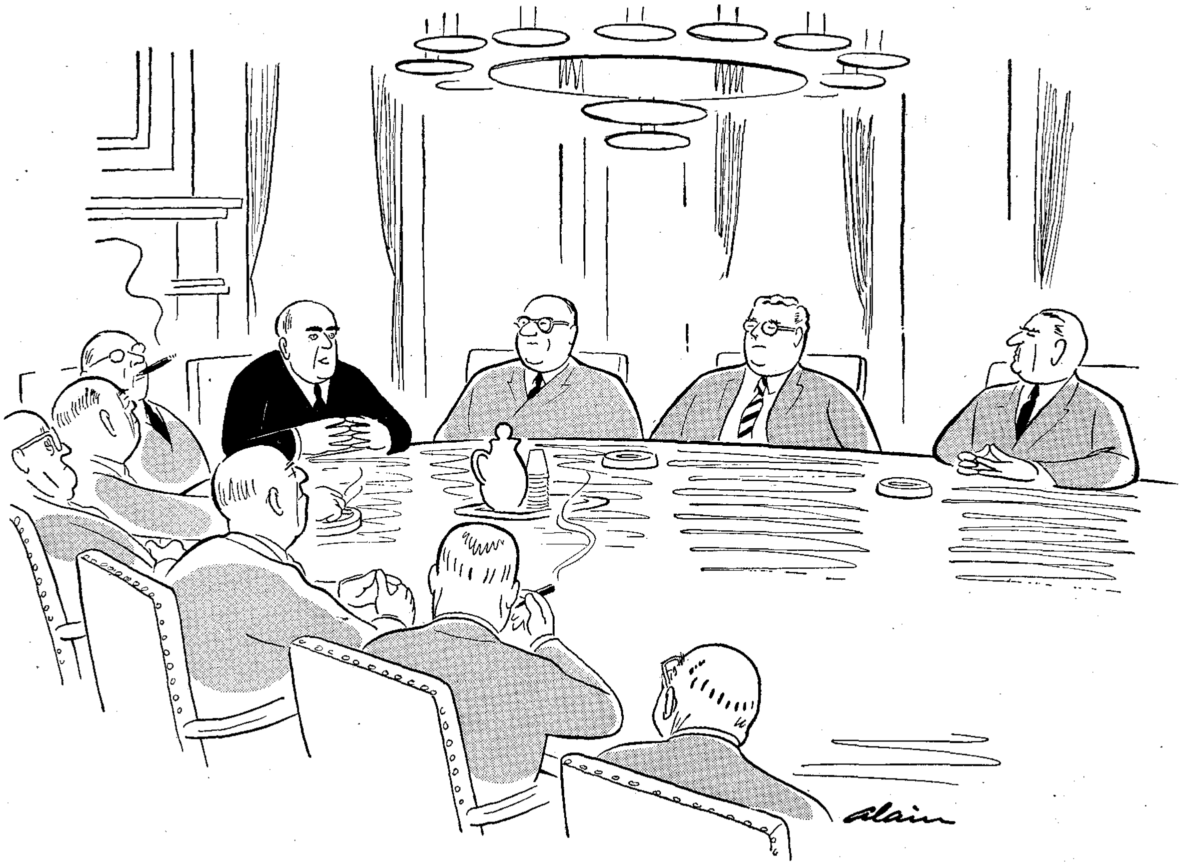
"Oh, but you're the one who always has the ideas, you know you are!" his wife said quickly.

We asked Morris how he and his wife had happened to become interested in uranium, and he said that it was thanks to a stock-market tip he'd got last winter. "I bought five hundred shares of a uranium stock at seventy-six cents a share, and two and a half weeks later I sold it for four dollars and fifty cents a share," Morris said. "After that, we figured we'd better start looking into the stuff on our own."

Mrs. Morris noted that they had since acquired considerable technical information on the subject. "Two years ago," she said, "we bought the Encyclopædia Britannica and spent a whole year reading out loud from it. I mean to each other, after we went to bed. My, did we cover a lot of ground! Once this uranium business came up, we hurried straight to the Britannica." Being a couple that likes to get to the bottom of things, the Morrises proceeded from the Britannica to the Ridgewood Li-



brary, where they took out and digested every available book on geology, mining, and the atom. Then they went to the Museum of Natural History and stared hard at rocks, subscribed to the Denver *Post*, in order to keep abreast of the latest uranium reports, and started a correspondence with the Atomic Energy Commission. The head of the Exploration Division of the A.E.C.'s operations office in Grand Junction, Colorado, urged the Morrises to hurry on out and mailed them a goodly number of bulletins and maps. "Joe reads the bulletins to me at night, while I do the ironing," Mrs. Morris said. "I have tremendous enthusiasm, but Joe is the one who has the power. I'm not the least bit worried about this trip, because Joe is so resourceful."



"I think we can be congratulated on our foresight in voting ourselves these increases, thus assuring to the corporation our continuing loyal services."

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They learned, Morris said, that the biggest uranium area in this country is the Colorado Plateau, which extends across the southwestern section of Colorado into Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. "A large part of the plateau is government land, and all you have to do is stake your claim," he said. "Our plan is to fly out to Denver, park Ellen in a nursery school there, buy our equipment, and rent a jeep. We'll need high boots, a hammer, a pickaxe—"

"Let's not forget some lithium fluoride and the ultraviolet lamp for the bead test," his wife put in. "What you do, you take a hopeful-looking rock and pulverize it. Then you heat a wire—Heavens! Let's not forget candles!—and dip it in the lithium fluoride, then in the powdered rock, and then shine the ultraviolet lamp on it. If it fluoresces, it's radioactive, isn't that right, Joe?"

"Well, if it fluoresces, it means it's probably carnotite, which is mostly what you find in Colorado," Morris said. "If it doesn't fluoresce, maybe it's thorium. Thorium is a kind of uranium."

"Are you sure thorium's a kind of uranium, honey?" Mrs. Morris asked, batting her eyes at her husband. "I thought—"

"We may not bother with the bead test," her husband went on, ignoring the question. "After all, we have the Geiger counter." He patted a small, rectangular object on a nearby table. Attached to it by means of a wire was a slender chromium cylinder about ten inches long. "The counter has a meter on top," Morris said. "At the moment, the needle is pointing to zero milliroentgens. The range of this meter is from zero milliroentgens to two milliroentgens, and if we could ever get that needle up to two, we'd be rich."

"What *are* milliroentgens, anyhow?" his wife asked.

Morris shook his head. "All we have to do is watch the needle jump," he said.

We asked him what he expected to do after the needle jumped. "First, we have to dig a ten-foot hole," he said. "Then we take out samples. Then we pace off an area of, I think, six hundred by fifteen hundred feet. That's our claim. We leave a piece of paper with our names on it somewhere on the claim and, for ten bucks, register the claim at the county seat. Then we have to mine it within eighteen months."

"That'll be *easy*," his wife said. "We'll just hire a steam shovel or something. And if it turns out to be three-per-cent uranium, we get two hundred and ten dollars for every ton of ore, don't we?"

Morris nodded. "Plus government bonuses, which should bring it up to around five hundred per ton," he said.

"I bet it happens!" his wife exclaimed. "When I first met Joe, he was just back from the South Pacific. I was on vacation in Miami, and one hot night I was out for a walk on Biscayne Boulevard and this perfectly strange Marine master sergeant shouted at me, 'Hey! Where's the fire?' I was a very carefully brought-up girl and all that, but ten minutes later I was sitting across from Joe, watching him eat a corned-beef sandwich. That was December 10, 1945, and we were married on December 29, 1945, and if Joe Morris sets out to find uranium, you might as well make up your mind he'll find it."

Suggestible

A MEMORANDUM on a phone call was handed to a local businessman by his secretary. "I can't read this," he said. "I couldn't understand him very well," said the secretary, "so I didn't write it very clearly."

HOW I GOT THAR FUSTEST WITH THE MOSTEST

I GOT so wrapped up in the breathless accounts of the battle between the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company to be first on American television with the Coronation films that I forgot to look at the films and had to wait until the movies came along.

But now that N.B.C. and C.B.S. have paved the way, I would like to enthrall you by giving you the complete inside story of how I got *my* impressions of the Coronation to New York ahead of every rival writer in the United States. It is a thrilling saga and an accomplishment that speaks for itself and exemplifies the high standard of service this writer has ever provided for his customers. You can always depend on a Sullivan Pen-Pushing System story to reach the public prints ahead of all other brands. So don't be ha-a-a-a-lf safe, read S-u-l-l-i-v-a-a-a-n.

Thrilled by the networks' accounts of their enterprise in handling the Coronation, I sat in a kind of daze, wondering if Queen Elizabeth, as a simple act of gratitude, would abdicate in favor of the president of N.B.C. or C.B.S. But I was soon brought out of my dream world with a jolt by the realization that I had not written a line of my own story of the great ceremony as viewed from Saratoga. I knew full well that rival writers all over the country were tapping away at their typewriters, determined to steal a march, if possible, on the Sullivan Pen-Pushing System. There was not a moment to lose if I was to outsmart such doughty competitors as Mickey Spillane, Budd Schulberg, and Eudora Welty, whose impressions of the Coronation I knew hosts of readers eagerly awaited. So I rushed into action in my accustomed manner. I flung myself on my bed, from which there is a view to the garden, or would be if certain spruce trees hadn't grown so fast in recent years that they obscure it.

Bear in mind that I was working alone. I had no assistant writers and no vice-presidents in charge of punctuation to seize the torch from my flagging hands if my diverticulitis started acting up. After lying fallow on the bed for a day or so, blocking out my ideas while glaring at the spruce trees, I sensed that the time had come for actual writing. I sprang off the couch, ran over to the desk where my portable typewriter rests when not in use, got out the breakfast tray, ran back with it to the bed, put the portable on the tray, and then jumped onto the bed, where I like to work because it is nice and shady there, and out of the rain. Then I started pounding away.

It is a solemn thought that this intimate detail of how I work would never have been divulged if N.B.C. and C.B.S. had not blazed the trail. But now a word from our sponsor.

(The limitations of prose being what they are, I must ask you to imagine that these commercials are spoken by one of those winsome lads who do the cigarette and patent-medicine commercials, the boys whose enthusiasm for their product is as nothing compared to their enthusiasm for their own charm.)

I MADE seven starts on my "Coronation Thoughts" essay and tore them all from the typewriter as unsatisfactory. I would have discarded the eighth, too, but didn't dare. How did I know that Dr. Edith Sitwell wasn't halfway through *her* "Coronation Thoughts"? I typed off the final draft as rapidly as is possible for one who, after forty-three years in belles-lettres, still types with three fingers. I was hoping against hope that I was a lap or two ahead of such friendly rivals as William Faulkner, Tom Lea, and Faith Baldwin in this mad race to get my wares to the market place.

The reader will be interested to learn that I made a carbon copy of my final draft, with which to confront editors in case they tried to pretend they had not received the original. At least, I don't see why the reader won't be just as interested to learn that as he was to learn all those details of how N.B.C. tried to beat C.B.S., and vice versa, to Gander with the Coronation films. And now a word from our sponsor.

An airplane with motors running was waiting at the airport near Saratoga, but not to rush my copy to New York. I sent my copy by mail, and perhaps a few words about the interesting process of mailing a letter—so fraught with drama and suspense—ought to come in at this point in our narrative. A friend of mine drops in at my house every day or so to chew the fat and josh back and forth about this and that, and on the very day I finished my essay, who should drop in but this friend—John Cassidy by name.

"Any mail you want mailed?" he chuckled during the course of our banter.

What a break! I felt as relieved as a network vice-president who has just had a rewarding hour with his psychoanalyst. I replied, "Yes, indeed. I got a manuscript here that I want to get off to New York today. It is called 'Thoughts on the Coronation,' and I would dearly love to get it on the newsstands before Robert Emmet Sherwood springs his 'Thoughts on the Coronation.' " (Sherwood is a rival of mine.)

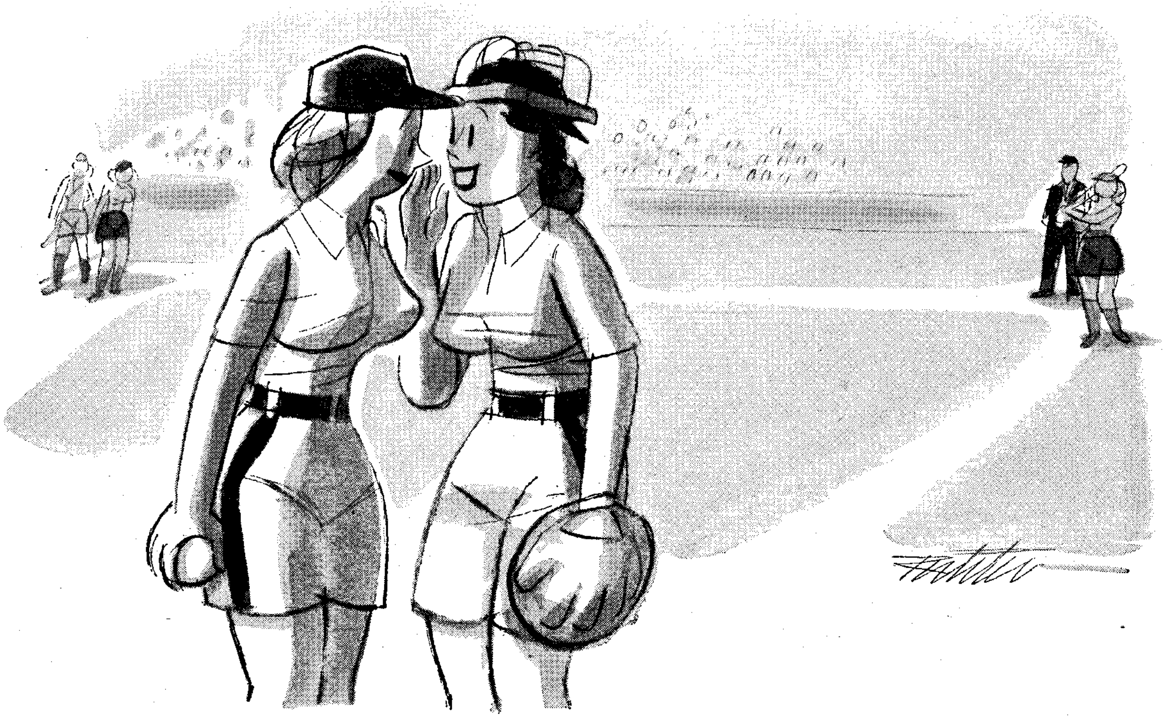
After scarcely a moment's consideration, for time was of the essence, Mr. Cassidy agreed to mail the letter. The

WANTED
AMPS
Kovarsky

gods were indeed smiling on me. Look to your laurels, Rex Stout, I thought. Then I rapped Cassidy sharply with a knuckle or two, saying, "Now, don't you forget to mail it."

"I won't," he promised.

What a load his assurance took off my mind! There was every chance now that I would fox my colleagues of the Authors League in this matter, and administer them a sound drubbing. A jet plane zoomed invisibly overhead, but I was actually glad my copy was not aboard it, especially as it was headed toward Canada. I was content to put my trust in Uncle Sam's post office.



"In the box behind me, a little to the left. A salt-and-pepper tweed with matching scarf that's really a dream!"

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At about this time, I learned that an airplane with motors running was waiting at the Albany Airport, thirty-five miles to the south, but I had a shrewd suspicion that it was not waiting to rush Tom Costain's Coronation copy to New York, as Tom does not live in Albany. Neither does Bennett Cerf, so I was reasonably certain *he* wasn't up to any monkey business. As for Frances Parkinson Keyes, she doesn't live in this neck of the woods, either, so I knew it couldn't be her—she. The reader is entitled to know these inside details. In fact, he ought to be told them, because few readers appreciate the lengths and expense to which a conscientious writer goes in order to supply the public with the best possible prose. Do not get the idea that N.B.C. and C.B.S. have a monopoly of public service just because they staged that epoch-making and widely touted race over the Atlantic with those Coronation films. And with all due modesty I venture to claim that my account of how I got my impressions of the Coronation to New York in jig time will turn out to be just as dull as those explanations N.B.C. and C.B.S. gave of how they got their films across the ocean ahead of each other.

SO far, so good. I knew I was now in the clear, barring the always present danger that John Gunther's "Inside Westminster Abbey" would reach the public before my essay did. This thought caused my heart to leap into my throat, but that did not bother me much because my heart is up there most of the time, anyhow. When it isn't in the Highlands.

The Sullivan Pen-Pushing System spared no expense to serve the public. I lavished three three-cent stamps, or a total of nine cents, on the manuscript and then I shot the works by adding a special-delivery stamp, at a cost of twenty cents. Bang went twenty-nine cents! But it was no time for false economy, or niggling. Particularly, I imagine, niggling. I could go without something for a day or two. But now a word from our sponsor.

To resume: Mr. Cassidy sped in his high-powered motorcar to the Saratoga post office and shot the manuscript into the special-delivery slot. Postmaster John T. Bryant and his able corps of assistants took over from there, and to the end of my days I shall be grateful to them for the yeoman work they did. With unerring skill and deft fingers, they processed the manuscript right there in the post office, by running it through the stamp-cancelling machine. It was then but the work of a moment to truck it to the Delaware & Hudson Station, a block away, and only a few hours more before the midnight from Montreal steamed in and bore it off to New York.

The manuscript reached Grand Central next morning, and that was the cue for Postmaster Harold Riegelman and his capable staff to stride into action. A word here about Harold Riegelman may bewitch those interested in the color and pageantry of our ancient postal system. Forty years ago, Harold Riegelman and the present writer were students in Professor Henry Augustus Sill's ancient-history class at Cornell, and on a day when a young lady was seized with a fit of the giggles, Heinie Sill said, "Young lady, I must remind you that this is an historical, not a hysterical, lecture." The pun elicited cordial laughter from all students not indifferent to a passing grade. It was not until several years later that I was told it was Professor Sill's shrewd practice to watch like a hawk each fall until some student laughed, and then spring that crack. I go into this irrelevant anecdote at this moment just to kill time, the way the announcers kept doing on the day of the Coronation. And now a word from our sponsor.

WELL, it is putting it mildly indeed to say that the Sullivan Pen-Pushing System was glad when the word came that, like General Nathan Bedford Forrest, we had "got thar fustest with the mostest." And it is no small reward, let me tell you, to know that we have at least challenged the networks' stranglehold on public apathy.

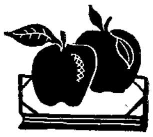
—SULLIVAN (FRANK) PEN-PUSHING SYSTEM, INC.

THE FARANGI–IV

TEA FROM THE SAME GLASS

MY husband, Mohamed, is a Persian, and during the early years of our marriage he used to tease me by reminding me that his religion permits polygamy. "The ideal arrangement," he used to say, leering across the breakfast table at me, "would be to have three permanent wives—an American (that would be you), a European, and a Persian—and one *zighé*, or temporary wife, who could be changed every forty days." We were living in Great Neck at that time, and I wasn't really alarmed. But it didn't occur to either of us, I'm sure, that I would someday be his Persian wife as well as his American wife.

In 1951, after we had been married six years, Mohamed took me to Iran for a visit. The place I had heard most about and wanted most to see was Malekabad, my husband's childhood home—near the city of Meshed, in the northeastern province of Khurasan—but I was told I could not see it, because the property, which consists of a manor house, surrounded by a walled garden, and a peasant village, no longer belonged to my father-in-law, Hajji Malek, and he objected to having any member of his family go there. He was the only person who knew exactly why the estate had been lost, and he refused to speak of it. The most prevalent rumor was that he had improved and beautified Malekabad beyond the point of prudence, and one day when the late Reza Shah, father of the present Shah, was passing through the province of Khurasan, he honored the place with a visit. Soon after this, the story went on, word reached my father-in-law that the Shah had carried away an unforgettable impression of the property, and, realizing that Malekabad was about to be confiscated, and being too proud and angry to let that happen, Hajji Malek beat the Shah to the draw and presented his home to the mosque of Imam Reza, in Meshed. Ironically, the present Shah has spent years returning the estates his father appropriated, but Malekabad, having been given to the mosque, was irretrievably lost. It is now the official residence of the governor of the province, who lives there as the representative of the mosque's "chief trustee," the Shah.



Mohamed had, of course, told me something about his parents. I knew that his mother was a warmhearted, devout woman and his father a shrewd, unpredictable, energetic old man who by good management had greatly increased the value of the land he had inherited, and whose hero was Dr. Mossadegh. They had seen photographs of me, with our three children, and I suspected—knowing my husband—that they had had no information about me except what they could gather from the pictures. When we arrived at his mother's house in Teheran, they showed me every kindness they could think of, but I could not help being struck by the fact that they did not seem curious about me. As far as I could see, they treated me exactly as they would have treated a Persian daughter-in-law. I decided that they did this partly out of politeness and partly because the household, which included Mohamed's four sisters and their families, was so large and callers were so numerous there simply wasn't time to give much thought to any one person. I was, however, mistaken.

After we had been there about a month, I became aware that veiled speculations concerning Mohamed and me were flying back and forth between Mohamed's mother and Ashraf, his eldest sister.

One evening after dinner, when most of the family was gathered in the salon, my father-in-law began to question me, for the first time, about my family and my background. I was flattered, and eagerly began to tell what a wonderful woman my mother was, and how my father had worked his way through college, and about my brothers, and so on, but I soon realized that Mohamed, who was interpreting for Hajji Malek and me, wasn't even listening to my answers but was inventing facts as he went along.

"What are you up to?" I asked crossly.

"Be patient," he said. "I'm telling them that your mother's people are old nobility of California, and that you have an uncle who was almost governor of the state of Michigan, and that your older brother is a genius at mathematics and is helping to make the hydrogen bomb."

"But why are you telling them all that nonsense?" I asked.

"Don't forget," he said, "they had a pretty girl of aristocratic family all picked out for me when I gave them the news of your existence."

A few more excursions into fantasy, including a story about some kilted Highlander lairds, and the family beamed on me, satisfied. "*Vous êtes bien*," Hajji Malek, who was proud of his French and spoke no English, said. "*Je suis content de vous.*"

I bowed my head modestly. Then, wondering what would happen if they ever learned the truth—that my family tree branched out mostly from the blacksmithing and barbering professions—I remembered something that had nagged at me for years. This seemed a good time to bring it up, so I leaned over and said to Mohamed, "While we're on personal facts, please find out when your birthday is."

On our marriage certificate he had put it down as November 14, 1915, and the next time this date came around, I surprised him with a gift. He liked the gift, but protested it was undeserved. November 14th wasn't his birthday.

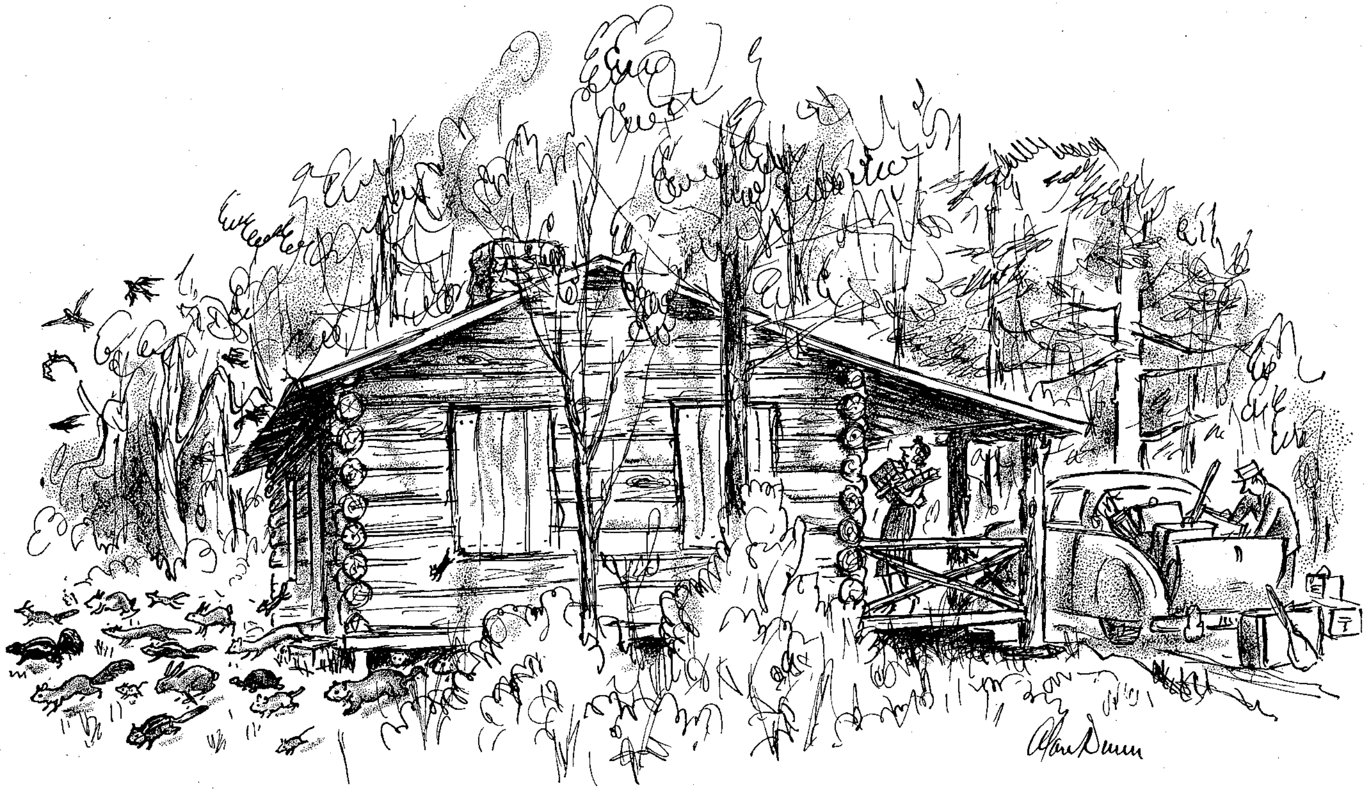
When Hajji Malek took Mohamed to Vienna to deposit him in a boarding school, he was faced with the matriculation papers to fill out, and sought help from a Persian gold-and-turquoise craftsman who had a shop on Mariahilfer Strasse and knew a little German. Between them, they managed to fill in the name, place of birth, parents' names, and so on. But when it came to supplying the date of birth, Hajji Malek was at a loss. He knew that Mohamed was seven or eight years old but couldn't remember the date of his birth, and even if it had come back to him, he would have had no idea how to state it in terms of the Gregorian calendar.

He asked what that day's date was. "November 14, 1923," said the jeweller. Hajji Malek directed him to write down November 14, 1915, and Mohamed had used this for the date of his birth ever since.

Now, at last, I thought we would find out the true date. Mohamed asked his mother, who smiled, closed her eyes, and thought a moment. "Yes, I remember well," she began, and Mohamed translated for me. "He was born at four o'clock on a summer night, a Thursday, the seventeenth— no, the eighteenth of Muharram."

"What year?"

Mohamed's mother couldn't remember. Ashraf said it must have been about thirty-six years ago, because she herself had still been in her teens and nursing her second child. Mohamed's mother went on, in a tender voice, "The astrologer said I was to have a son, and I wanted a beautiful son . . ." Neither of her older sons had been born with a mole—a mark of beauty in Iran. The astrologer told her to read the chapter on Yusuf from the Koran—the Joseph of the Old Testament. In Moslem lit-



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erature, Yusuf is the model of male beauty, and one of the standard subjects of the Persian miniature painters is Yusuf surprising Zulaika and her maidens peeling oranges in the Andarum garden. All the ladies were so overcome by Yusuf's resplendent good looks that they cut their fingers with the orange knives.

Mohamed continued to translate: "The astrologer told my mother to read the chapter on Yusuf, and also to eat an apple every day. She didn't care for apples, and while she knew the entire Koran by heart, she couldn't read, so a maidservant read the story of Yusuf aloud to her and ate the apple as her proxy, and— You'll have to excuse me," Mohamed said. "I'm only faithfully quoting. That's why I was born with a cleft in my chin like Yusuf and two moles on the bottom of my left foot."

"Yes, but when? What date, exactly?"

"She doesn't remember."

"Doesn't anybody know?" I asked desperately.

He questioned them again, and they agreed that the date was written down in the family copy of the Koran, which was in Hajji Malek's house in Meshed; if anyone cared to leaf back through more than thirty years of marriages, births, and deaths—all, of course, written in Arabic script—he would find it. But what difference did it make, they wanted to know. I gave up.

To this day, I've had to put up with November 14th. What has kept me from seriously digging for the date is that the Arabic calendar loses a year every thirty-two and a half years, with the result that the months go skipping among the seasons.

Hajji Malek had been listening to all this with an air of boredom, twiddling his prayer beads. His chin was sunk on his chest as he asked me a question in French; he seemed drowsy, but his eyes told me this was a question of the utmost importance. He wanted to know when Mohamed and I had been married.

Mohamed told him the date, which, of course, meant nothing to him. He asked where we were married and who married us. An official of the government of the City of New York, Mohamed said, stressing the city and launching at once into a panegyric on its wonders.

"*Bebachshid, Baba* [Pardon me, Little Father]," said Hajji Malek. "Were you married according to Islamic law?"

This was what the speculations had been about. A minute later it all came out. Hajji Malek had been deliberating on his foreign daughter-in-law. She was too thin and didn't eat well, but she was modest and he liked her. He approved the union, and now that he did, it was time to make it legal. We were really unmarried, he said, clucking his tongue and pretending to be scandalized.

Mohamed translated this pronouncement to me cautiously, adding, "Please don't say anything now. Just smile. For Mother's sake."

I looked at her. She was beseeching me mutely, with her eyes.

The others immediately began to make plans for a Moslem wedding ceremony. A wedding in Teheran might be socially awkward, but in Meshed, where Hajji Malek had great influence, the whole thing could be taken care of properly and discreetly. Hajji Malek's house in Meshed was closed, but we could stay with Ashraf's daughter Behjat and her husband, who also lived there. The rest of the evening, I was occupied with my own thoughts and therefore inattentive. The idea of getting married again had its appealing side. It was exciting to be told I had been living in sin all these years, and was the mother of three illegitimate children. But what did getting married in Iran mean? Would I have to swear to accept polygamy? Would my children have to be brought up as Moslems?

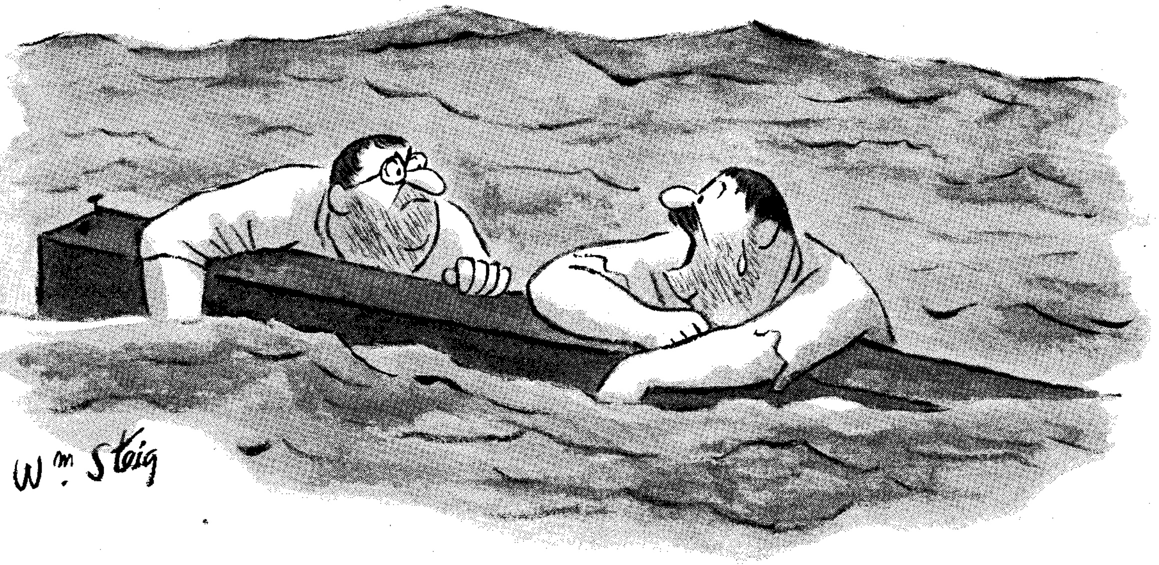
Upstairs, in the privacy of our bedroom, Mohamed and I looked at each other. "It's up to you," he said. "Whatever you want."

"What does it mean?"

"It will mean what we want it to mean. I'd like to go through with it for Mother's sake. It's a torment to her that we aren't properly married. She prays for us every night."

"Let me think about it," I said, and we left it at that.

FOR the next week or so, preparations for my wedding occupied all the women of the household. Almost every morning, Mohamed's mother and one of his sisters sat side by side at an old-fashioned sewing machine and made



"You haven't said a pleasant word in two days!"

muslin sacks. They had somehow managed to turn the manipulation of a sewing machine into a shared activity. Mohamed's mother pushed the treadle and watched the needle. Ashraf or Maleka or Fakri was in charge of guiding the material and breaking the thread. Both of them concentrated so hard that a non-sewer would have been convinced no one could handle a sewing machine unaided.

These sacks, of various sizes and shapes, were handed to the maidservants, to be filled with rice, dried herbs, dried currants, and sweet lemons—delicacies for the marriage feast in Meshed. I couldn't step into the dining room without stumbling over a servant down on the floor shelling almonds or powdering dried lemons between her rough palms. She would look up at me shyly, with a kind of giggling good will. The filled sacks accumulated in the hallway, and their odors mingled and permeated the whole house.

I didn't want, or approve of, all these elaborate preparations, but no one had asked me how I felt about them, or what kind of wedding I did want, or even whether I wanted a wedding at all. I said nothing, and one day I found myself at Mehrabad airport, outside Teheran, with two tickets for Meshed in my hand. Mohamed was in the baggage room checking forty kilos of aromatic sacks.

That morning, when I had come downstairs, a circle of relatives had been waiting in the salon to say goodbye, and I had made my way among them nervously, giving each a peck on the cheek and hurrying on to the next. I felt a certain emotional tension, as if this parting were for ever instead of for a short while. The tension reached its climax when Mohamed started to take his leave. He kissed his sister Ashraf and she began to cry. His sister Fakri buried her face in his shoulder. Ordinarily, my husband's strongest feelings are betrayed only by a light in his eyes. As he kissed his father's hand, I saw a tear drop onto it. Hajji Malek was sobbing unashamedly. I left the room.

Genie, Mohamed's schoolboy nephew and a favorite of mine, joined me in the front hall. His eyelashes were glistening. "You do not like?" he asked, in English, indicating the emotional scene still in progress in the salon. I didn't answer, and Genie said, "We *like* crying. It makes us warm. It makes us to love."

Mohamed's mother came and stood in the open doorway. She was holding a velvet-bound copy of the Koran, and when Mohamed came out, he bent and kissed it. She lifted the book above his head and then above mine, blessing us, and we walked to the waiting car.

No one ever felt less like a bride than I did as I huddled disconsolately on a bench at the airport, without makeup, my hair crushed under a borrowed scarf. My frowziness had been forced upon me by a solicitous family. Meshed was near the Russian border, and the police didn't like unauthorized strangers hanging around. Since I was a *farangi*, a foreigner, it was considered wisest for me to travel on my husband's passport, as a Persian wife, and to make myself inconspicuous.

The plane trip took three hours. When we arrived and I stepped out on the gangway, I thought for a moment that we had made an emergency landing. Except for a small building, there was nothing to indicate that we were at an airport. The dusty plain stretched to the horizon, and a little group of people waiting at a distance might have been a rescue party.

Mohamed remembered his niece as a child of three or four; he had never met her husband, Khadivar. The family in Teheran had said that we wouldn't have any difficulty recognizing him, because he was the tallest man in Meshed. We didn't. Khadivar turned out to be six feet six inches tall, and city Persians are as a rule about five feet five. I had learned from Mohamed that he was a self-made man, who started out as a clerk in a government office and then began renting small tracts of land that had become run down or that yielded low returns. Agricultural methods in Iran are neither efficient nor modern, but if there is good soil and water, absentee landlords generally get a return of from ten to twelve per cent. The same property well managed, by a man on the spot, can bring in at least twenty per cent, and if improvements are introduced, the return is even higher. Like Hajji Malek, Khadivar had supervised all the work done on the land he controlled and greatly increased its yield. With the income he made, he had rented more land, and eventually he had become a landlord himself, the owner of two villages, and he had rented others from absentee landlords. By the time he was twenty-eight, he had advanced himself sufficiently to think of making a good marriage. He had his eye on Behjat, but he was not considered socially acceptable, and Ashraf didn't look upon his proposal with favor. It was my father-in-law who, correctly judging Khadivar's character and potentialities, really brought the marriage off, by persuading both Ashraf and Behjat to give their consent. At the time of our visit, Khadivar was about forty-five. His large face was tanned and wrinkled from work in the fields. He had on a trench coat and a dilapidated felt hat, and there was something about him that reminded me of Hajji Malek. I liked him instantly.

He and Behjat embraced us, and then led us toward some parked cars. As we reached the cars, I started toward the largest and shiniest—a new blue

Buick. Khadivar shook his head and pointed to a jeep with its wheels and fenders covered with mud. He explained that the Buick belonged to a eunuch who had become rich through operations on the black market during the war, when a new Buick cost as much as forty thousand dollars, and people were willing to pay the equivalent of six thousand dollars for a set of tires.

I liked Meshed from the start. Like Teheran, it was dry and dusty, with flat-roofed, mud-colored houses, and the water for the city ran in open ditches. But Meshed didn't put on airs. The trees along the hard-packed footpaths were spotted with cawing rooks, many of the men who crowded the sidewalks wore robes of stiff sheepskin, and the women were veiled. The people in the streets looked at our passing car without curiosity. The Imam Reza, the eighth apostle of Mohammed, is buried in Meshed, in a dome-shaped mosque that has been a Moslem shrine for more than a thousand years. The people of Meshed are used to strangers. Just as pilgrims to Mecca may call themselves "Hajji," the pilgrims who have crossed mountain and desert to pay homage at this shrine may call themselves "Meshedi." Airplanes and cheap public buses have robbed the pilgrimage of its difficulty, and therefore of most of its distinction, but even so, each year thousands of worshippers, many of them from Afghanistan, India, and Pakistan, come to the shrine at Meshed. As we drove through the bazaar in the vicinity of the mosque, sellers of religious talismans—fetish stones, prayer beads, medals, and rings—thronged the sidewalks. Threading their way among them were the pilgrims. I had never before seen so many different kinds of hats. There were tarbooshes, fezzes, kepis, sombreros, Stetsons, dunce caps, skullcaps, turbans of every size, height, and twist—hats in all the colors of the rainbow. Everyone seemed to be propelled along by holiday excitement, and I thought we must have arrived on a special day. I discovered that this excitement is continuous in Meshed, because one person out of every ten in the city is in the process of realizing a lifelong ambition—to visit the crypt of the Imam Reza.

Khadivar and Behjat lived in a big, square, one-story stone house that stood in the center of a walled courtyard paved with bricks, rather like a big-city schoolyard. The furnishings were few but massive. Mohamed and I were comfortably lodged in the guest annex, a small house in one corner of the yard, consisting of a bedroom and bathroom. In order to make our visit agreeable, Khadivar got up at six o'clock and, after attending to urgent business matters, came back when Mohamed and I were at breakfast, around ten, and spent the rest of the day taking us places or talking with us. He was immensely generous, and we soon learned not to mention anything that we saw and liked in the bazaar, for if we did he would present us with it the next day. There were few callers. Life was simple and pleasant. Behjat was doing volunteer work for the Red Lion and Sun, as the International Red Cross is called in Iran—the cross being a Christian symbol. At night, she helped her three school-age children with their lessons. No one mentioned the wedding.

I had caught cold on the plane, and so I urged Mohamed to drive around with Khadivar and leave me to entertain myself with a supply of books I had brought. A big-eyed little boy named Javad kept me company. This child, the youngest son of Behjat and Khadivar, was seven years old. He had been taken out of school for a few days, following his circumcision.

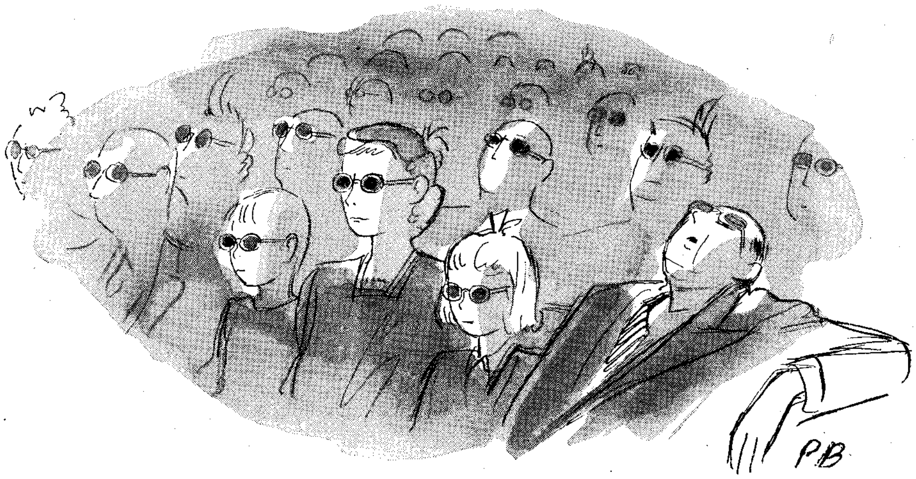
For hours at a time, Javad and I were alone in the house. We spent day after day in the parlor around the *korsi*—a platform about the height and size of a good, big coffee table, with quilts and blankets hanging down from the sides of it, and a lace cover on top. On the floor around the *korsi* was a ring of pillows, mats, bolsters, and back rests. Under it was a platter of hot coals. In cold weather—and while we were in Meshed the temperature was around fifty degrees a good deal of the time—family, house guests, and callers took their shoes off, put their feet under the platform, and covered their legs with the quilts and blankets. The lace cover was pleasantly littered with everyone's occupation—the children's notebooks, a tray with *arak* glasses on it, account books, novels, an abacus, needlework.

It is impossible to be formal with your feet and legs under a *korsi*. My suit became disarranged and wrinkled; Mohamed's tie worked itself askew. The Persian custom of rising whenever a newcomer entered the room had to be abandoned. All the people in the house, old and young, were obliged to huddle together for warmth. We were under no obligation to entertain each other, however. People kept to their separate business, carrying it on in low tones or silently.

Javad and I met at the *korsi* after the older folks (as he and I thought of them) had gone about their work, and we made a grave pretense of being busy, spreading the lace cover with books and lessons and letters to be answered.

After lunch we returned to our places. The light grew dimmer and more pearly. I read without retaining much of anything, and Javad was occupied with his treasures, which he kept in a shoebox. Each folded scrap of paper, each nubbin of wood, each chip of colored glass had a meaning and a value for him. He would lay them out in rough designs along the lace cover, name them, arrange them in a circle, or make a house of many rooms. Sometimes an object would inspire him to wail a little tuneless song; sooner or later his shaved head would droop. He would fall asleep while I read on, my feet toasting, my spirit peaceful. Presently, I, too, would doze and dream until I heard Mohamed and Khadivar returning from their ride.

Sometimes I felt guilty, and wondered if I was expected to make the first move toward getting married. But day melted into day, my cold hung on, and I was too comfortable to bring the matter up. One afternoon, Mohamed walked into the parlor, looked at me, and said, "You remind me of a Persian fable. Would you like to hear it?" I nodded. "There was a time and there wasn't a time," he began, "when a man who was going on a journey was



about to leave the gates of Isfahan just at sundown. There he met an acquaintance, who asked, 'Where are you going?' 'On a long journey, friend,' said the traveller. 'On very important business.' 'But come,' said the acquaintance. 'It's almost night. You can start tomorrow. Come to my home for the night and take potluck with me.' The traveller was persuaded, went home with his acquaintance, and passed a pleasant night, thanks to his friend's hospitality. Next day, the host said, 'Look, it's raining. Stay another day and start your journey when the sky is smiling.' So the traveller stayed. Every day, the host offered some good reason for postponing the journey, and the traveller, thus urged with all manner of subtle arguments, stayed on. In this way a year passed, and then another, and another. Finally, when seven years had gone by, the host asked, merely out of curiosity, 'By the way, dear friend, what *was* the important business you were so intent upon that day I met you leaving the city gate?' Immediately, without saying a word, the traveller packed his belongings and left the house. He thought his host was hinting that he'd overstayed his welcome. And that," said Mohamed, "is why neither Khadivar nor Behjat brings up the subject of our marriage. They think it would be impolite—a hint that you're not welcome for yourself alone."

We looked at each other bleakly.

"Well," Mohamed said, at last, "do you accept my offer of marriage?" He was half teasing, I knew, but I knew also that if I wanted to back out, this was the moment to do it without hysterics or any other awkwardness. I hesitated, and sought his eyes. They were calm and gentle, as always, and they seemed to be saying that my answer really didn't matter, and that whether I said yes or no we would still be together—that this Moslem wedding was only a gesture, for the sake of others.

"I accept *you*," I said. "But do I have to accept the rest?"

"It's all part of me, really."

There was a long silence while I looked out the window. "I'll accept it," I said, finally. "But I don't pretend to like it all." And then I burst into tears.

IN this way my consent was given, and then the wedding arrangements were launched in earnest. The aromatic sacks, which had stood about in odd corners since our arrival, were hauled off to the kitchen, and Behjat stayed home to supervise the preparations for the wedding feast. There were mysterious callers, including two cousins who were to be witnesses. And sometimes I was cautioned to read quietly in a back room for a whole afternoon while the parlor was taken over by *mullahs*, or priests, in brown homespun robes and white turbans. I did not ask what Khadivar and Mohamed were talking to them about so long, but eventually Mohamed explained. The conferences had to do partly with plans for us to be married with the simplest possible ceremony and partly with the question of a dowry. It is the custom in Iran for the groom's father to dower the bride; her family insists on it so that she will have some financial independence, in case her husband should decide to divorce her. Divorce is very easy in Moslem countries—for a man. All he has to do is to appear before two witnesses and his wife and say, three times, "I divorce thee." He does not have to show grounds. Even so, it is not common for men to divorce their wives because, for one thing, it is not politic; it leads to feuding with the wife's family. A woman can obtain a divorce, but it is more difficult. In either case, she retains her dowry. If she has entrusted it to her husband, he must return it to her when she demands it. The dowry ordinarily consists of four parts: first, a ring; second, a mirror (in which, traditionally, though seldom in fact any more, the bride sees her husband for the first time, after the wedding ceremony), a copy of the Koran, and two candlesticks, along with a shawl on which mirror, Koran, and candlesticks are laid out; third, a cash payment, usually to set up housekeeping with; and, fourth, a promissory note, anticipating a further gift, of cash or land.

Hajji Malek had told Mohamed to set his own terms for the dowry, and Mohamed, as my father-in-law doubtless knew he would, intended to ask for a nominal sum for parts three and four. Khadivar objected to this, on the ground that Mohamed had no business waiving rights that belonged not to him but to me, and he was so insistent on this point that in the end Mohamed agreed that the same dowry should be given to me that had been given to his brothers' wives—that is, a cash payment of the equivalent of four thousand dollars, and a promissory note for the same value in cash or land.

"*A four for me.*"

One morning at breakfast, when we had been in Meshed about two weeks, Mohamed said to me, "If you want a clean blouse or anything ironed, better give it to the maid. We're being married tonight at seven o'clock."

"I thought there was going to be more to it than that," I said.

Mohamed threw up his hands. "I've spent the better part of a week pleading with everyone to get the ceremony over with quickly and never mind the fuss. You have no idea what you're being spared."

"A clean blouse," I said sadly. Mohamed put his hand in his coat pocket and drew out a handkerchief tied up like a small bag. He undid the knot and laid the handkerchief in my lap. The edges fell away and revealed a mound of stemless white blossoms, crushed and bruised.

"Jasmine," said Mohamed. "From the hothouse at Malekabad."

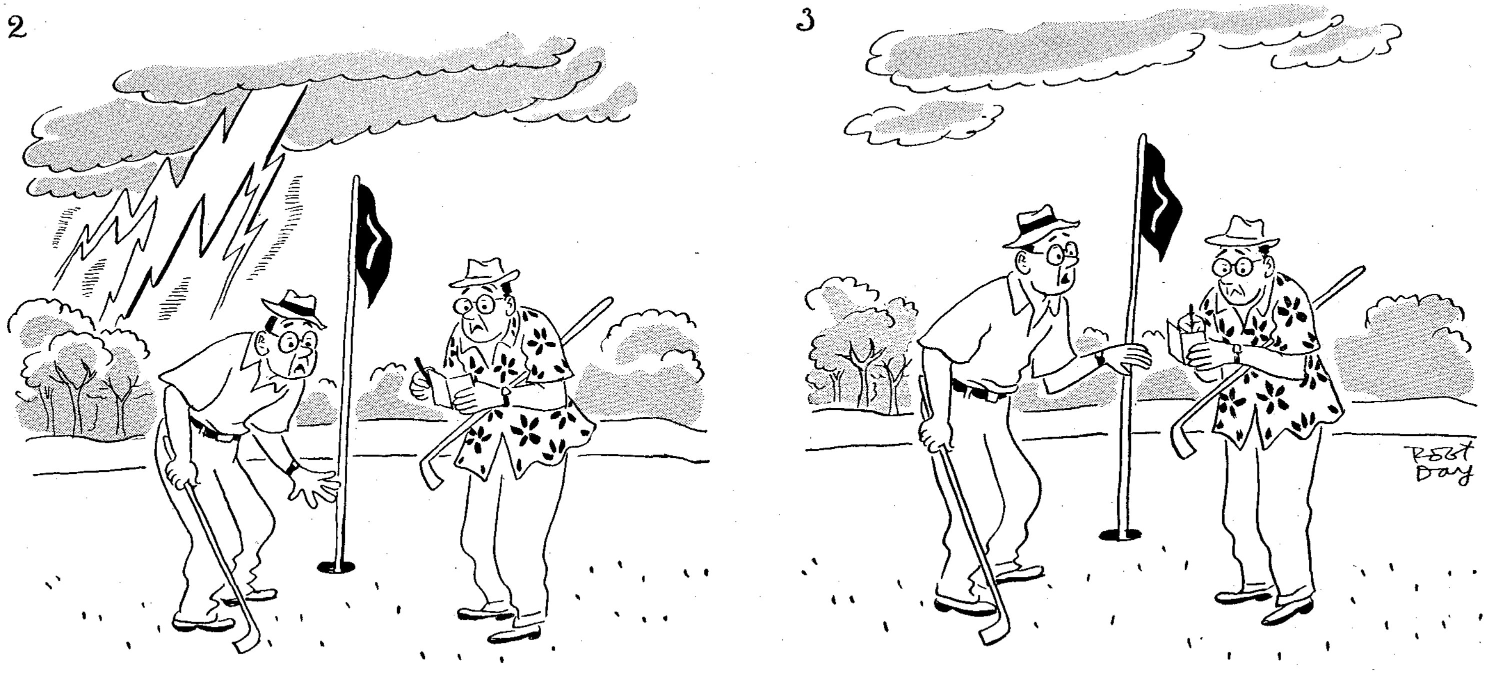
"From Malekabad?"

"Yes. That's my wedding present, if you want it. A trip to Malekabad—today."

"But I thought it was impossible for us to go there. I thought Hajji Malek wouldn't permit anyone in the family to mention it, let alone see it."

"Khadivar has arranged it," said Mohamed. "Come on."

In my haste to get my coat, I left the jasmine flowers in the parlor on the *korsi*, and when I rushed back to retrieve them, the maidservant was just leaving the room by another door, with



"I mean six."

both handkerchief and blossoms in her hand.

"*Bebachshid* [Excuse me]," I said, pointing.

She smiled sweetly but gave no sign of relinquishing the flowers. "*Loz*, *loz*," she said, sticking her fingers in her mouth.

At that moment, Mohamed came in behind me. "She's taken our flowers," I wailed. "She doesn't understand."

"It's you who don't understand," he said. "She's going to make a little Persian cooky with them, a cake called *loz*. They always have them at Persian weddings. It's to sweeten the marriage."

WHEN Mohamed had last seen Malekabad, as a little boy, it was about six kilometres from Meshed, and Hajji Malek had just finished planting a row of plane-tree saplings on each side of the road for the last two kilometres, which were on his land. Mohamed remembered his father's telling him that someday the trees would grow tall and shade the road. Now, thirty years later, the city had come all the way out to the edge of the property, and as we drove along in the jeep with Khadivar, the branches of the plane trees touched over our heads.

At Malekabad, a gatekeeper led us through wrought-iron gates and into the walled garden. It was enormous. Terraces, streams, flower beds, and orchards seemed to be on all sides of us, and avenues lined with delicate poplar trees stretched away among them. An aide of the Governor appeared and said that he would serve as our guide. He also told us that we were invited to enter the house, but Mohamed refused the invitation. It was one thing to walk through the garden his father had created, but another to go into his former home, now occupied by other people. I did not mind. Compared to the garden, the house—a simple, one-story stone building—seemed insignificant.

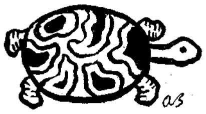
We were shown through the huge hothouse where during the winter months the pomegranate, orange, sweet lemon, jasmine, and "hundred-toman" rose trees were kept in tubs, and where there were all the flowers and shrubs from which cuttings were being taken to start new ones.

We returned to the garden, and Mohamed was interested in the fact that there was only one pool on the property. He distinctly remembered that there had been two, one outside the garden wall and one inside, between two giant willow trees. The willows were still there, but between them were flower beds. Mohamed told Khadivar about the missing pool, and Khadivar insisted that he was mistaken. There had never been more than one pool in Malekabad, he said.

The Governor's aide then asked us to have tea. It was warm enough that day to sit outdoors, and he had had chairs placed along the rim of the pool. Everything was the way it used to be, Mohamed said, except that where we now were his father used to put up a big tent for the guests to sit in. Khadivar asked the young manservant who was serving us tea if there had ever been another pool. The servant shrugged and walked off. A few minutes later, he returned with an old gardener who had been working in the hothouse, and who said he was one of the natives of Malekabad from Hajji Malek's time. When Khadivar pointed to Mohamed and explained that he was a son of Hajji Malek, the old man turned and bowed to him. Mohamed walked over to the gardener and held out his hand, and the gardener took it in both his hands and once more bowed his head. When he spoke again, I caught the names of Abolghassem Aga and Parvis Aga, Mohamed's two brothers. The old man gazed at Mohamed and shook his head, as if to say that he might have expected Abolghassem Aga or Parvis Aga to be so grown up, but not little Mohamed.

Mohamed asked the gardener if there had ever been a pool inside the walls, between the two willow trees in the garden, and the old man broke out in a singsong voice. The pool had been filled up, he said over and over. Someone had given the order—someone who thought he knew better than Hajji Malek. And the pool was filled up. And now between the two willow trees where the pool ought to be there were flower beds. Except for that, everything was all right. Everything was still the way Hajji Malek intended it to be.

IN Iran, custom—not the Moslem religion—decrees that before a wedding ceremony the persons about to be married perform a ritual cleansing. Mohamed felt obliged to do this as a mark of respect for his absent parents, for our host, and for the country of his birth. Having left Iran so young, and lived so many years abroad, he wasn't sure about the details of the ritual, and he was too self-conscious to ask anyone to coach him. He did know, however, that the cleansing must be both physical and spiritual. Remembering how, as a child, he had been taught to submerge himself, after a bath, three times in the pools of the bathhouse at Malekabad, he took a shower bath in the tub in our bathroom and then, when he was through soaping himself, stepped out from under the spray and back in again three times. After the bath, he dressed in entirely new clothing, and around six o'clock he went to the mosque of Imam Reza, where he stood in his stocking feet among a crowd of pilgrims and tried to say a *sura*, or prayer, from the Koran. He couldn't remember consecutive lines of any appropriate prayer, and so, like the illiterate nomads and villagers who come to the mosque from afar, he composed his own prayer; he discovered afterward that it was perfectly proper to do this.



While Mohamed was in the mosque, I got dressed in my old brown suit and a *chador* borrowed from Behjat. She appeared at the door of our bedroom at six-forty-five and led me through the house to the dining room. The dark-red velvet curtains that hung in the double doorway between the dining room and the parlor had been pulled together. In front of them, so close it was almost buried in the folds, stood a dining-room chair. Mohamed had told me we would be separated during the ceremony but said he had arranged for our chairs to be placed right next to each other, with the curtains between, so that whenever I was supposed to say "*Bali* [Yes]," he could put his foot out and touch mine.

I sat down in the chair next to the curtains, and Behjat sat down at the dining-room table. A maidservant brought us tea. I could hear voices on the other side of the curtains, and then a chair scraped, and the velvet billowed out a little; Mohamed had brushed against it as he was taking his place. The voices became whispers. Then all was silent. I decided the people in the salon didn't know I was settled, and I cleared my throat.

Still Mohamed's foot didn't appear. Curiosity and strain got the better of decorum. I put my tea glass on the floor and climbed up on the chair, so that I could see between the curtains, which were not quite drawn together at the top. In the salon sat a white-turbaned *mullah* with a huge ledger open on his skirted knees. Mohamed had risen from his chair and was bent over the book, signing the marriage contract. Seated around them were Khadivar and the two cousins who were to be witnesses. They had tea glasses in their hands.

"Are you ready?" Mohamed suddenly whispered in English.

I scrambled back into my seat and clutched my *chador* over my face. "*Bali*," I said. "Where's your foot?"

"Sh-h-h!" Mohamed whispered.

The *mullah* began a sort of chant. I had about made up my mind that he was preaching a short sermon when he stopped abruptly on a questioning note. The last words he had spoken were "Maryam Khanoum," the Persian form of my name. I felt Mohamed's foot against mine.

"*Bali*," I said.

The *mullah* went on, this time for only about a minute. Then I felt Mohamed's foot again.

"*Bali*," I said.

There was a long, nervous silence. Then the *mullah* and Khadivar began conversing in low tones. Mohamed and the two cousins joined in. I heard the word "tomans" repeatedly. There was another long silence, and then the voices began again. "What's the matter?" I whispered to Behjat, and she reassured me. They were talking, on the other side of the curtains, about how much money I was bringing to the marriage.

Again the *mullah* addressed a question to Maryam Khanoum. Without waiting for Mohamed's foot, I opened my mouth to say "*Bali*," and Behjat raised her hand to warn me. "He just asked if you were being forced into the marriage," she whispered. "Say no."

"*Nackhair*," I said.

The *mullah* asked Mohamed a series of questions, which he answered, and then it was my turn again. I felt Mohamed's foot pressing mine.

"*Bali*," I said.

Behjat came over and kissed me, and I realized the ceremony was finished. I started to walk through the curtains, but she stopped me. She took me by the hand and led me to the guest annex. Since I had left the room, just before the wedding ceremony, a large, oval mirror had been propped up on the bare table that served as a dressing table. In front of it were two candlesticks, a copy of the Koran, and a small shawl embroidered in satin thread. The embroidery was so thick and the design of birds, flowers, and leafy boughs so crowded that the shawl had the appearance and texture of a bas-relief. A samovar stood on the floor, and on a tray beside it were a single tea glass and a silver plate piled high with lozenge-shaped cakes—the *loz* made from our jasmine flowers.

Behjat pushed me into a chair in front of the dressing table; I found myself looking straight into the mirror, in which the door of the room was reflected. She threw my *chador* over my head, gave me an affectionate, excited pinch, and ran out of the room.

I was sitting like that, staring into the mirror, when Mohamed pushed the door open. He filled the glass with tea, spread the embroidered shawl over my hair, and poured a spoonful of sugar on it. "Don't move," he said, "or the sugar will sift down your neck." He lifted the shawl by its four corners and funnelled the sugar into the glass of tea. Then he stirred it and offered me a sip.

"To drink tea from the same glass, sweetened just this way," Mohamed said, "is the first act of man and wife."

—ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI

•

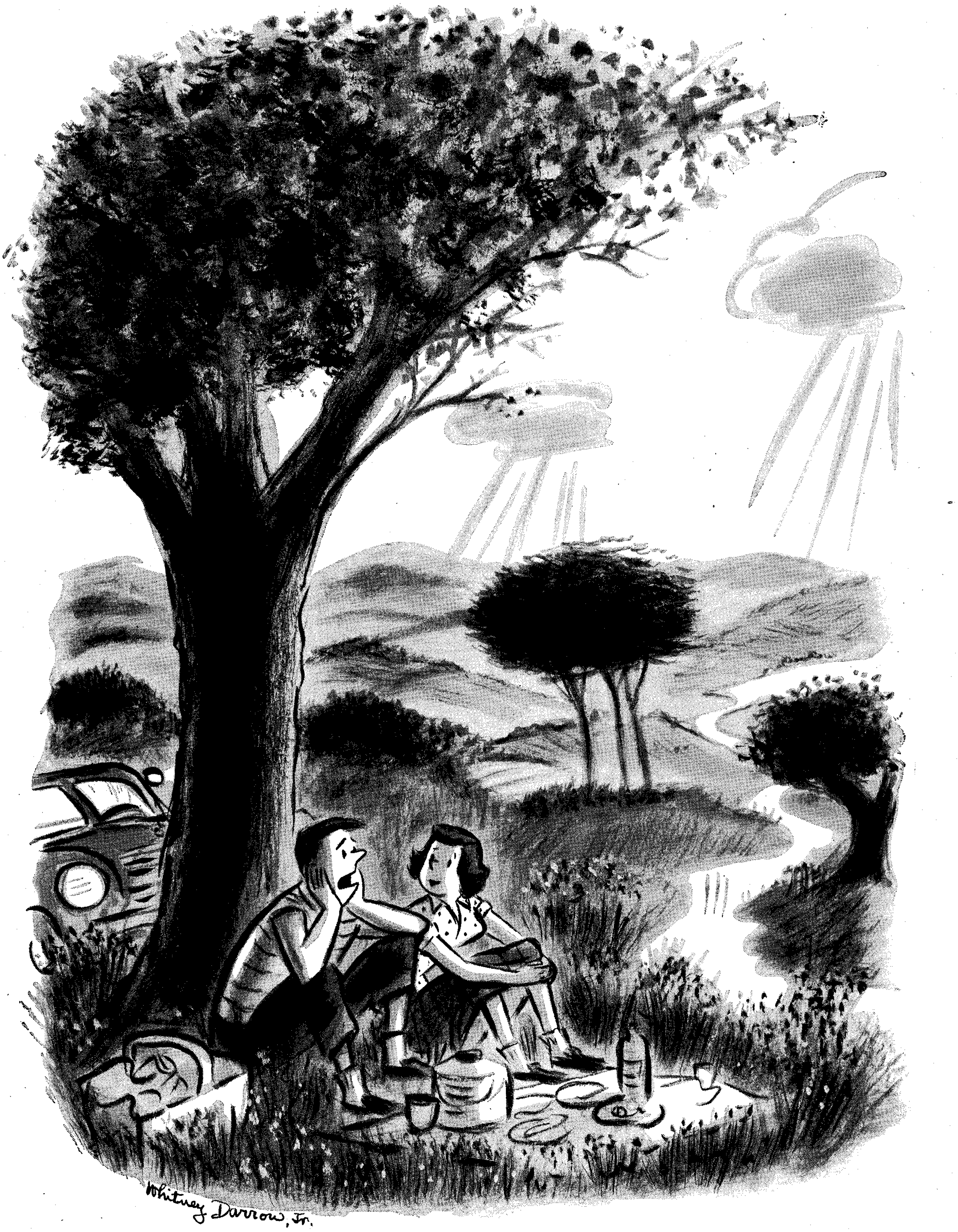
PROVENCE

The shadows are all black,
The sun intensely white,
And between this and that
No cloud or motion but
Irradiating light.
Here silver olives shine
On terra-cotta earth
And fields of lavender
In the still, burning air
Have all their scent distilled.
The sky's so primary blue
The halftones disappear:
Each color its most true,
Each object its most clear.

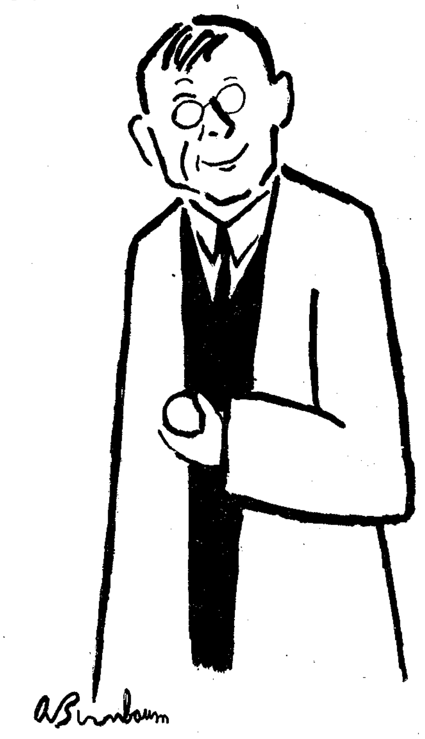
Here death does not come
Through rot or through decay;
There is no mold or rust;
The stone falls to dust,
The face crumbles away
On the round portal,
While the still, burning dome,
Primary blue, stays on,
Unchanging and impartial.

Here the rich Roman arch
And high-pillared tomb,
Where the winds play alone
And where no legions march,
Stand in their triumph plain
To be the shepherd's wonder.
Only the antique power
Has been subtly refined
By the long years of light
To a more human splendor—
Yet here no tears can fall.
Here there is nothing at all
Between death and desire,
Between earth and fire.

—MAY SARTON


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It's the way I've always dreamed of it—just you and me, a million miles from everyone. Then I ruin everything by forgetting my cigarettes."



PROFILES

EGG IS ALL—I

Alexis Lawrence Romanoff, a shy, single-minded scientist who was born in Russia sixty-one years ago and is now professor of chemical embryology at the agricultural college of Cornell University, is almost unique among biologists in that he does not regard the placenta, that elastic, hospitable organ in which the unborn young of most mammals develop and grow, as the most ingenious contribution to the maintenance of the life cycle that the long process of evolution has produced. Romanoff's candidate for highest honors in the field is the egg of a bird, any bird, and it is a subject to which he has devoted more than a quarter of a century of constant study. Probably no other man knows or ever has known as much about the bird's egg as Romanoff, and certainly no man has taken greater pride in its virtues; in print and out, during the greater part of his adult life, he has unremittingly extolled it as *the* biologically perfect entity. Birds, of course, are not the only creatures who reproduce by means of eggs that hatch after leaving the parent's body; most reptiles, amphibians, fishes, mollusks, crustaceans, and insects are also oviparous. But of all eggs, the most complex and, to Romanoff's way of thinking, the noblest is the bird's egg. Compared to it, he feels, the eggs of other animals are as Quonset huts to the Parthenon.

Fundamentally, the eggs of all birds are the same, no matter which of the more than eighty-five hundred species lays them. Fundamentally, too, the eggs of all birds are held in equal esteem by Romanoff. Circumstances, however, have led him to concentrate his attention on the chicken egg, to the considerable benefit of the nation's poultry raisers. One of the circumstances is that Cornell's agricultural arm is actively concerned with improving farm products, and the members of its staff are expected to specialize in matters that have a practical bearing on that objective. Another is that the college keeps large experimental flocks of poultry that can be counted on to supply Romanoff throughout the year with an abundance of research material that the only seasonally occupied nests of wild birds cannot provide. Figures give a sharp picture of the scope of his investigations. During his lifetime, he has taken apart and scrutinized two hundred and twenty thousand eggs—of which number chickens account for a hundred and fifty thousand, pheasants for twenty-five thousand, turkeys twenty thousand, quail thirteen thousand, ducks ten thousand, grouse five hundred, geese five hundred, and miscellaneous wild birds a thousand.

Romanoff is a small, angular man with large hands, an intelligent, deeply lined yet boyish face, and bright-blue eyes behind rimless spectacles. He is inordinately polite, primarily because of an oppressive social timidity that makes him ill at ease in large gatherings, even of people with interests similar to his. A psychiatrist would doubtless have a field day with Romanoff, but his personal plagues have their compensations. He sublimates them in his work and channels all the potential drives of his energy toward a single goal, making him masterful in a room full of eggs. Most birds are busiest on their nests when the days grow long and summer is close at hand, and Romanoff, too, is at the peak of his proficiency at this season, for he is stimulated when the weather is good for egg-laying. "There's unquestionably more buoyancy in his manner when the lark's on the nest instead of the wing than at any other time," a similarly spring-smitten fellow-pedagogue, perhaps more ornithologically precise than Robert Browning, remarked not long ago.

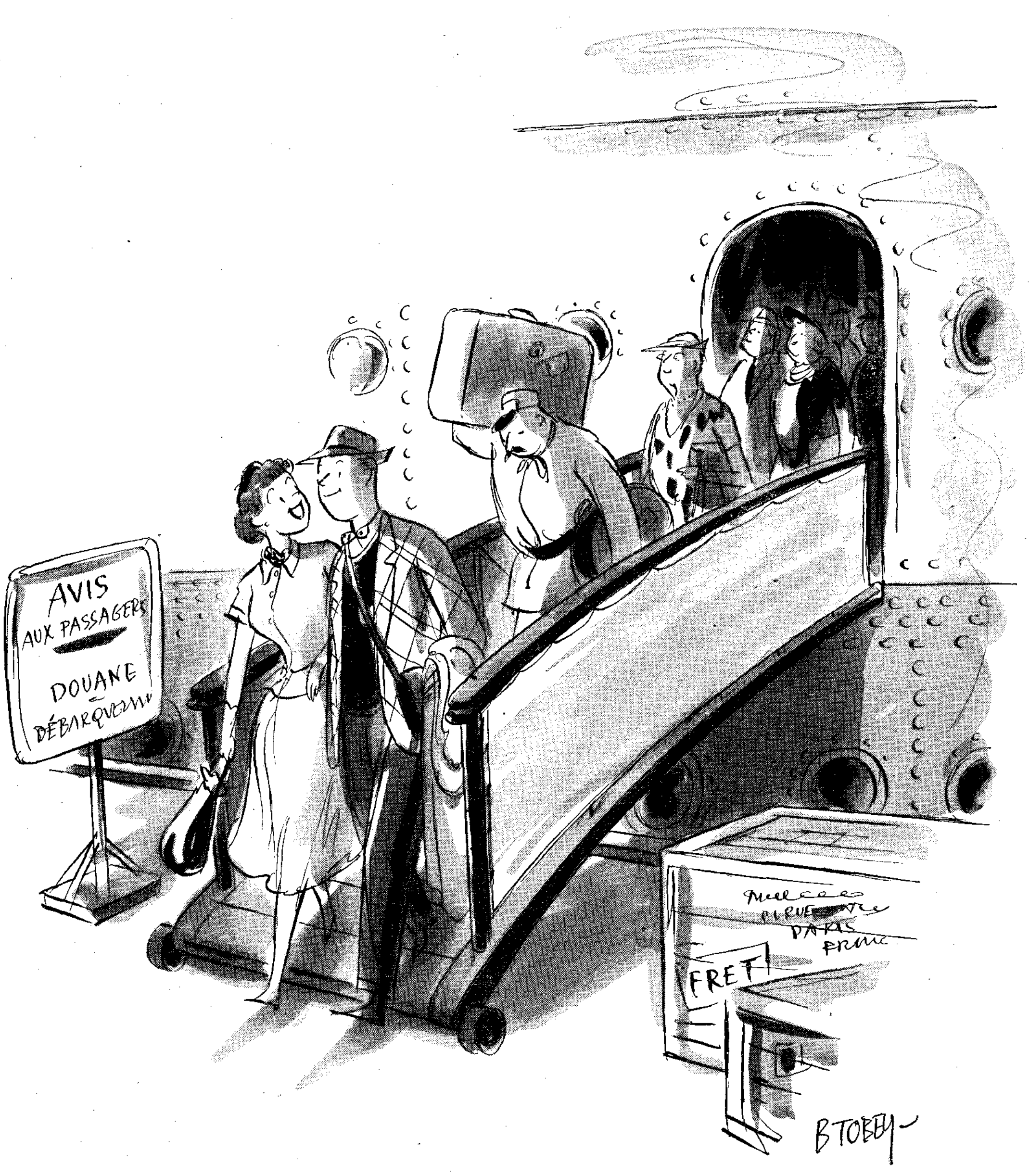
Romanoff's office and laboratories are in a neat, three-story, buff brick building known as Rice Hall, set on a plateau in the middle of Cornell's agricultural-college campus, a mile or so from Lake Cayuga. Back of it straggles a row of henhouses from which come musical cacklings that soothe Romanoff at his labors. Practically all his waking hours are spent in Rice Hall, and a good many of his sleeping ones as well, for he frequently naps there late at night, dreaming about eggs. As a matter of fact, there is something dreamlike about his whole association with eggs. He has frozen, heated, and whipped them; strained, blown, and incubated them; measured the strength, porosity, and thickness of their shells; computed their fatty content and alkalinity; studied the hour-to-hour growth of their embryos for days at a time; subjected them to electric currents and blasts of fresh air and noxious gases; charted their reactions to various atmospheric conditions, ranging from dead calm to violently windy; registered their bioelectrical potential; and digested them chemically in a test tube—as well as in his own stomach, after eating them cooked in a score of ways.

This undeviating activity has resulted in the publication by Romanoff of a hundred and ninety-two scientific papers on eggs and a nine-hundred-and-eighteen-page book entitled "The Avian Egg," which is generally considered the definitive work in its field. Romanoff wrote it in collaboration with his wife, a bacteriologist and another ardent enthusiast of the egg, and he illustrated it himself with four hundred and thirty-five pen drawings and charts. The opening sentence of an introductory note reads, "I think if required on pain of death to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my fate on a bird's egg"—the sentiment of an obscure nineteenth-century writer, chosen by Romanoff, after extensive reading, to say nothing of attempting and discarding a number of descriptive flights of his own, as the sublime expression of his own feelings. "Sentence is beautiful—is complete," says Romanoff, who, when he is emotionally stirred by eggs, has a way of stripping his adopted language down to its bare essentials. "Tells whole story—egg is all." In writing "The Avian Egg," Romanoff and his wife relied heavily on the results of his own experiments, but they also introduced twenty-six hundred references to the egg culled from reading fifteen thousand papers on the subject in English, French, German, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Chinese, and Japanese literature, the first six of which one or the other, or both, can read and the last four of which they explored with the aid of dictionaries and student interpreters. "All egg material in world is in book," Romanoff told a disciple with simple eloquence after its appearance, in 1949.

Romanoff's preëminence in the field of eggs has brought him no widespread public recognition—a rather anomalous state of affairs in view of the importance of the poultry industry, which is the principal beneficiary of his work, in the nation's economy. Last year, the approximately four hundred and twenty-three million hens in the United States produced over sixty billion eggs, earning nearly two and a half billion dollars for their five million owners. Poultry raisers owe a large debt of gratitude to Romanoff for his successful efforts to make eggs more plentiful, more nutritious, and easier to handle; so do his hundred and fifty-five million fellow-Americans, each of whom, according to an average worked out by the Department of Agriculture, ate four hundred and seven eggs last year. As far as Romanoff is concerned, however, he would just as soon remain anonymous. After receiving an award for his contributions to poultry raising at a scientific convention in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1950, he was congratulated by a member of the audience, who went on to remark that he'd never heard of him before. A friend later asked if the unintentional slight hadn't hurt. "No," said Romanoff quietly. "For scientist, work is enough."

"WHEN a physician with a professionally imaginative turn of mind sees a man entering his office," a student of Romanoff's once wrote, in a flattering but honest term paper, "he sees not the patient in a double-breasted suit, white shirt, and becoming tie, but an ambulant skeleton swinging along, the thighbones and tibia moving rhythmically, the humerus outstretched in friendly greeting, and the preliminary smile on the face formed by a slight parting of the maxilla and mandible bones. This is a good deal the same situation when Professor Romanoff views an ordinary egg in a grocery store. He sees not a staple article of food, consisting of mere shell, yolk, and white, but an intricate structure of membranes, air cells, chalazae, and pores, with a blastodisc or blastoderm in the middle." More specifically, what Romanoff sees when he looks at an egg is, first, the germ cell, which is, after all, the reason for the egg's existence. This is a yellowish-white disc, about an eighth of an inch in diameter, that lies on the upper surface of the yolk. It is a position no turning of the egg can alter, for although the cell occupies a fixed spot on the yolk, the stuff it is made of is lighter in weight than the rest of the yolk, and consequently the yolk swings until it is on top, landing it—obviously by no mere coincidence—always close to the life-giving warmth of the setting hen's body. A circle of protoplasm containing germinal elements surrounds the germ cell, which, if and when it is fertilized, starts their development. In an unfertilized egg, this protoplasm is called the blastodisc; in a fertilized egg, it becomes larger and is called the blastoderm. Under the strict controls of present-day poultry raising, laying flocks are generally segregated from roosters because most customers prefer yolks with the less noticeable blastodiscs, and in consequence few fertilized eggs reach the food market. When they do, they are just as palatable as sterile eggs, provided they have been kept under refrigeration. From the point of view of nutrition, the yolk is the most important part of the egg. It is almost spherical in shape and is full of calories, and ranges in color from light yellow to orange. At the time the egg is laid, the yolk has a greater specific gravity than the albumen that surrounds it, and so sinks to the bottom, but within an hour some of the moisture in the white evaporates, increasing *its* specific gravity and allowing the yolk to rise to its normal position in the center of the egg. The yolk consists of a number of concentric layers that resemble, in cross-section, the rings of a tree, and each one represents a day in the development of the egg in the hen's body. (Each layer is really two layers—a relatively thick yellow one, which is manufactured during the day, when the hen is active, and a thin white one, which is formed at night.) In an ordinary egg, the layers are invisible except under a microscope, but they can easily be detected if dyes, a different color each day, are mixed in the hen's food. Romanoff has devised yolks with layers as magnificently varicolored as those of a pousse-café. The yolk is kept intact and separate from the rest of the egg by the vitelline membrane, a thin, delicate, elastic envelope in which, when the egg is moved, it jounces about much like water in a child's balloon.

The albumen is by far the largest part of the egg, and comprises roughly sixty per cent of its weight, as against thirty per cent for the yolk and ten for the shell. It is a clear substance of yellowish hue, commonly known as the "white" because of its appearance after it has been coagulated by cooking. Like the yolk, the albumen looks all of a piece, but it, too, is made up of layers—in this case four. The innermost, or chalaziferous, layer is a fibrous sac cradling the yolk and serving as an anchor for the chalazae, two miraculously twisted cords that extend from opposite sides of the yolk, pass through the second layer of albumen—a liquid one—and are attached at their extremities to the rubbery third layer, which is held in place by fibres that adhere to the inside of the shell at either end of the egg. One of the chalazae is twisted in a clockwise direction, the other counterclockwise. The amazing result of this intricate mechanism is that when the egg is turned, one chalaza tightens while the other slackens, so that between them they preserve a uniform tension that holds the yolk where it belongs—at the center of the egg. The fourth and outermost layer of the albumen is, like the second one, liquid. The whole albumen is tautly covered by a double membrane—an inner, or egg, membrane and, outside it, the shell membrane. Both are chalky white, porous, and very pliable when moist. Although the shell membrane, like the egg membrane, is extremely thin, it is also exceptionally tough, which helps compensate for the tendency of the shell to crack. The two membranes are as one except where they part to allow space for the "air cell," an indentation in the albumen usually found at the blunt end of the egg. The air cell is formed shortly after the egg is laid, when contact with temperatures lower than that of the body of the hen causes its contents to contract and air is drawn in through the pores of the shell to fill what would otherwise be a vacuum. The speed with which this happens varies from a couple of minutes in very cold weather to several hours in very warm. Like everything else about the egg, the air cell has a purpose. The embryo's beak lies directly beneath it, and during the later stages of incubation, after pulmonary respiration has started, the embryo gulps air from the cell. If the air cell is not in its normal position, the embryo generally dies.



"*Just think, dear—we're* ***abroad****!*"

• •

The shell of the egg, translucent when laid, opaque after it has dried, is a smooth, hard, calcareous compound that not only protects the developing embryo but provides it with most of what it needs in the way of inorganic salts. The mineral composition of the shell is strikingly like that of limestone, but there the similarity ends, for as its component parts are assembled in the body of the hen, it is a far from homogeneous substance, being made up of two unlike types of matter—a lacy organic framework of interlocked fibres and, filling the interstices, a gross mixture of inorganic salts. In the matter of shells, all normal eggs produced by hens fit into one or another of three basic classifications—those with shells of uniform thickness, those with shells that are thin at the pointed end and thick at the blunt end, and those with shells that are thick at the pointed end and thin at the blunt end. Romanoff knows this is true, because in 1925, early in his career, he happily broke open four thousand eggs, recorded the measurements of their shells, and proved it. No one at Cornell has any reason to suspect that he cut any corners in this experiment for, as a colleague of his once remarked, "God never misses the fall of a sparrow nor Romanoff the breaking of an egg."

Much is expected of the eggshell. Its pores must admit enough air to keep the embryo breathing, but they must also prevent undue loss of moisture from evaporation. To accomplish this, the pore canals are funnel-shaped, tapering microscopically as they penetrate the shell, which tends to make the passage of air through them pretty much of a one-way matter. Most of the pores, the largest of which are barely visible to the naked eye, are centered over or near the air cell at the blunt end of the egg—an excellent example of the architectural maxim about putting windows where they are needed. Romanoff is one of the few people who have counted the num-

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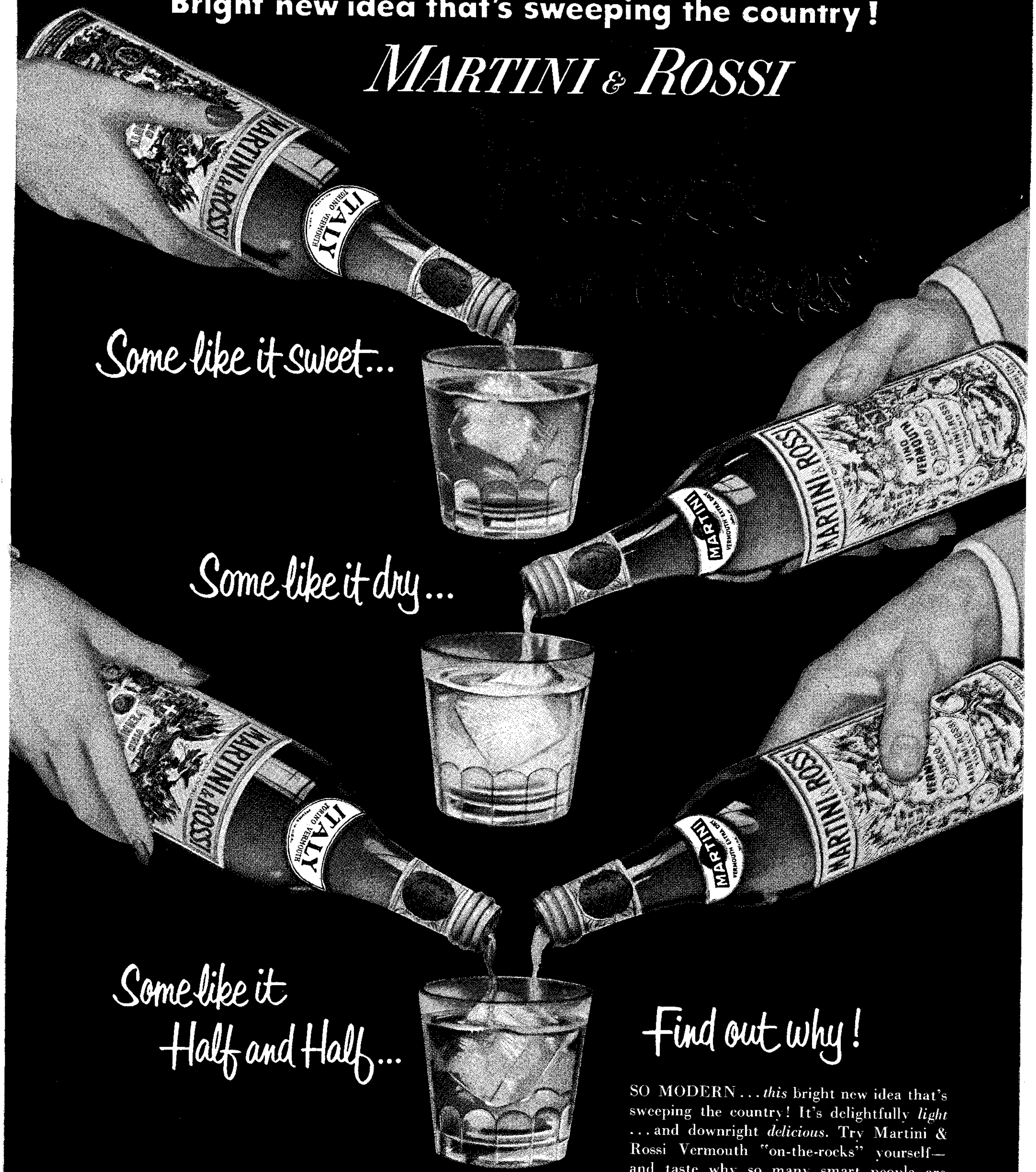
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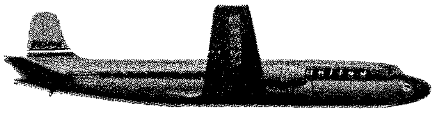

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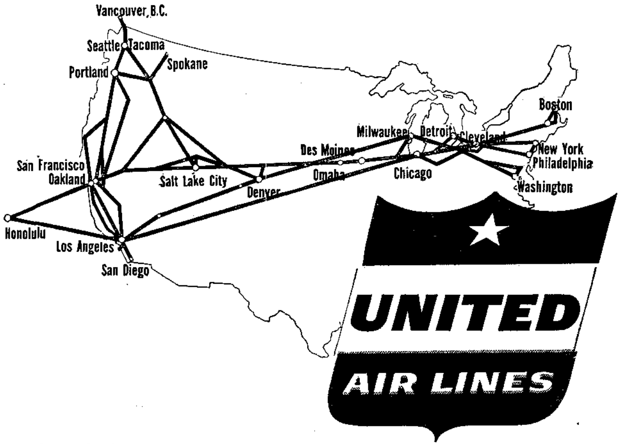
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BOTH **FIRST-CLASS** AND **AIR TOURIST** SERVICE; SEATS ON ALL FLIGHTS ONLY 2 ABREAST ON EACH SIDE OF WIDE AISLES ber of pores in the shell of a hen's egg. He has counted them not once but half a dozen times, by putting dye in the shell and drawing it out through the pores with a suction apparatus. His tests show that the average egg has slightly over seventy-five hundred pores. When it comes to studying the eggshell, as opposed to the whole egg, he defers, as an expert, to Wilhelm von Nathusius, a nineteenth-century German ornithologist who devoted over thirty years to the subject. Von Nathusius examined the eggshells of hundreds of species of birds, treating them with acid and sawing them laterally, radially, and on the bias, and then examined them under the microscope, in an effort to prove that the proper way to trace the family relationships of birds was by establishing similarities in the matrices of their eggshells rather than similarities in their skeletons. He made considerable progress and, at the rate he was going, might have fully confirmed his thesis had he lived two hundred years more. Instead, he has been largely forgotten in the world of ornithology except by Romanoff, who speaks of him often. "He had noble idea for taxonomy," he says with reverence.

Covering the shell of the egg, in such an unobtrusive manner that few people are aware of it, is a thin, plastic film called the cuticle, a protein substance that lies thickest on the part of the shell where the pores are, forming a transparent seal without discernible openings but penetrable by air. The cuticle varies greatly in appearance in different species of bird. In the hen's egg, for instance, it has a rather brilliant sheen, known as bloom; on the other hand, it gives the crane's egg a dull and chalky cast.

All this is what Romanoff sees when he looks at an egg.

MORE than two millenniums ago, Aristotle cut open an egg with an iron knife to study the development of the embryo within. Since that time, down through the centuries, scientists have filled page after page with details of this development, but it is only recently that any serious attempt has been made to study the development of the egg inside the hen. Research has been no more successful in this field than it has in others at throwing light on the secret of how life starts, but it has revealed a great deal about the mechanical processes by which the egg is put together. The egg forms in the hen as the result of two separate but interrelated processes: the growth and ripening of the germ cell and its yolk, collectively called the ovum, and the enveloping of the ovum by all the other materials that comprise the egg. Two neighboring organs, the ovary and the oviduct, perform these respective operations. Situated in an area known as the ovarian pocket, they occupy almost a quarter of a laying hen's body. The ovary is a stalklike organ supporting a large number of ova and somewhat resembling a bunch of grapes; it hangs from a stalk attached to the upper left side of the hen's abdominal cavity at a point about midway between the tail and the neck. The oviduct, a convoluted tube about two feet long that adds the albumen, shell membranes, shell, and cuticle, is suspended just behind the ovary by two thin ligaments—the dorsal ligament, which is attached to the top of the abdominal cavity, and the ventral ligament, which is attached to its base. These ligaments are sufficiently elastic to permit the oviduct to move about freely, which becomes vitally necessary as the moment approaches when the ovary is ready to release a mature ovum. At this point, the receiving end of the oviduct, called the infundibulum, stretches, snakelike, toward the ovary, and seeks to detach and engulf the ovum by pulling it off the stalk with its jaws, as if it were indeed a grape. If the infundibulum fails, it repeats its effort, time and time again, occasionally striving for as long as half an hour, until it is successful. Sometimes, in this blind struggle, the ovum falls to the floor of the ovarian pocket, in which case the neighboring liver, gizzard, intestines, and left lung set up gentle rhythmic motions that ease it into the groping mouth of the infundibulum. "Tell me, where else in nature is greater artistry of plan?" Romanoff asks, and he has yet to receive an answer.

The ovary and oviduct constitute the hen's entire egg-producing apparatus, but Romanoff has noted, with mild wonder, that early in the embryonic life of a female chick certain organs start to evolve on its right side that seem to be in every way analogous to the ovary and oviduct on its left. By the time the egg hatches, these have stopped growing, and during the life of a normal hen serve no better purpose than the appendix does in man. It is a singular fact, baffling so

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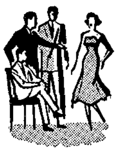

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far to scientists, that when the ovary and oviduct of a young pullet are surgically removed, the rudimentary organs on the right have a tendency to enlarge and the pullet develops the plumage and large comb of a rooster, and may even crow.

The germ cell is the heart of the egg. It is the mysterious link between all that is past and all that lies ahead. The germ cells of the next generation are distinguishable early in the embryo's existence. A little more than twelve hours after incubation has started in a chicken, they begin propelling themselves through the watery incipient embryo by an amoebic sort of movement, and when the blood vessels of the embryo form, shortly after the first day, they careen through them on a wild odyssey, getting nourishment from the blood and producing others of their kind. By the forty-third hour of incubation, they have left the blood stream and are congregated in the part of the embryo where the sex organs will eventually be. During the three-week period of incubation, a female embryo's reproductive apparatus grows steadily; by the time the egg hatches there is a recognizable ovary, complete with tiny ova that are destined to become eggs themselves; when the hen reaches maturity, at the age of six months, they need only the addition of a male gamete to carry on the thread of life.

Exceptional hens in their prime may lay the whole year around, but poultrymen are resigned to a general slackening-off during the cold-weather months. Hens usually lay an egg a day for a while, then rest for a period of varying length. Each egg depletes the hen's supply of ova by one. Nineteenth-century scientists believed they could ascertain the number of eggs a hen could lay in its lifetime by counting its ova just before it reached maturity, but the problem turned out to be not so easy as that. A hundred years ago, a good hen produced around three hundred eggs in its lifetime and—according to a scientist of that period—possessed six hundred ova at the beginning of its career. Today, thanks to improved methods of poultry raising, a good hen lays almost three hundred eggs a year. Yet the ratio of ova to eggs remains approximately the same, for nowadays prize hens start out with as many as thirty-six hundred ova. Thus hens seem fated to go on laying one egg for every two or more ova, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of poultry breeders to put them on an efficient one-for-one basis. Romanoff concedes that the two-for-one setup seems wasteful,

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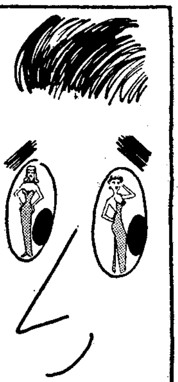

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but he points out that in contrast to the prodigality of many other animals in this respect, it is downright parsimonious. "Take baby girl," he says. "Comes into world with over four hundred thousand ova. Of four hundred thousand, not more than five hundred mature. Of five hundred, how many new babies do you get?"

The ova are suspended in the ovarian pocket, each in its own sac, by a segment of tissue known as the ovarian stalk, and they range in size and color from microscopic gray objects that are mere germ cells to the fully developed yellow yolks familiar to anyone who has ever opened an egg. Across each sac is a band of muscle called the stigma, which, when it comes time for ovulation, breaks, often aided by the grasping of the infundibulum, which then commences its relentless maneuvers to draw the mature ovum into the oviduct. Once the ovum is in the oviduct, the remainder of the egg is put together much as cars are on an assembly line, and with such speed that the whole process is completed in twenty-four hours. The infundibulum applies the first, or chalaziferous, layer over the yolk in a matter of minutes and then passes the egg along to a region in the oviduct where it spends three hours, while a number of glands pour out their secretions in little streams to create the highly complex layers of albumen. Next, the egg pauses briefly in a passage called the isthmus, which provides it with the inner and outer membranes, and then it stays for a good twenty hours in the uterus, which supplies the shell. Experiments show that the walls of the uterus do not contain any more calcium than the rest of the oviduct; while the egg is lingering there, the shell is gradually built up with calcium extracted, as needed, from the blood stream of the hen. The cuticle, the final touch, is also added in this section. And then the egg is laid. It is hardly cool in the nest before a new yolk is grasped by the infundibulum and started on its way through the oviduct, a circumstance that leads Romanoff to wonder whether the hen's triumphant cackle upon arising from a freshly laid egg hasn't been misinterpreted all these years. It could be, he muses, a hailing not of the visible achievement but of the start of another miracle in the hen's body.

SO great is the reproductive drive in a hen that it may lead her to self-destruction. The blood of a well-fed hen contains from two to three times as much calcium when it is laying as when it isn't, and this reserve is constantly

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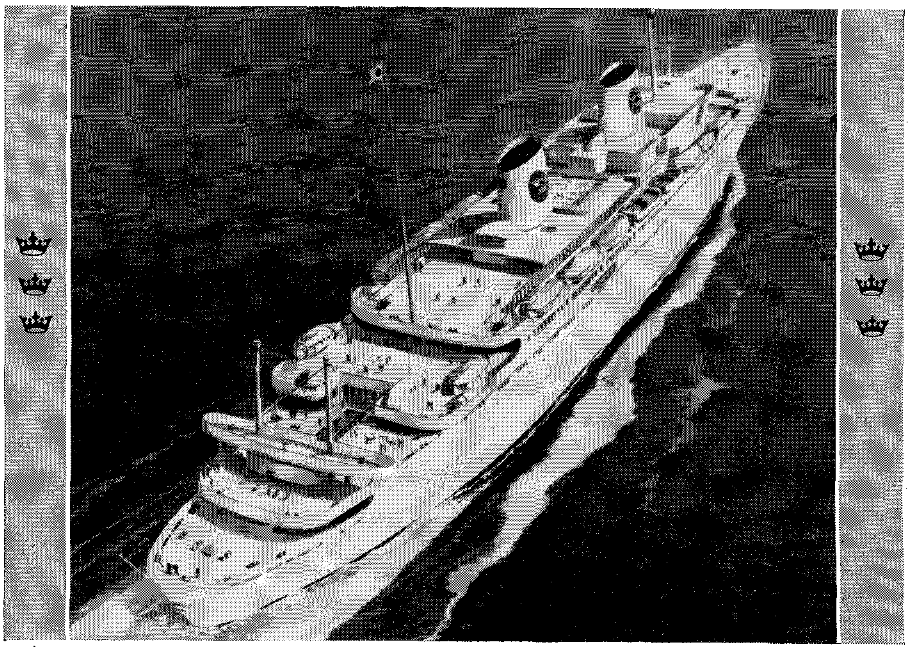

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being drawn upon to build the shells of her eggs. Sometimes a hen will stop laying if there is a deficiency of calcium in her diet, but as a general rule she goes right on producing eggs and the hormones extract the needed calcium from her bones, occasionally with such zeal that her legs become so soft she can't stand on them.

Although diet obviously has an important effect upon a hen's egg-laying capacity, a factor of perhaps even more consequence is light. A hen will never lay in darkness, a fact that has led poultrymen to illuminate their henhouses artificially during the short days of fall and winter. Cloudy weather and storms also cut down a flock's productivity. Under natural conditions, hens lay eggs at any hour between seven in the morning and five in the afternoon, the peak period being from nine o'clock to one. A hen spends two hours on her nest while laying an egg—a long time in comparison with, say, a quail, which gets it all over with in from three to ten minutes. A laying hen likes to feel free and easy in her mind. If she is disturbed while she is laying, she will retain the egg, sometimes for as long as overnight. A chicken's natural life span is about twenty years and, if left to her own devices, a hen will lay all during the first half of that period, but egg production drops so sharply with age that poultrymen find it unprofitable to keep hens after they have passed the two- or three-year mark. Romanoff's averages show that a hen producing two hundred and forty eggs during her first twelve months of laying will drop off to no more than forty in her ninth year.

The eggs of wild birds resemble those of chickens in structure and are produced in much the same manner. The main difference, aside from the matter of size, is a man-made one: Wild birds lay eggs only to reproduce, while chickens have long been encouraged to adopt a more detached approach to the matter. The females of all species of wild birds lay a typically limited number of eggs during a typically limited season. Sometimes they raise one brood a year, sometimes two, but rarely more. After the eggs are laid, the females, alone or in partnership with their males, incubate them and rear the young. This habit has just about been bred out of today's highly specialized laying hen. When she lays an egg, she gets up from the nest and walks loftily away. Her cavalier attitude is not even common among all chickens; the Asiatic breeds, which are raised only for their meat, are intensely broody and like nothing better than to hatch their own eggs. In this, they are similar to the chicken's common ancestor, the jungle fowl, which, wild-bird fashion, lays a clutch of from thirteen to fifteen eggs in its native bush, and raises a family; if time and weather permit, it will do this twice a season. The number of eggs in a wild bird's clutch varies from one, in the case of the auk and several other species, to twenty, in the case of the partridge. Some wild birds desert their nest if their eggs are removed; others try to replenish the supply. The most remarkable recorded instance of the latter course of action is that of a flicker, which, goaded by a scientifically motivated egg thief, laid seventy-one eggs in seventy-two days. Certain species stop laying when the normal number of their clutch is in the nest, even though some of the eggs have been placed there by man. The herring gull, on the other hand, never lays more or less than three eggs, no matter whether some are taken away or more are added. Some species of bird live much longer than others, a fact that seems to be reflected in their laying habits. Durable birds like the kite, specimens of which have been known to live a hundred and twenty years, lay eggs for only about the first half century of their existence. A sparrow, whose life span is about four years, lays right up to the time of its death.

THE average chicken egg is two and a quarter inches long. The largest egg laid by any contemporary bird is the ostrich's. The smallest of any known species, past or present, is the hummingbird's—just a trifle over half an inch long, or a thirteenth the length of an ostrich's. (In weight, the hummingbird's egg is a twenty-eight-hundredth that of the ostrich's.) The largest of all known eggs was that of the flightless Aepyornis, a bird that lived thousands of years ago on Madagascar. The Aepyornis was the inspiration for the account of the roc in the tales of Sinbad the Sailor, and was known in medieval Europe through its semi-fossilized bones and eggs, which were brought to that continent by Arab traders. This giant was eleven and a half feet tall, weighed half a ton, and had legs almost as thick as an elephant's. It roamed the plains of its island with a presumably thunderous tread, and produced a three-gallon egg with a shell at least a sixteenth of an inch thick. As a rule, big birds lay relatively small eggs and small birds relatively big ones, but there are some exceptions. The New Zealand kiwi, for one, grows to about the size of a chicken

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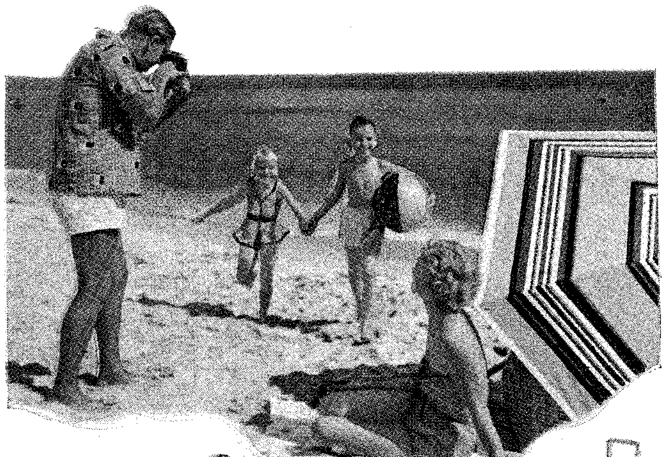

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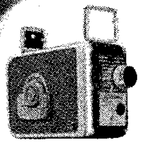

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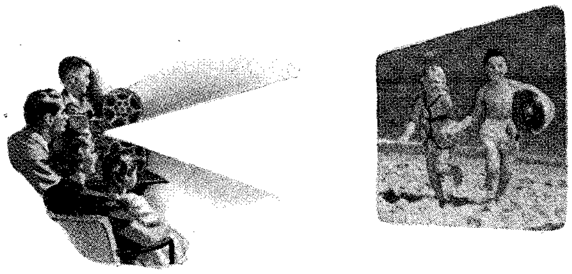

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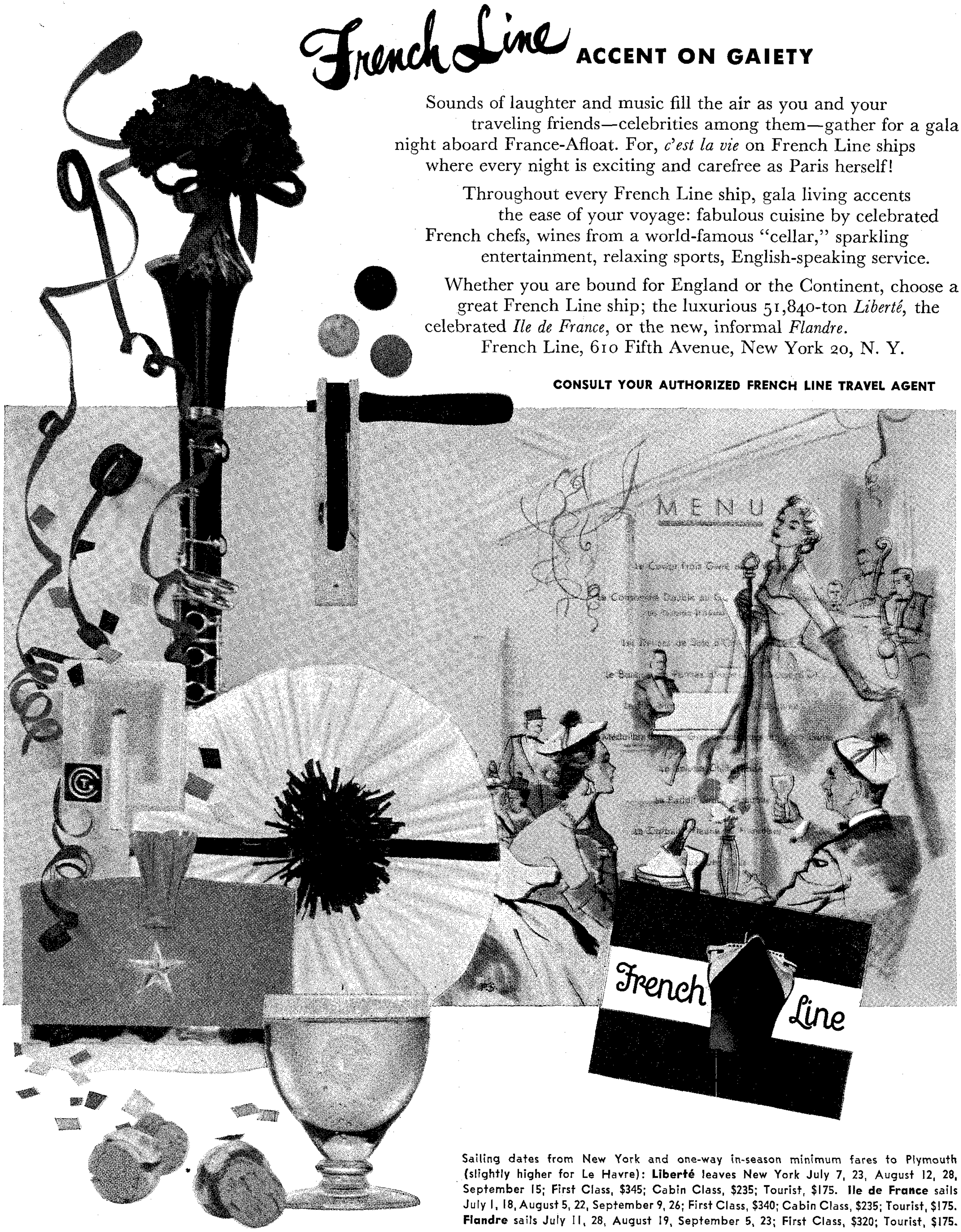

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and lays an egg that weighs about a pound, roughly a quarter of its weight. The size of the egg in relation to that of the bird that lays it often appears to be determined by whether the species is altricial (meaning that its young are born naked and blind) or precocial (covered with down and able to run around); the eggs of birds in the latter group being, with good reason, larger than the eggs of birds in the former. Adults of the precocial spotted sandpiper and the altricial catbird are about the same size, but the sandpiper's egg is twice as big as the catbird's.

Birds' eggs come in half a dozen shapes. Those of a few species are almost spherical. More are ovate, like the chicken's. Still others are biconical or ellipsoidal—that is, equally sharp or equally rounded at either end—and still others are almost conical. Some of the owls and kingfishers lay spherical eggs; the shape makes them easy to turn and warm evenly in the hollowed-out recesses favored by these birds for nests. In contrast, the guillemot, which nests on bare, gale-swept rock ledges in the Far North, lays a conical egg that, when moved by wind or the parent bird, simply rolls in a circle on its axis instead of rolling off its precarious platform. One of the neatest adjustments of the shape of an egg to its environment is the golden plover's. A precocial bird that lays four relatively large conical eggs, the female plover is able to cover them all only because they can be snugly fitted together, like four triangles, with their apexes toward the center of the nest, forming a neat square.

With the possible exception of certain clear yellows, there seems to be no shading of color that cannot be found in the shell of some bird somewhere—pink, buff, cinnamon, vermilion, turquoise, and all the rest. The shells of tropical birds' eggs are usually more vividly colored than the shells of eggs found in temperate regions. Some scientists believe that all birds' eggs were originally white, like those of reptiles, from which, of course, birds evolved; others think they were all colored. Whichever theory is right, today less than a fifth of the birds in the world lay white eggs. In many instances, though by no means all, camouflage appears to be the reason for the coloration of eggshells. Eggs receive their coloring while still in the oviduct, by a process as involved as any of the other steps by which they come into being. As the first stage in the creation of the pigments, the membranes of worn-out red corpuscles burst, releasing hemoglobin, which is dissolved in

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the blood stream and turned into hematin, a bluish-black substance that is transformed by the liver into bile pigments of the color, or colors, characteristic of the species. These are then carried in the blood stream to the oviduct, where they are applied to the shell as it is being formed. Sometimes, the pigments are not yet fixed when the eggs are laid; the speckles of a newly laid turkey egg can be rubbed off with a rag. The eggs of most laying hens are plain brown or white, but those of the meat breeds are colorful; the eggs of the Cochin China, for example, are yellow with red spots. The Araucana, a South American chicken, lays bluish-green eggs.

Many birds appear to man to be self-indulgent about where they lay their eggs, picking a breezy treetop in some verdant countryside as a place to rear their young, while others do things the hard way and nest in arctic or desert regions. Birds are forever making their homes in unexpected places; to the delight of countless English bird lovers, a robin once built its nest in the hole made by the cannon ball in the mizzenmast against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his death wound on H.M.S. Victory. Around New York, the bird that begins its homemaking earliest in the season is the great horned owl, which lays its eggs as early as mid-February in mild years; among the tardiest are the cedar waxwing and the goldfinch, which sometimes wait until late August. Birds incubate their eggs by nestling them against the brood spot—an area in the center of the breast that in most species molts and becomes bare at the start of the brooding season; ducks and geese, for which nature does not perform this service, tear out the down on their breasts with their bills. As the time for breeding approaches, the veins in the vicinity of the brood spot become abnormally suffused with blood—a throbbing, life-quickening tide that in some birds reaches a temperature of as high as a hundred and eleven degrees in the brood spot, as against an average of a hundred and two degrees. At this point, the female seeks her mate.

Generally speaking, the larger the bird, the longer it takes its eggs to hatch. Sparrows' eggs hatch in from twelve to thirteen days, while those of the emu take fifty-six days. But there are pronounced exceptions. For example, the eggs of the parasitic cowbird, which is about the size of a robin and uses the nests of smaller birds for its nursery, hatch in ten days, giving the chicks a substantial head start over the rightful tenants of the nest in the race for survival. Another exception is the hummingbird, whose eggs require about two days longer than those of the sparrow to hatch, probably because of the frequent trips that the mother, with her limited capacity for storing up nourishment, must make from her nest to forage. All chicks, no matter how long they take to hatch, deliver themselves from the egg in the same way—by cracking the shell with the egg tooth, a hard, calcareous tubercle on the end of their bills, backed by an enormously overdeveloped neck muscle. A few days after the chick is hatched, the egg tooth drops off and the neck muscle diminishes to normal size.

Parenthood is not an unadulterated pleasure for any bird. All species have their trials and hardships. Rain is bad for incubating eggs, and the nights are likely to be awful, what with chill and the threat of weasels and other predatory animals looking for the brooding bird and her clutch. It might cheer the average wood thrush, sitting on her nest during a dark, rainy May night in Westchester, if she knew the horrors of incubation that are undergone by the emperor penguin of Antarctica. This is a most exceptional bird that makes its home solely on the shores and on the shore ice of the inhospitable southernmost continent, never straying more than a mile or so from the open sea. The largest of the penguins, it is an amazingly strong, torpedo-shaped creature, three feet tall and weighing around seventy-five pounds. Like its smaller relatives, it is equipped with flightless wings, a dignified gait, and a lack of fear of man. On land, the fastest it can go is ten miles an hour, which it attains by plopping down on the ice and tobogganing on its belly, propelling itself by quick strokes of its wings and legs. Water is its preferred medium, and in it the emperor is a master, being able to shoot up from the ocean depths so swiftly and so surely that it can land gracefully on its feet on a ledge nearly two yards above the surface. Its strength is almost incredible. Five men from a Scotch whaler once tried to carry a live emperor penguin aboard their vessel. For nearly a quarter of an hour, the bird rolled them about on the ice with its clublike wings. Then they managed to truss it up with two leather straps around its body and stood back to take a breath, at which the bird did likewise, and burst the straps. At last, with the aid of reinforcements, it was bound and taken aboard. By this time it was, naturally, in a bad mood, and it looked about for something to bully. Finding the large and capable ship's dog at hand, it wrenched a wing loose from its bindings and knocked the animal senseless with a single blow.

In the southern spring, against the melting snows of its habitat, the emperor penguin is a beautiful sight. Its lemon-yellow breast, bluish back, and jet-black head gleam like satin, and if it has just emerged from the water, crystals of ice and salt sparkle on its coat. Ahead of it stretches the most salubrious time of the year—the season most other birds pick for rearing their young. But not the emperor penguin. Contrarily, it lays its eggs at the peak of the antarctic winter, when the skies are dark all day, when the temperature has been known to drop to eighty below zero, and when the fiercest winds in the world blow at up to a hundred and twenty miles an hour. In this unlikely environment, it deposits a single egg on an ice floe that is frozen fast to shore, selecting a site not far from a permanent tidal crack, from which it can get food. Turning its streamlined back to the gales, it slips its webbed feet under the egg and holds it snugly against its brood spot. Possibly because the climate is so rigorous, only one female in five lays an egg, and brooding is strictly a communal business. When a brooding bird is hungry, it leaves the egg and waddles to the tidal crack, but its place is immediately taken by one of its colleagues. Despite their grim surroundings, the emperor penguins have a not unmusical mating call that can be heard for a mile or more, ringing challengingly through the polar night.

Billions of birds' eggs are laid each year—from Antarctica to the North Frigid Zone. In all likelihood, freaks appear among them with as much frequency as they do among humans. In the case of wild birds, not much is known on this score, but with the hen, it is a different matter. Almost since the beginning of history, she has been sitting with man practically looking over her shoulder. Thousands of abnormal hens' eggs have been reported. The largest on record is a monster almost six times normal size and bigger than a swan's egg that is now in the Museum of Curiosities of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris. One of the smallest—a fiftieth as big as normal—makes a canary's egg look huge by comparison. The commonest irregularity in hens' eggs is a double yolk; about one in every five hundred eggs has one. A triple yolk is ten times as rare. There is no record of a quadruple yolk. Hens have laid eggs shaped like cucumbers, long-tailed minnows, and crookneck

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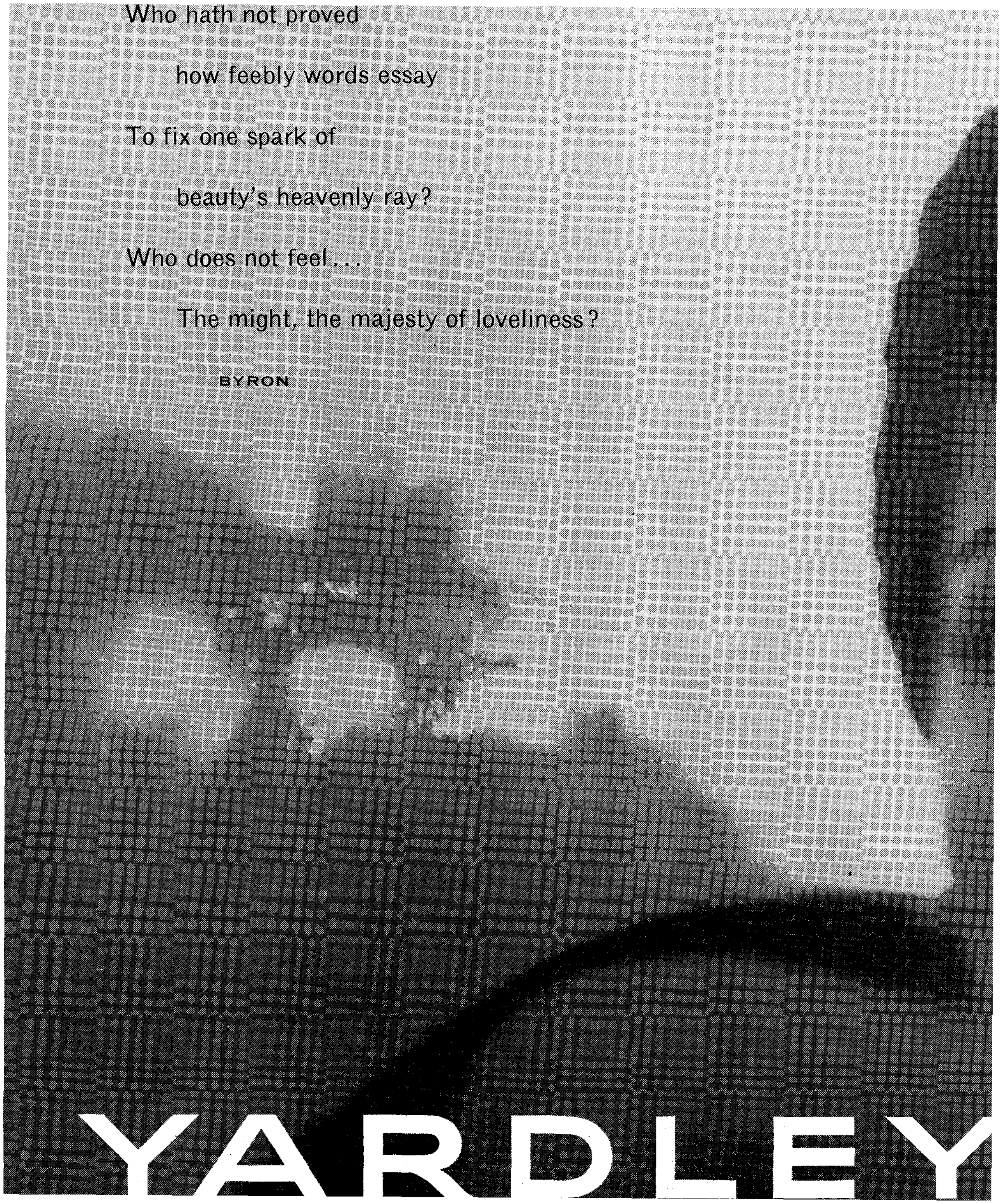

Who hath not proved
how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of
beauty's heavenly ray?
Who does not feel...
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

BYRON

squash. Occasionally, they have laid two eggs bound together by a membrane, or even by shell, and resembling a dumbbell. Sometimes an egg is laid with part of its shell missing. Completely shell-less eggs are not infrequent, and freakishly thick-shelled eggs have been recorded, some of them studded with knobs. There have been all sorts of variations on the egg-within-an-egg theme—a complete egg within a complete egg, a yolkless egg within a complete egg, a yolkless egg within a yolkless egg, and a double-yolked egg within a yolkless egg, to mention only a few. Such deviations from the norm distress Romanoff, who would like to think of all hens and all eggs as being the perfect creations he finds most of them are. "Is my greatest disappointment—knowing fallibility of egg," he says. "But very much long shot. Most eggs sound. And scientist must face facts—unpleasing ones, too."

Romanoff's approach to the egg has been staggeringly comprehensive. Looking at the hen's egg chemically, for instance, he has found that it is two-thirds water, which acts as the solvent needed in the biochemical processes that assist the development of the embryo, and one-third solids, including such organic substances as alanine, arginine, aspartic acid, carotene, cystine, glutamic acid, glycine, histidine, isoleucine, leucine, lysine, methionine, ovocephalin, ovoflavin, ovokerasin, ovolecithin, ovophrenosin, ovosphingomyelin, phenylalanine, porphyrin, proline, serine, threonine, tryptophane, tyrosine, valine, and xanthophyll, and such inorganic substances as aluminum, arsenic, barium, boron, bromine, calcium, chlorine, chromium, copper, fluorine, iodine, iron, lead, lithium, magnesium, manganese, molybdenum, phosphorus, potassium, rubidium, selenium, silicon, silver, sodium, strontium, sulphur, titanium, uranium, vanadium, and zinc. Of the ninety-six known elements, at least thirty-five have been identified in the eggs of birds of one species or another. It has been established that radioactive isotopes of certain elements injected into the body of a hen almost always end up in her eggs, and Romanoff believes that this may someday enable him to determine which parts of the body contribute the most to building up which parts of the egg.

After spending a day studying the chemistry of the egg, Romanoff may turn, for his evening's relaxation, to exploring its biological properties. At such a time, the egg becomes for him

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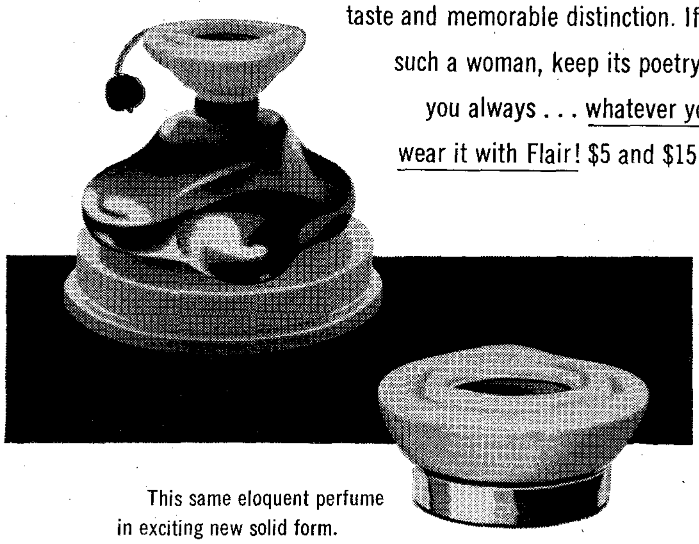

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a sensitive, living being, subject, like any other organism, to the dangers of bacteria. He is aware that there are usually several hundred mold spores on the outside of the shell of a freshly laid egg and that within a few days, under warm, humid conditions, the count will sometimes rise as high as eight million. He admires the way the egg defends itself against this hostile enveloping host. The shell and membranes join forces expertly (as his investigations have often proved) to bar the way to all but a few of the microörganisms, and those that do succeed in penetrating these barriers are roughly handled by the albumen, which contains a number of germicidal agents, the principal one being lysozyme, an enzyme that is also found in human tears and in certain plants, notably the turnip. So potent are the germicides that Romanoff has left albumen lying around in a dish—sterilized but uncovered—for as long as two months without its showing the slightest signs of bacterial growth. "Show me better sterilizer!" he says in a tone of confident pride.

Romanoff also spends a lot of time studying the egg statistically. On the basis of figures compiled back in the days when there was easy access to such information in all parts of the globe, he estimates that the total number of eggs produced by poultry throughout the world last year amounted to a hundred and fifty billion. He cannot conceive of any more significant vital statistic. The United States both produces and consumes a great many more eggs than any other nation. Last year, Americans ate over fifty-five billion of them, either as eggs or as an ingredient of some other food. All these, as well as some two and a half billion we exported, were laid in this country, except for a mere ninety-six million that we imported, mostly from Canada. (The rest of the sixty or more billion produced in this country were either stored or used in the manufacture of goods that have nothing to do with food.) The second and third largest producers are—or were when last heard from on the subject—China and Russia. The latest figures available show that the United States also leads the world in per-capita egg consumption. Of the five million American farmers whose hens, averaging a hundred and fifty eggs a year apiece, account for our output, twenty per cent have large establishments devoted entirely to the production of eggs and poultry. A few of the really big commercial hatcheries have incubators capable of hatching a million chicks at a time. In Romanoff's

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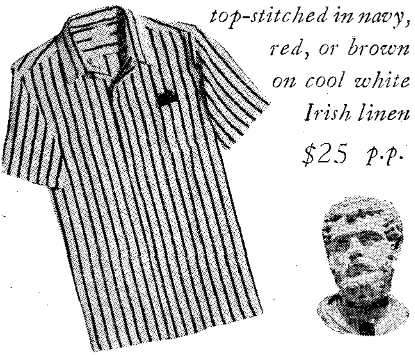

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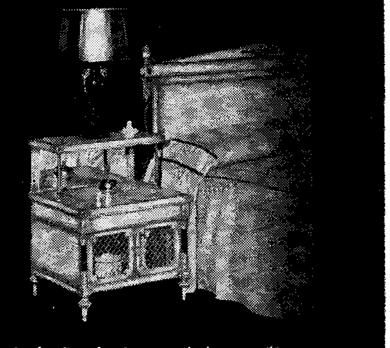

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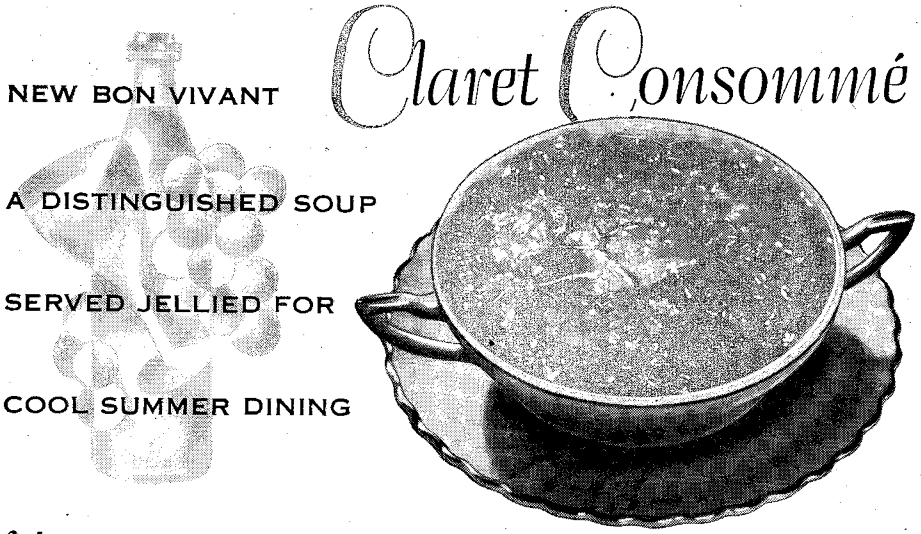
opinion, egg eating is one of our most fortunate national habits. There is pleasure in his voice when he describes the egg as a food. "Wonderful creation—marvellous," he says. "Has everything necessary for growth of chick embryo except oxygen. This makes egg probably most diversified yet complete food unit to be found anywhere." One egg contains one-eleventh of all the protein an ordinary adult needs in a day; it provides seventy calories and every vitamin except C, being especially rich in A and D. Experiments with laboratory animals indicate that a diet of nothing but yolk, which is the most nutritious part of the egg, can sustain life indefinitely. Doctors have found that the protein of the egg is more beneficial to nursing mothers and growing children than that of milk and meat. Romanoff delights in pointing out that no other food of animal origin is eaten by so many people the world over. Up until a century or two ago, the Abipon Indians of Paraguay held the distinction of being one of the few peoples in the world who didn't eat eggs. They refused to do so on the ground that no food so tender could do anything but engender sloth in their bodies and cowardice in their souls. The Abipones are now extinct. Others might say "I told you so," but Romanoff is too kind-hearted. Besides, he feels that the Abipones' reason for their abstinence is one of the nicest tributes the egg has ever received.

Far from siding with the Abipones, Romanoff eats almost nothing but eggs. Often he has them for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and puts a couple away between meals, as well. When his spirits flag, he takes an egg as a pick-me-up, much as another man might take a shot of whiskey. He admires the egg for the simple fare it essentially is and has a low opinion of chefs, who he thinks tend to dress it up in false finery. The idea that plovers' eggs are a great delicacy makes him smile. "This delicacy only matter of scarcity, I fear," he says. "Any fresh egg is good—is delicious!" Occasionally he encounters an individual who cannot abide eggs—either physically or mentally, or both—and denounces them as poison. To all such, he points out that there is no food toward which someone doesn't feel the same way. "Should not blame egg for pathological abnormalities of man," he says severely.

Freshness is a quality that almost everybody—in this country, at least—wants in an egg. The question of how to describe the taste of a fresh egg has baf-



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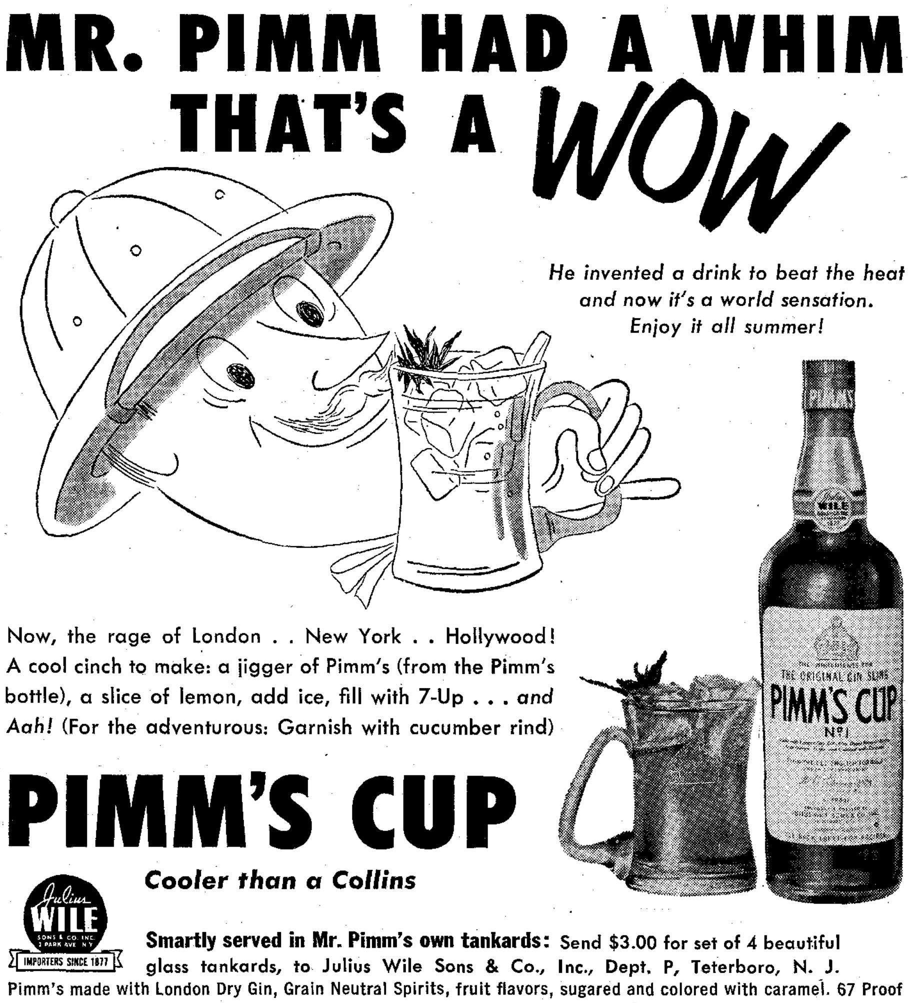
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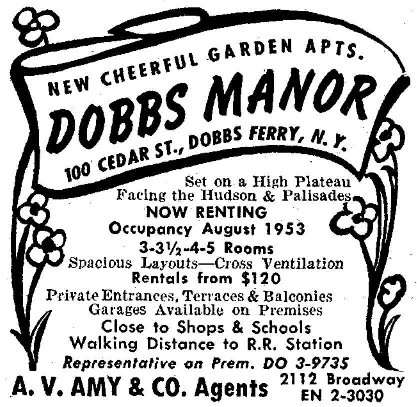
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fled Romanoff for years. It is one of the few problems connected with the egg that he has not solved, and he is about ready to give up on it. "Cooked fresh egg in mouth has—" he may start off hopefully, and then, after some moments of groping, conclude despairingly, "has no unpleasant taste." The would-be buyer of a truly fresh egg finds himself in a peculiar position. Most foods offer easily read clues to their condition as they are displayed in the market, but not the egg. The best guide generally available is provided by the Department of Agriculture, which has established standards of quality as a means of uniformly grading eggs, but they are not at all mandatory. The Department says nothing about how fresh an egg should be to be sold as fresh; in New York State, however, which has its own standards that otherwise pretty much parallel Washington's, an egg may be sold as fresh only if it is not more than thirty days old. In the rest of the country, the situation is even more vague; some of the other states have their own grading systems, but many don't, and so few of them bother about the Department of Agriculture's opinions that only fifteen per cent of the eggs sold in the nation are graded by federal standards. Eggs are graded by the process of candling—that is, by holding them in a beam of light, which reveals certain internal conditions through the translucent shell. Points taken into consideration by the federal grading standards include the depth of the air cell; the size and mobility of the yolk, and the amount of light transmitted by the albumen. The best government-grade eggs—AA Quality—must have an air cell no more than an eighth of an inch deep. The government also classifies eggs by weight—a system that puts the Jumbo egg, weighing two and a quarter ounces or better, at the head of the list. There isn't a bit of difference between the contents of a white-shelled egg and a brown-shelled one, but many people think there is. Opinions on this matter appear to be regional, with the result that white eggs cost a few cents a dozen more than brown ones in some communities, while in others the situation is reversed. Housewives have their own sound standard for judging an egg, once it is opened and dropped into a mixing bowl or frying pan. If the yolk stands up firmly to a height of nearly half its diameter, and is surrounded by a substantial collar of albumen, the egg is fresh; otherwise, it isn't.

There is in this country a very small but highly vocal minority who daringly

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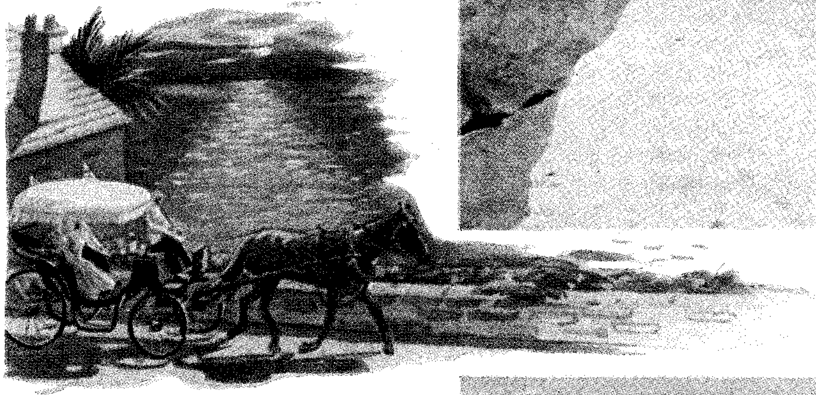

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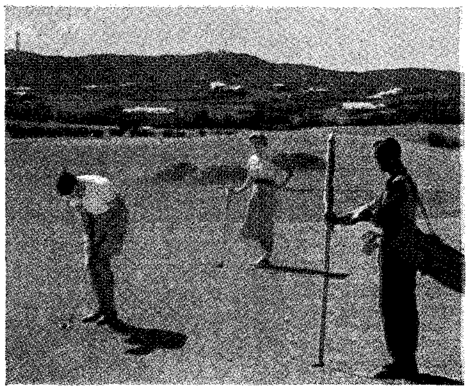

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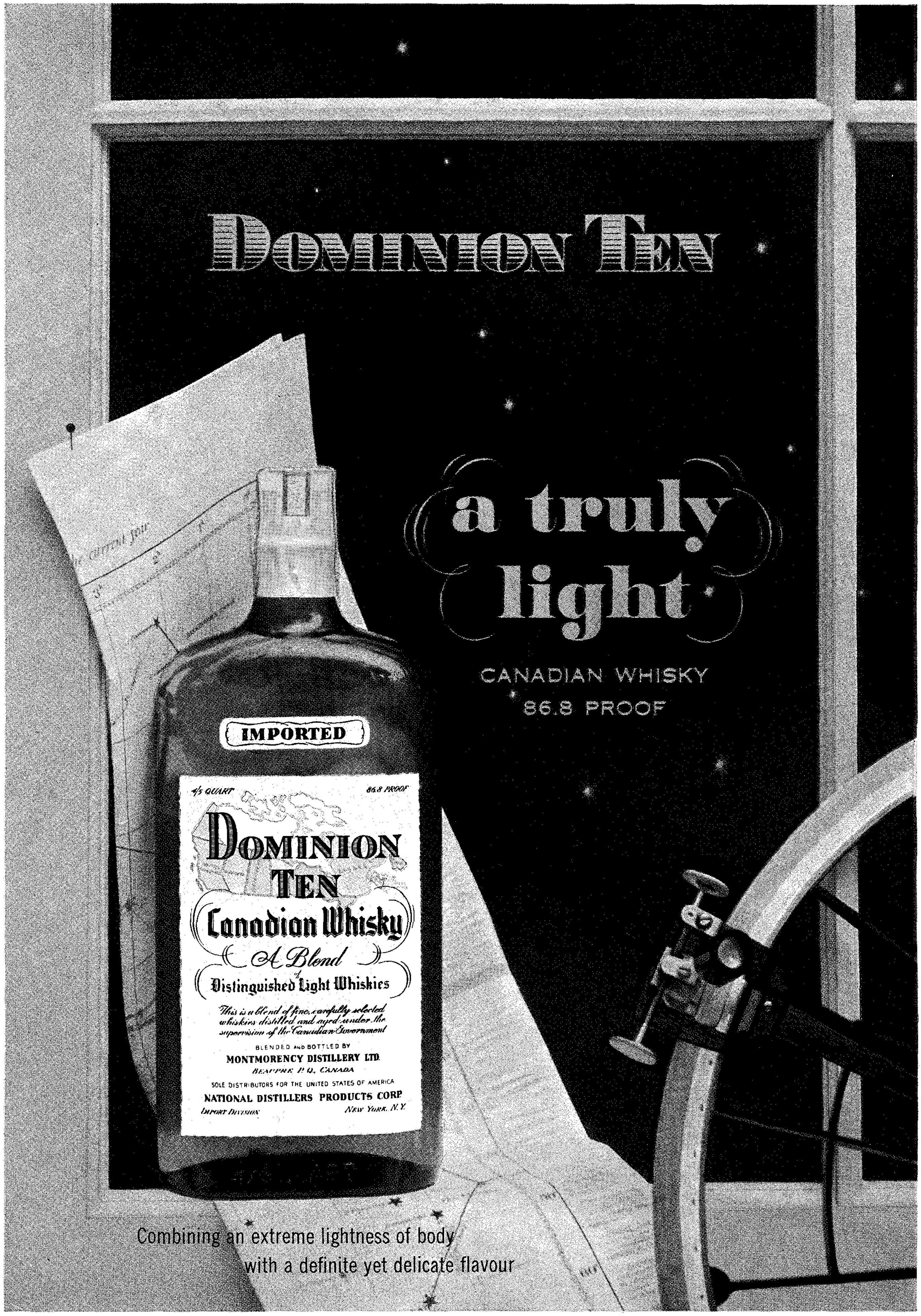
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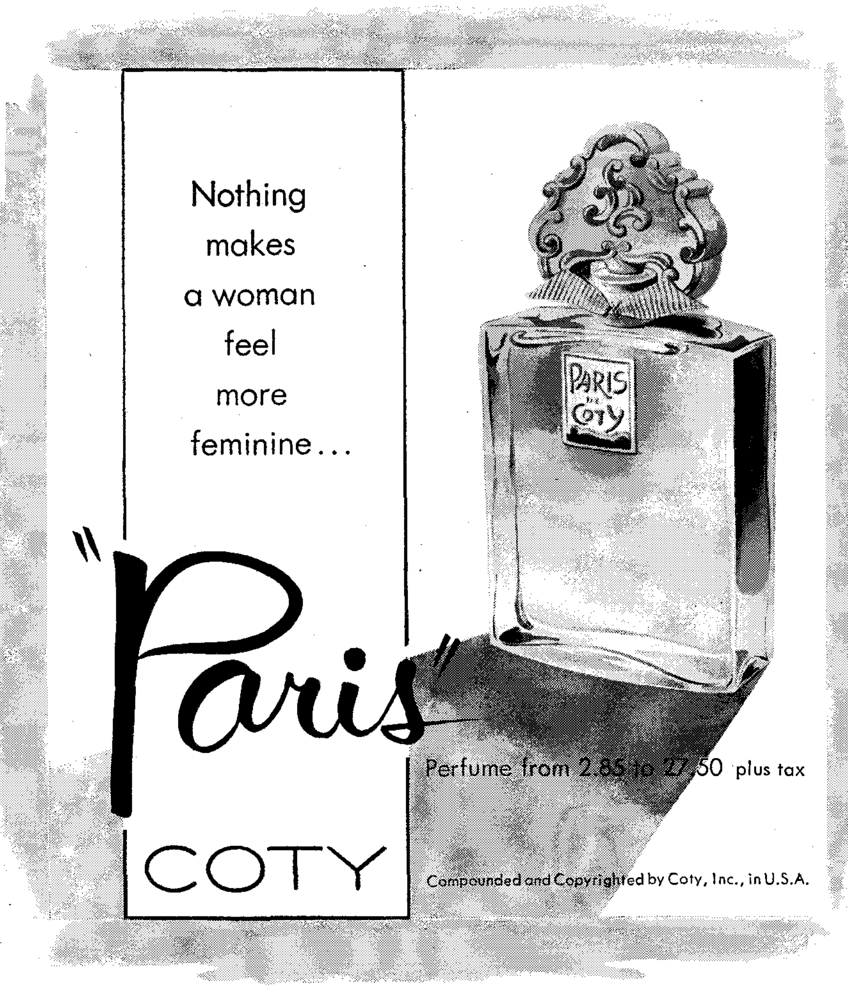
scoff at eggs that are fresh and advocate eating them only after they have undergone partial incubation, during which the embryo has time to develop and there is a corresponding increase in food value. According to Romanoff, the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, who once won the Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine, was one of these heretics. He recommended eating eggs that had been incubated a week, and regarded the refusal of the public to take his advice as plain pigheaded. His theory was that certain substances in the embryo called trephones have marvellous powers of renewing the human cellular system, and he daily sought to renew his with eggs that would drive most people from the breakfast table. In the Philippines, eggs that have been incubated even longer than a week are hard-boiled to make a medicinal preparation called *balut*, which is prescribed for invalids. Intellectually, Romanoff couldn't be more in agreement with Dr. Carrel and the Filipinos. "Absolutely correct, scientifically," he says. "Tremendous rejuvenating power of embryonic tissue is widely known. Is simply one more manifestation of astonishing, incredible egg. But, unfortunately, I cannot eat such eggs," he adds, patting his abdomen sadly. "Stomach is too weak."

A great many of the eggs eaten in this country are preserved before being sold. Cold storage, freezing, and drying are the three most important preservative methods. Cold-storage eggs are kept in vaults where the temperature is slightly above their freezing point—twenty-six degrees—and the humidity is eighty-five per cent. Under these conditions, eggs remain edible anywhere from six months to a year. Fertile eggs keep in cold storage as well as unfertile eggs, but they deteriorate more quickly once they are removed. The greatest number of cold-storage eggs come on the market during the fall and winter, the off season for laying, and cold-storage warehouses are filled up again in the spring, when hens get busy again. Better-laying hens and an increased use of artificial light to keep them active in the cold months are gradually doing away with cold-storage eggs. Eggs that are to be preserved by freezing or drying—used more by food manufacturers than in private kitchens—are removed from their shells. The shelled eggs are first stirred in vats to assure an even consistency. If they are to be frozen, the mixture is then drawn off into tins of from ten to thirty pounds capacity and quickly converted to a solid at a temperature of eighty de-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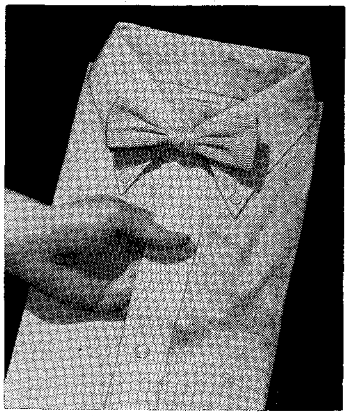

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grees below zero. Eggs to be dried are sprayed through nozzles, under a pressure of three thousand pounds a square inch, into a chamber where hot air, circulated by blowers, turns the spray into powder.

The Chinese, as everybody knows, have other ideas about preserving eggs, their object being to alter the flavor, rather than retain the original taste. Among the styles they favor are *hulidan*, or eggs that are coated with a mixture of salt and wet clay or ashes and then set aside for a month, while the yolks darken, partially solidify, and the whole content acquires a salty taste; *dsaudan*, or eggs that are buried in boiled rice and salt for six months, which softens the shell, thickens the membranes, coagulates the contents, and imparts a taste like wine; and *pidan*, the most prized of all, which are eggs that have been stored for up to fifty years in lime, salt, and wood ashes mixed with an infusion of tea. Eggs thus treated turn dark brown throughout, have an ammoniacal smell, and taste like lime. The Chinese eat all these raw.

Eighty-five per cent of the eggs this country keeps for its own use are eaten as such. Ten per cent are used by food manufacturers, and the farmers keep the remaining five per cent. Bakers are the big industrial users of eggs, accounting for seven per cent of the total. They are partial to frozen eggs, which compare favorably with fresh ones when it comes to cooking and are much easier to handle. Dried eggs are used in ice cream, candies, noodles, mayonnaise, pancake flours, and pudding mixes. Medical research also requires eggs, as media for the growing of cultures and viruses. Among a wide variety of nonedible manufactured goods for which eggs are used, or have been at one time or another, are cosmetics, fertilizers, photographic supplies, printers' inks, tanning extracts, textile-dye fixatives, soaps, synthetic rubber, glues, and imitation horn, shell, and ivory. The albumen of eggs is used for clearing wine, seasoning drum and banjo heads, shampooing hair, and making paints. Michelangelo's murals are supposed to have aged so well because in mixing his colors he followed a formula that called for the whites of eggs.

Eggs have contributed odd footnotes to history, and Romanoff has made an exhaustive study of them in this context, too. The ancient Romans immediately crushed the shells of eggs they had eaten, in order to prevent their enemies from making black magic with them. Victorian dandies had the shells of emu

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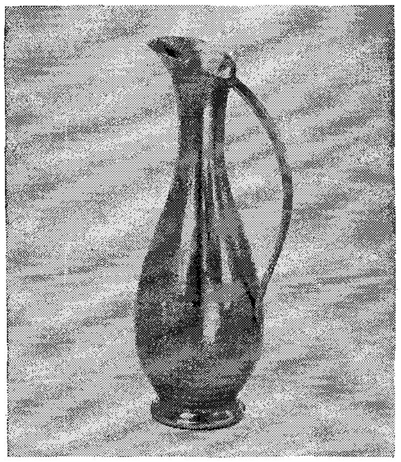

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eggs mounted in silver and used them as drinking cups. The world's first watch, made in medieval Nuremberg, was egg-shaped. In the Middle Ages, roosters were thought to lay yolkless eggs and to hatch from them the monstrous basilisk; a rooster was burned at the stake in fifteenth-century Basel for this reason. The conquistadores celebrated festivals in Mexico by breaking cascarons—eggshells filled with gold dust and precious stones—over the heads of their friends. On one of the South Sea islands, the natives once based their choice of a king on the outcome of an egg hunt. In England, in 1880, the egg of a great auk was sold for a hundred and seven pounds sterling—probably the highest price ever paid anywhere for an egg. The egg was a pagan symbol of fertility, and for this reason has long been associated with spring—and, by extension, Easter. Egg-rolling contests in spring were a European custom before the birth of Christ. During President Arthur's administration, Americans exchanged Easter eggs ornamented with caricatures, like comic valentines. "Egg is indeed protean," says Romanoff proudly.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

(*This is the first of two articles on Dr. Romanoff.*)

•

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., MAY 13—Screen rights to "Zarak Khan," a novel written by A. J. Bevan and published in England in 1949, have been acquired by Warwick Productions, the independent company headed by Irving Allen.

The book is named after the leader of a rebellious group along the Indian-Afghan frontier, who had been under death sentence from the British. Amnesty was granted to him during World War II. Khan then became a spy for the British in Burma where he was captured and tortured to death by the Japanese.

The film producer, who is in England, says that he is more interested in the character of Zarak Khan than in events described in the book. Therefore Mr. Allen plans to have the nationality of Khan changed in the screen play in the hope of getting Errol Flynn to play the part.

—*The Times.*

Let's see—he could be a Scottish laird captured by the Choctaws.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From Baseball-1953*]

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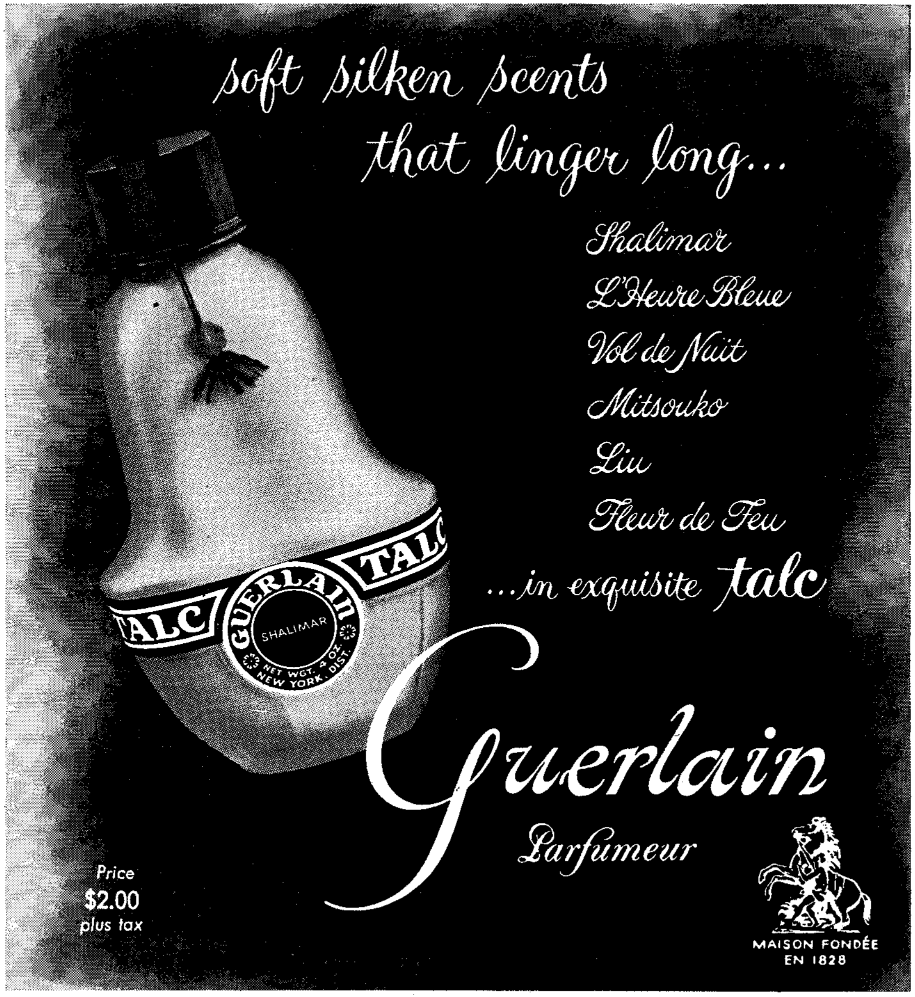

The bathroom... man's last refuge!

Bolt the door, men! Remove your pajama tops, stretch slowly and luxuriously while you count your teeth. Run hot water until a steamy haze helps you imagine that your face is "interesting" which is a notch up from average.

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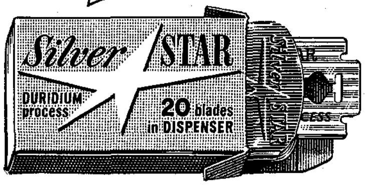
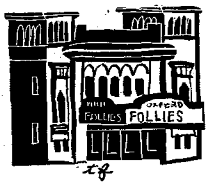


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Clark Parts the Curtain



ON a screen as expansive as the celestial concave and with his dimples looking like the craters of the moon, Clark Gable, in a movie called "Never Let Me Go," rips through the Iron Curtain with all the breeziness of a demonstrator showing off the very latest can opener in Gimbel's basement. Mr. Gable, at this point in his career, is grizzled but not withered, and there can be little doubt that as long as he is able to get around he will represent all that is wholesome, brave, kind, and regular in the American male. He is so ironclad in his pious regularity, however, that it's just possible his place in the iconology of the American female will eventually be taken by some heavy-lidded avatar of the lamented Valentino, but until a sport of this type, full of meaningful glances and spaghetti and dressed by Pepperell, comes along, the ladies will have to make do with Mr. Gable. There is really not much to say about him at this late date, if we are to regard him as an actor. His gamut of emotion on the screen would not strain the resources of a shellfish; he appears either grim or coy. But the man is *sui generis*, and I'm pleased to see how well he has parlayed his first role of any consequence—a small villainy as a chauffeur in a picture whose name, I trust, will escape me forever—into a type of heroism that has had the sincerest form of flattery applied to it by every leading man in Hollywood.

In Mr. Gable's current appearance, he is in no way different from the stalwart American we all know and possibly love. We are supposed to believe that he is an American correspondent in Russia who meets a ballerina. Needless to say, the ballerina—who, as played by Gene Tierney, speaks a brand of broken English that would alienate even a television audience—finds him ineffably entrancing, and winds up by marrying him in the American Embassy under a picture of Abraham Lincoln. "Was good man?" she inquires, peering at the portrait. "Pretty good," says the American Ambassador, and that about sets the pace for the ensuing dialogue. After a bit, Mr. Gable is ordered home, and it develops that he can't take his dancer with him, despite the efforts of friends in high places to get her out of the country. Once on the outside, he manfully tackles the problem of retrieving her from the Kremlin gang. In a trice, he does the following: (1) induces a Cornwall fisherman to teach him all he knows about sailing; (2) learns how to handle a small boat in open seas; (3) gets through the English Channel, the North Sea, Skagerrak and Kattegat, and the Baltic; and (4) takes a dinghy into Tallinn, a Russian port on the Gulf of Finland. From a nautical point of view, this is mighty powerful seamanship. But what Mr. Gable, clad only in his underdrawers, does when he goes about solving the riddle of how to get his beloved out of a performance of "Swan Lake" in Tallinn and into the dinghy makes his seagoing exploits seem rather simple. Anyhow, without describing all the foolish aspects of the plot, he winds up caressing Miss Tierney in the dinghy while the seas moan, which is as it should be.

Apart from these two, the picture has the advantage of employing Richard Haydn as an Englishman more or less in the same marital fix as Mr. Gable. Mr. Haydn is a good actor. In "Never Let Me Go," this makes him outstanding.

A BRITISH film, in color, of the Coronation has been issued with startling alacrity and most satisfying results. Called "A Queen Is Crowned" and enhanced with a superlative commentary written by Christopher Fry and narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier, it is commendable in all respects.

—John McCarten

•

Here's how to make basic chocolate syrup for many chocolate drinks. Combine one-fourth cup water. Cook this combination five to seven minutes and then remove from and add one teaspoon vanilla. This can be stored in the refrigerator. For breakfast cocoa or other chocolate beverages, use two tablespoons of syrup to one cup of milk.—*Hartford Courant.*

And get ready for the biggest surprise of your life.

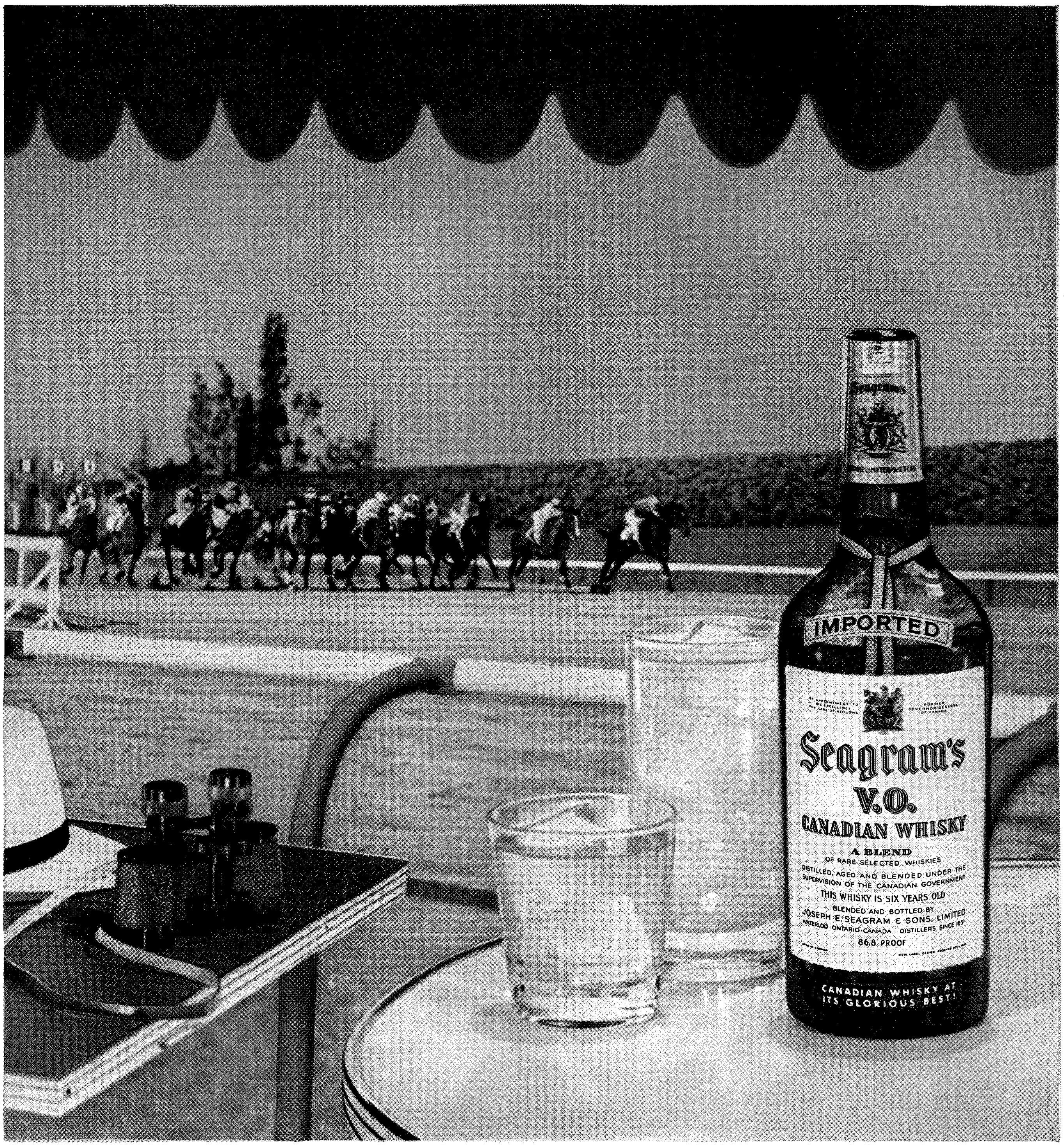
•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

George Rapples will be the rabbit at "Pedigree Party's" dog race tonight in the Saddle and Cycle.

He'll be chased by five women, including Mrs. Dapples, wearing floral headpieces fashioned like dog's ears. Mr. Dapples will wear huge bunny ears made of gladiolas.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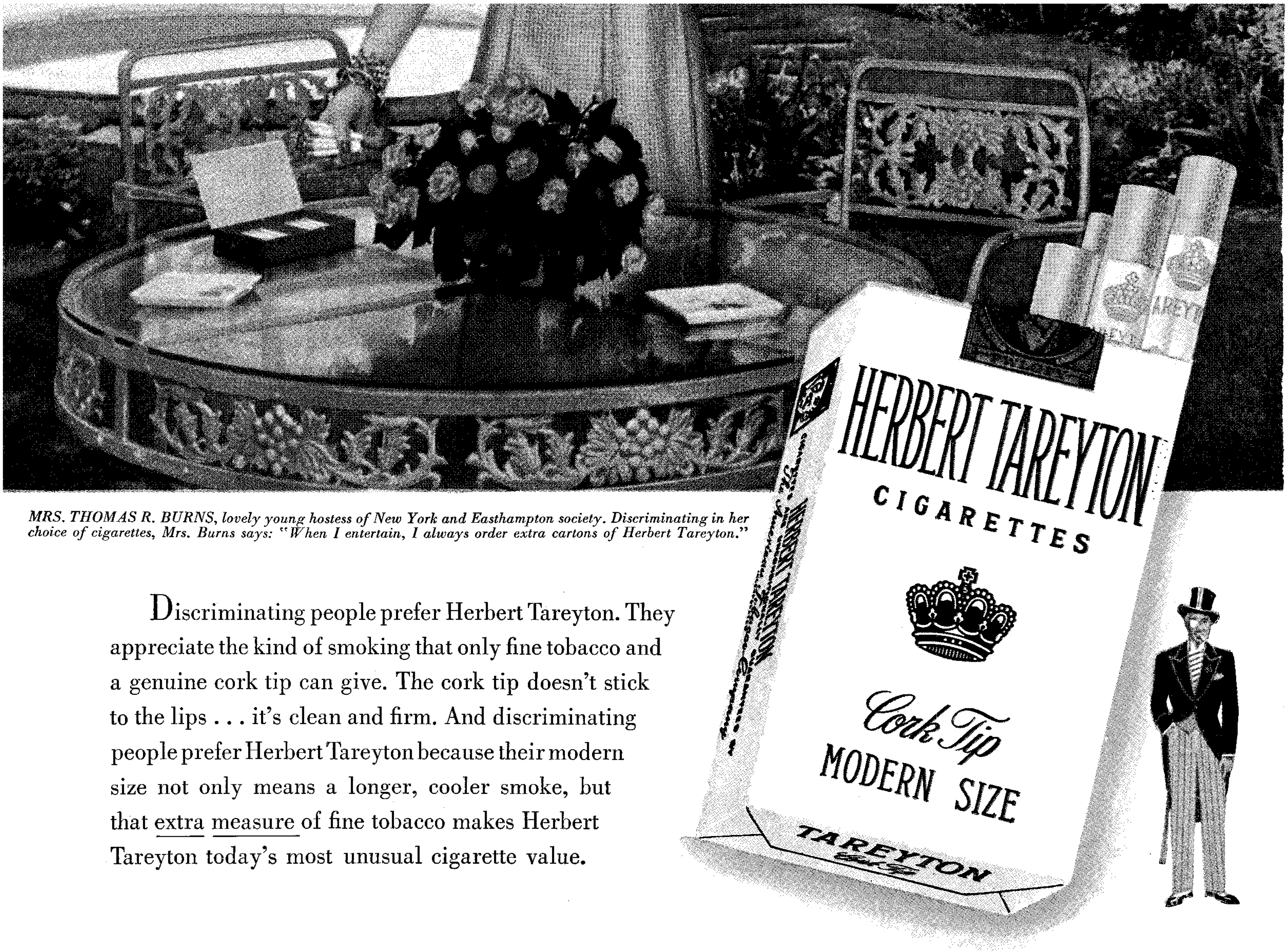

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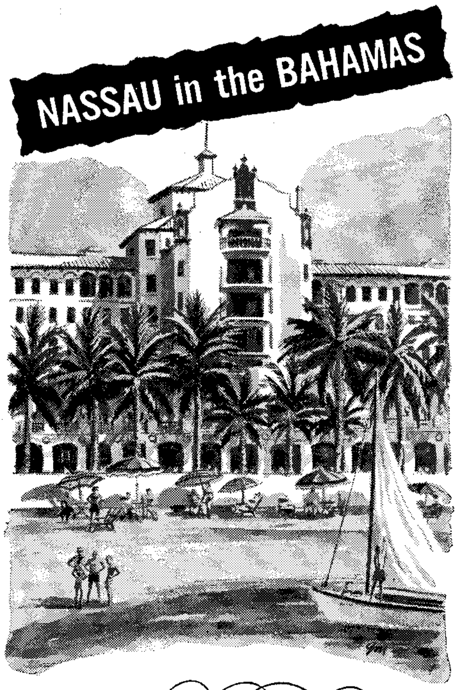
WHENEVER I lost my temper or sulked, as a child, my behavior was not regarded as any fault of mine. It was due entirely to the fact that the black monkey was sitting on my shoulder, a misfortune that might happen to any little girl. The black monkey was quite small—about six inches high—and he had mean, bright little eyes. He always sat on my left shoulder, and although everybody else in the family could see him, he was invisible to me. The black monkey was a flashy and extravagant dresser, with an enormous wardrobe and no clothes sense whatever. He was quite apt to appear on my shoulder in a top hat and tennis flannels or in a dinner jacket and a yachting cap. His function in life was to sit on people's shoulders, thereby causing them to feel cross and out of sorts.

I do not remember how old I was when I first heard about the black monkey, but he went on exerting a detrimental influence on my behavior until, at the age of eleven, I went away to boarding school. I do not think that I was really more ill-tempered than most children. I just had no brothers and sisters and nobody of my own age to play with, and I therefore had fewer ways than most children of working off my resentment at this or that parental restriction. As soon as my mother sighted the black monkey, she would tell me about it, in a voice that, although distressed, did not imply that I was in any way to blame. Immediately, my one interest and concern was how to get rid of him, and usually the cause of my bad temper would be lost sight of. The black monkey was a firm clinger-on, and could be dislodged only by my running six or seven times around the tennis court. Round and round I would trot, calling out to my mother on the sidelines to tell me how the monkey was faring. Finally, my perspiring face and dragging feet would persuade her to relent, and the next time round I would be told that the black monkey had disappeared. Even in wet weather—and there was a good deal of it in our part of Derbyshire—this routine was customary. I would dress up in my mackintosh, Wellington boots, and waterproof hat and go out to slosh around the tennis court, in the rain or the snow or whatever, until my mother called to me that the monkey was gone. Despite his extensive wardrobe, he had neither raincoat nor umbrella—a lack that was useful to me. He always fell off sooner when the weather was bad.

I OWE my childhood association with the black monkey to my paternal grandfather, who was born exactly a hundred years before I was. I have always been thankful that the century that lay between his birth and mine prevented us from meeting. Perhaps it was the fact that Grandfather's sisters were all much older than he was, or perhaps it was merely that there was a gap of eight years between his youngest sister and him, but whatever the reason, Grandfather grew up a lonely, overconscientious, highly unpleasant young man. His conscience was the kind that ragged and bullied not only its possessor but everyone for whom he felt responsible. He was educated at Rugby, an institution famous in those days for hazing, and at Cambridge and the London Bar. In the eighteen-thirties, it was easier for a young lawyer to make a living in the colonies than at home, and so Grandfather took a job in Australia. He had been there six years when he received word that his parents were ill. The journey back to England took him nearly two years. The quickest route from Australia to England was by cargo boat to the West Coast of America, overland to the Atlantic, and then by ship to England. Grandfather's cargo boat was wrecked off a lonely part of the Australian coast shortly after she put out to sea, and he and the rest of the survivors were washed up on the shore there. Organized by Grandfather, who was driven on, I suspect, by that merciless and unrelenting conscience, the little group started out to find help. They subsisted on watermelons, which was all the food they could find. After some weeks, they came to a native settlement. The more normal members of the party retired thankfully to bed, and Grandfather at once went aboard a boat bound for Chile that had put in there. In Chile, he borrowed a horse from some Spanish settlers, and continued his journey. Many months later, by one means of locomotion and



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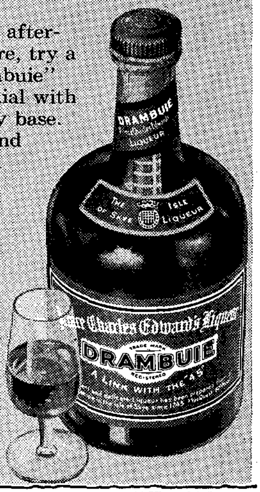

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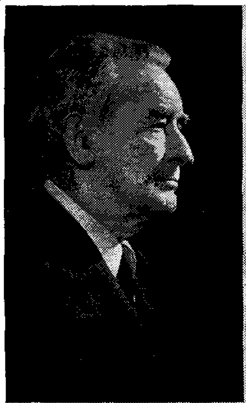

A CAMERA STUDY BY FABIAN BACHRACH

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another, he reached the West Indies, where he boarded a ship sailing for England.

When Grandfather got home, his parents were dead. He entered the priesthood of the Church of England, and after ten years of parish work, he set off for the Crimea, as voluntary chaplain to the Scutari hospitals. History does not relate what Miss Florence Nightingale thought of him.

On his return from the Crimea, Grandfather got married. My grandmother was the perfect wife for him. All her married life, she did exactly what he told her to do, and when she was consulted on any matter, she always referred the inquirer to her husband. In due course, Grandfather and Grandmother, who were both tall, had eight children, all but one of whom, a girl, grew to be six feet and none of whom was ever sick.

The Bishop of Gloucester, within whose diocese Grandfather's home lay, sent him to a little village up the Golden Valley from the town of Stroud, where he became the first pastor. It so happened that in this village, which I shall call Lynchford, my grandfather owned some land, which may have been the reason the Bishop sent him there. Anyway, Grandfather decided to build a church on that land and present it to the village. His land is, I think, one of the most beautiful tracts in all Gloucestershire. It covers the upper slopes of a steep hillside and is so much higher than the village that only the tops of some of the cottage chimneys can be seen from it. The countryside is made up of small pastures separated from each other by low stone walls. In this lovely landscape, at a point visible for miles around, Grandfather erected the ugliest church I have ever seen.

The building is of stone and slate, and it consists of a chancel, a nave with four bays, a north aisle, a south porch, and a dumpy little bell cot with one small, shrill bell in it. Inside, the church is paved with bright-colored tiles, like a public bathhouse; the upper half of the windows is clear glass and the lower half is frosted, so that the congregation cannot be comforted by the view. Grandfather packed into this structure as many dark wooden pews as it would hold, and added a font and pulpit of highly polished Devonshire marble. There were two adjoining cottages nearby, which he bought and, by tearing down the intervening wall and adding a wing or two, made into the rectory. Here, in sight of the lovely valley and the frightful church, my father and his seven brothers and sisters grew up.

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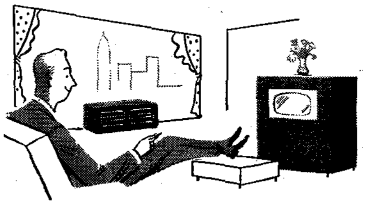

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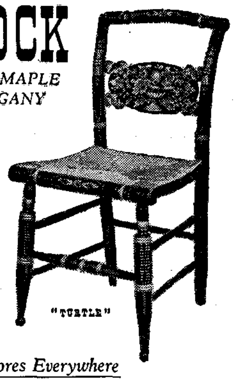

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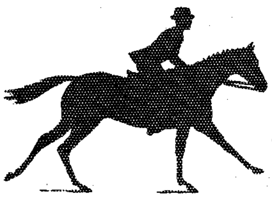
Dude Ranch Bound?



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Grandfather was over sixty when my father was born. My father remembers him as a tall man—though shrivelled and bent—with watery blue eyes that wept easily with emotion and were always partly closed. As Grandfather grew physically weaker with age, his conscience increased in vigor. By the time my father was old enough to run about, Grandfather's chief interest in life was his children's propensity to sin. Every morning at family prayers, Grandfather would mull over before his Maker, in a clear, nervous voice, the temptations that might beset each one of his eight children during the day. He always concluded these sessions by expressing the earnest hope that neither he nor my grandmother would be moved to deal lightly with any infringements of the rules he had drawn up for his children.

My aunts were educated at home by governesses; my father and my uncles went away to boarding school at the age of eight. It was a matter of dispute between the boys and the girls which educational system was the more unpleasant. The girls complained that they never had a chance to get away from their father, but, in effect, neither did the boys. Grandfather wrote faithfully every day to each of his sons, and these letters were even more dreary than family prayers at home.

When the time came for my father to enter Cambridge, Grandfather accompanied him there for the examinations at Trinity College, to which my father had applied. On the morning the results were posted, the two men walked over from the Bull Hotel, on Trumpington Street, to the gates of Trinity, where the list of those the college had accepted was displayed. Grandfather read the list and said, "Your name is very low down." The family name begins with the letter "P," and my father could not resist pointing out that the list was in alphabetical order. Grandfather's curt "Don't be impertinent, John" was the only comment that was ever made on my father's admittance to Cambridge.

This kind of treatment was, of course, administered impartially. The eldest son, while he was still in college, disobeyed Grandfather's instructions and attended some lectures that were being given at the university by Mr. Charles Darwin, and he was not allowed to go home again for a long time. The eldest daughter, a girl with a character almost as determined as Grandfather's, made a vow when she was twelve years old that she would

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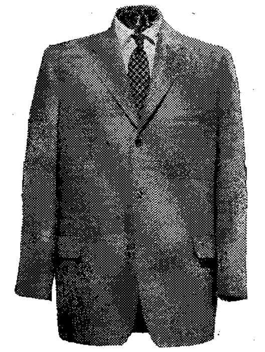
never marry. She died last year at the age of eighty-nine, pleased to the last that she had had the good sense to keep her vow. Those children who were brave enough to embark on marriages did so late in life, and with, I suspect, considerable trepidation. One of my uncles had a daughter who was born when he was in his fifties, and he used to haunt the child's nursery—a mournful, bearded shadow of a man, inquiring at intervals, in an incredulous, slightly shaking voice, "Are you sure you are really *happy*, Alicia, my dear?"

ALTHOUGH Grandfather could and did behave in an extraordinary way toward his own children, he was charming to the children of others. I suppose this was because he did not feel responsible for their morals. The village children of Lynchford hung on his coattails, and when he did his parish visiting, the pockets of his cassock bulged with candy. His own children had to knock at his study door and ask permission to come into the room, but the Lynchford children could climb in through the windows if they wanted to. Grandfather was always delighted to see them.

My father was determined that I should not grow up under a cloud of parental rectitude, as he had done, but he was forty when I was born, and being patient with an active child is always easier in theory than in practice. At all events, a number of the rules that my father had smarted under were meted out to me, and I resented all of them. One of these rules was that I was not to play with the village children. This sort of rule cannot have mattered very much to Grandfather's octet, but to me not playing in the village meant having no one of my own age to play with at all. Another of Grandfather's rules concerned the use of stairs. We had two staircases in our house—a wide one with shallow steps and carved banisters, in the front hall, and a small, precipitous staircase with very high treads, which led from the kitchens to the maids' bedrooms and my nursery. The front staircase continued on up to the third floor, but my grandfather's rule applied only to the first flight. The Lynchford rectory also had had two staircases that connected the first and second floors, and my father and his brothers and sisters had not been allowed to use the front one. Grandfather did not want muddy footmarks left on the good stair carpet, nor did he want the sound of children's chatter to penetrate the part of the house in which he and my grandmother lived.



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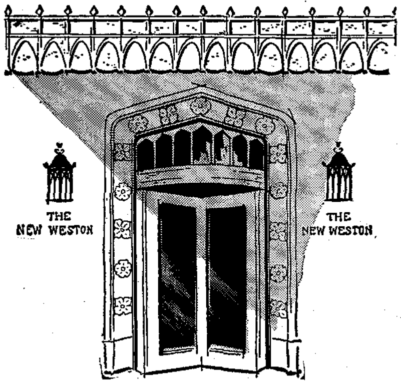

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Grandfather was, of course, thinking of eight pairs of muddy shoes and eight shrill voices when he made this rule, whereas I could contribute only one of each. Nevertheless, my father expected me to use the back stairs.

I objected to this rule not because it offended my dignity but simply because the back stairs and I did not consort well: I was always falling down them. They were worn down, poorly lighted, turning, and treacherous. My eyesight was not good; I had to wear spectacles, and I wasn't able to see at all in half-light, so I was infuriated at being made to go up and down the back stairs. I am quite sure that I would have been permitted to use the front stairs if I had explained all this to my parents, but instead I considered myself badly treated, and sooner or later my mother, noticing that I was sulking, would remark gently and solicitously, "Oh dear, I'm afraid the black monkey is sitting on your shoulder." —JOYCE WARREN

•

BATHING SONG

For some, the sea:
To battle and vault
Over the sleazy waves with their cocky
  crests,
The cut and slash of salt.
But for me
The alkaline river, the mild and ale-
  brown river:
To rock and rest
In the shallows and hear the hiss of the
  willows is best.

The yammering trees
Must speak for the wind,
And so on the noisy hill the word goes by
With a waterfall sound.
But below, at peace,
Is the havering river, the devious, daw-
  dling river,
Where now I lie
And, floating, follow the lazy yachts of
  the sky. —ANNE RIDLER

•

Arthur Godfrey underwent the first step of his operation today in Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. He is under the care of Dr. Narius Smith-Peterson.—*T.V. Guide, May 1st.*

Because of medical ethics and to keep Godfrey fans from flooding the hospital with gifts or from coming in person in hopes of seeing him, CBS executives have maintained secrecy about the operating surgeon's identity and the name of the hospital. They told TV Guide, however, that the surgeon has performed successfully a number of similar operations.—*T.V. Guide, May 8th.*

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Refreshing as a summer shower
this Shocking fragrant lotion
for your after-bath pleasure
or for freshening up at anytime
12 ounces 5.00 (plus tax)
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AMSTERDAM-ROTTERDAM

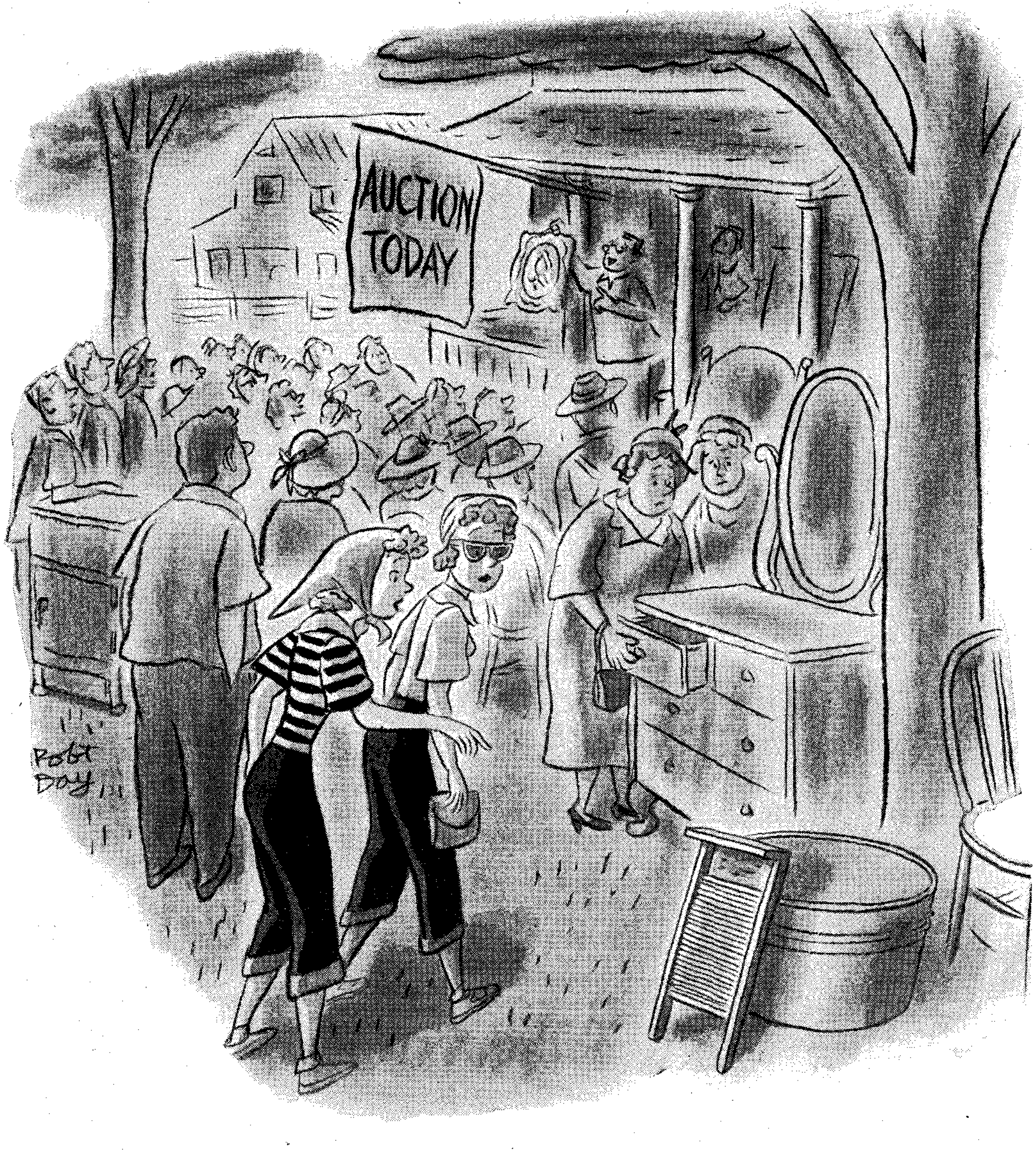
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

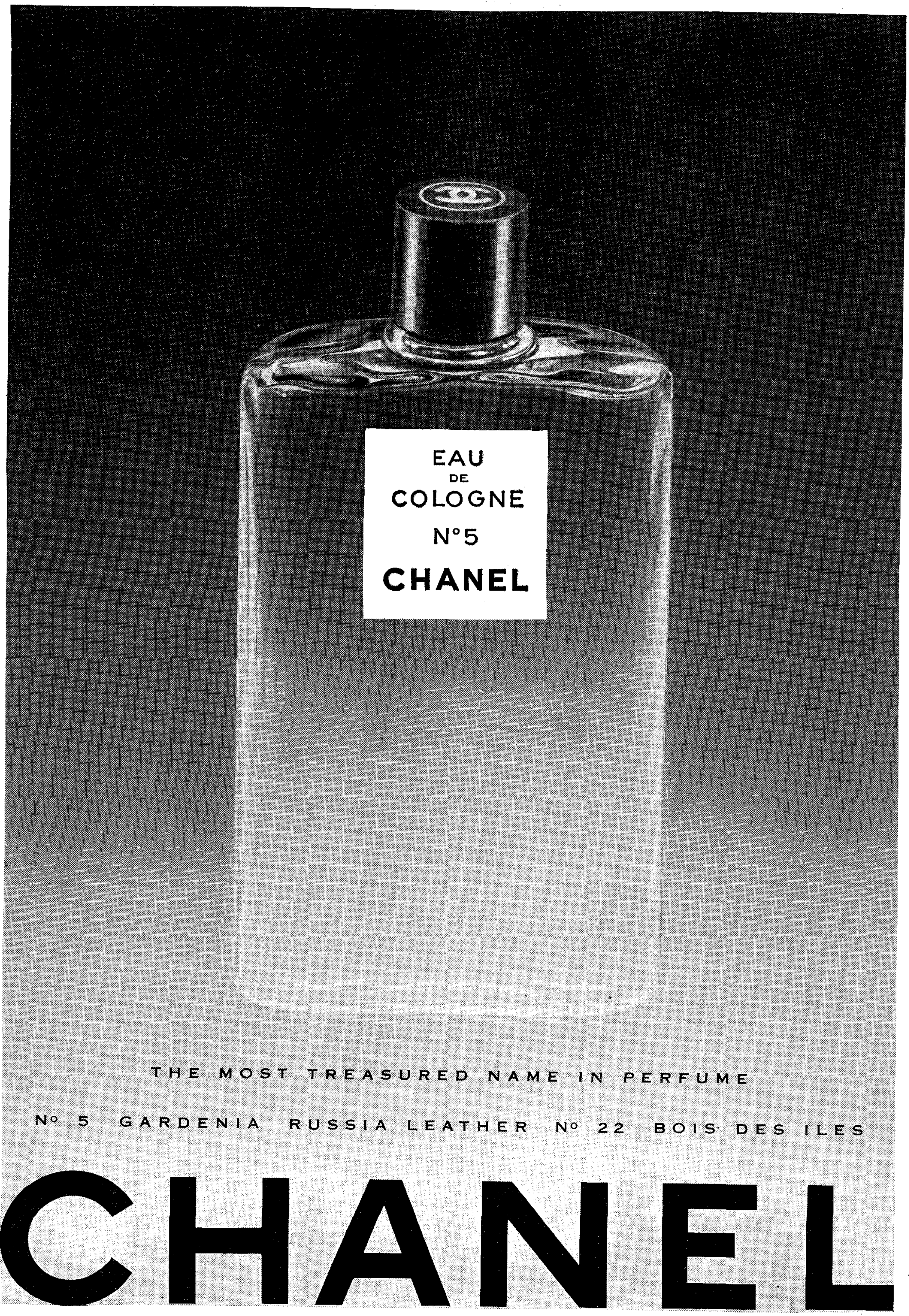
A SMALL collection of casual and becoming clothes has been designed by Elizabeth Hawes for the shop of D. D. and Leslie Tillett, at 72 East 56th Street. They are all ready-to-wear, for women sizes 10 to 18, and they are made up in an astonishing variety of the Tilletts' own silks and cottons. Truffles, strawberries, an old-fashioned flower garden, and fishing boats are among the adornments of the new Tillett prints, and a few additional ideas—such as a whale hunt and minutemen—have been imported from New England. Miss Hawes has dreamed up three excellent skirts—a slim wrap-around that may be draped to a high or natural waistline; a fairly full skirt with two sets of vertical pleats that you can wear wherever you like, since it, too, is a wrap-around; and a long, full circular skirt that looks marvellous done in the flower-garden cotton. There are also blouses with square necks and infanta sleeves, pullovers with straight-across necks and kimono sleeves, and a sheath dress that buttons across the shoulders and is laced up at the small of the back with ribbon to make bodice and waistline small and neat. Blouses start at $25; dresses run up to about $100. If the design you hanker for is not on hand in the print you hanker for, two weeks will turn the trick.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's delectable two-piece party and evening dresses are made of such summery materials as chintz, organdie, and cotton. Some are splashed all over with appliquéd felt flowers. One of these, a ballerina dress (the skirt bouffant, the bodice tiny), is of white chintz overlaid with white organdie; the felt touches on this are bright-blue flowers and large green leaves. A dress with a strapless bodice and a full skirt is of pink chintz under white organdie; pink felt sweetheart roses rampage over it and catch the skirt up into poufs. Another one, of blue chintz under white organdie, has a nosegay of pink felt roses and Parma violets perched on the décolletage. Long-stemmed American Beauty roses—also felt, of course—tumble down the front of a sort of dramatic black cotton, and there's one more rose, to be worn over the right shoulder, on the matching stole. Felt fuchsia blooms and vines trail across a pale-lilac cotton with an off-the-shoulder décolletage and a draped bodice, and felt daffodils on stalks outline the halter neckline of a yellow cotton. These dresses appear in sizes 10 to 16 and cost from $60 to $125.

AT Rosette Pennington, 20 East 56th Street, there's a cool little sleeveless black cotton dress with a scoop neck and a full, flounced skirt, the sort of thing to put on in the morning and wear until all hours. A more tailored dress, with short sleeves and a string bow on the bosom, shows up in black or navy cotton. Sheer pastel plaid cotton turns into a dress with a small pleated ruffle fluttering demurely from the throat to the hemline, or a dress with a low turnover collar on which fat white daisies are appliquéd. Light-hearted cotton in pink and white candy stripes is stitched all over to simulate quilting. It's used in a dress with a tight, low-necked bodice and a swirling skirt. Rose tissue chambray makes a youthful sun dress that's encircled at the middle by several tiers of wide flat tucks. Pennington's sheath dress of chalky-pink denim is bound with white piqué, and its little cardigan jacket is covered with white eyelet embroidery. These dresses range from $15 to $25 in



"What ever in the world is that?"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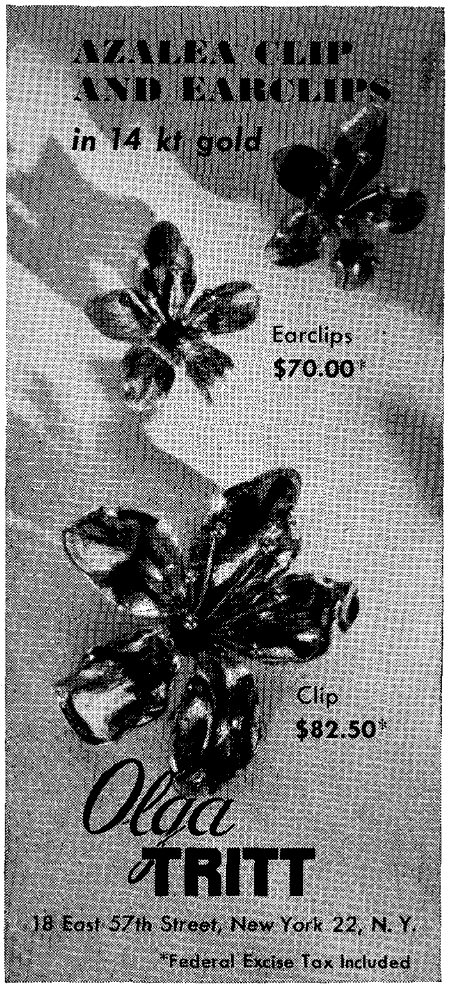
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price and mostly from 10 to 16 in size; some are also available in sizes 18 and 20.

MANY of Bendel's tea gowns could easily take to the dance floor. A redingote of white organdie, printed with blue poppies and edged with a thin black raffia fringe, floats away from its slim-hipped, button-down-the-front underdress of white rayon taffeta. Blond women who like to look both ethereal and worldly might consider a white chiffon that is tied about the waist with a sash of sapphire-blue and emerald-green chiffon. This is $165, but prices go quite a bit higher. A mixture of silk and acetate, looking very much like starched organdie, is printed with pointed, sprawling flowers that diminish in size as they descend. The color combinations are soothing—apricot and taupe or blue and coral. An eggshell cotton covered with a Persian design and daubed with gold has a gigantic bow of cherry velveteen dipping from the right shoulder to the left hip. One of Bendel's washable velvet negligees, which pack without wrinkling and need no ironing, would be a perfect travelling companion. They're pale pink, pale blue, or muted ruby, and they have wide surplice collars and braided bowknots on the collars and sleeves; $59.95. A long fitted housecoat, a bed jacket, and a blanket cover, all done in white batiste strewn with long-stemmed pink roses, are edged with Val-type lace ruffles and embroidered beading through which green ribbon is threaded. These things cost from $10.95 to $25.

MCCREERY'S third floor offers all sorts and shapes of things to lounge in. A duster of white cotton plissé is decorated with purple grapes; one of plaid cotton ties in a vast bow at the throat; one of white nylon has a delicate tracery in pink, blue, and green wandering over it. These run from $5.95 to $12.95. Toreador pants and jumper dresses of jade cotton are to be worn with a blouse of white cotton splattered with full-blown red roses. Terry-cloth "pajamas" for cool summer nights, not to mention cool summer days beside the water, are fairly fancy—white middy tops, and shorts and a dickey in red and white stripes; $7.95. A ballerina-length nightgown of blue nylon net over yellow net is held in at the waistline by a narrow ribbon of blue rayon velvet; $25.

BRETT, at 29 East 48th Street, collects sports clothes and sporting accessories from all over the world. A Cuban workman's shirt of faded-blue cotton has eyelet holes on the yoke; $7.95. For sailboating, there's a Lido lifeguard's shirt of scarlet cotton twill with an inside pocket so deep that it won't spill its contents every time the boat heaves; $22.95. From the Virgin Islands comes a cloche of natural straw or natural combined with Shocking pink or yellow. Additional shade is provided by its long-fringed brim. From Portugal comes a cartwheel of lime-green straw, designed to sit on top of a kerchief. And from Ecuador come handwoven cotton belts, five feet long, in dozens of designs. Among the native American offerings is a white terry beach towel, printed with a jack or queen of hearts big enough to make you look like an outsized playing card.

THE Corduroy Corner, at 625 Lexington Avenue (53rd) and 7 Greenwich Avenue, has a fine selection of denim and sailcloth separates. Hip-length box jackets with club collars and raglan sleeves show up in stripes, checks, or solid colors; $6.50 and up. There are belts for those who want to cinch them in. A striped duster is $12.50, and a skirt that's very tight, very narrow appears in a solid, harmonizing color; $6.95 and up.

JANE ENGEL'S newest shoes are so soft and light you might think you were barefoot. Her shell flats and her pumps (with two-inch Louis heels) come in goatskin, patent leather, Moygashel linen, Madagascar straw, and satin. A goatskin shoe averages five ounces, and the others don't weigh much more. Prices run from $8.95 to $12.95, and some shoes are made in as many as twenty-eight colors (one at a time, that is). The shop is at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th).

WELL, Mark Cross now has a kennel shop. Cowhide collars, made by an English harness maker, begin at $1.25, and leashes begin at $1.50. Braided leather collars in solid colors or a combination of two are $5 and $7, and matching leads are $7 and $7.50. You may have them in your own kennel colors for the same prices if you'll wait two weeks. Denim collars dotted with appliquéd diamonds of black patent leather or studded with large brass eyelets are $9; there's a choice of blue, brown, or charcoal. Faintly unbelievable is a dog's suitcase made in France. It's of hand-blocked canvas bound with natural leather, and it is already packed with a plaid wool blanket, a red sweater, a reversible yellow-and-black cotton broadcloth raincoat, two pairs of rubbers, a wool broadcloth dress coat, dishes, a rubber chop, cologne, and a wardrobe of day and evening collars, including one in tan calfskin set with two rhinestone Kohinoors. In fact, everything but mad money. The price, complete, is $354, including federal tax.

Don't get the idea that Mark Cross has forgotten about dog's best friend. For humans, there's some denim luggage lined with flowered cotton and bound with black plastic patent leather—a hatbox, three sizes of suitcase, a carryall with adjustable loops to hold bottles and jars, and a large, satchel-shaped pocketbook with a handle. In a group of luggage made of mattress ticking, lined with denim and piped with the same plastic leather, are a hatbox and a postman's pouch that is over a foot in diameter. Prices range from $15 to $39, including federal tax.

GRAB BAG: Mexican palm-leaf satchels, big enough for a weekend, are $2.50 and $3.50 at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd). . . . Flexible luggage covers of clear plastic can be zippered up in no time to ward off wear, tear, rain, dust, and giant sloths. Altman's notions department has them in several sizes. . . . The Dobbs shop in the Waldorf has felt cloches and berets that fold as flat as a handkerchief; $7.95, in black, brown, navy, pale blue, beige, gray, red, or pink. . . . Nylon stockings are—well, kicking up their heels. Virginia Maid's latest ones look like long socks, but they stretch out to fit any leg. The stretching makes them cling like a second skin, and the seams never twist. The finish is dull and crêpey, and they wear and wear; $2.95, at Lord & Taylor. Sapphire's cobwebby nylons, which are not reinforced at all and are meant only for the barest shells and sandals, have delicate shell-pink heels; at Best, for $2.50. For $1.95, Saks, Jay Thorpe, and De Pinna are dispensing 60-gauge nylons banded at the hem with white, pink, or blue to match the color of your lingerie. Words simply fail me. . . . Some remarkable ice-blue latex gloves, for doing the dishes and other household chores, have nonskid palms and fingers, and the gloves are lined with a soft fabric that makes them easy to pull on and off. Another pleasant thing is that they're so long the water isn't likely to slosh over the tops. They are $1.39 in the notions or toilet goods department at Arnold Constable, Stern,

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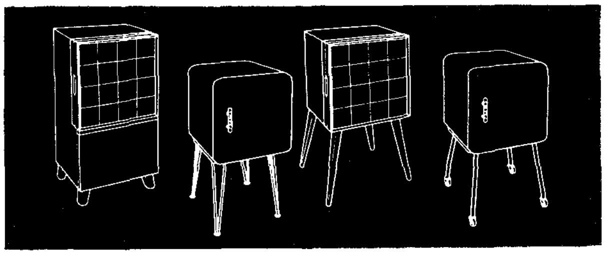

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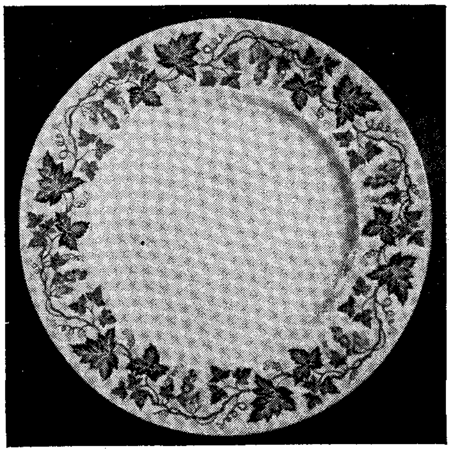

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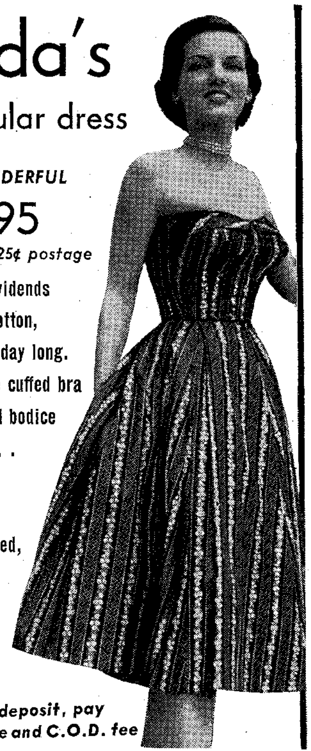

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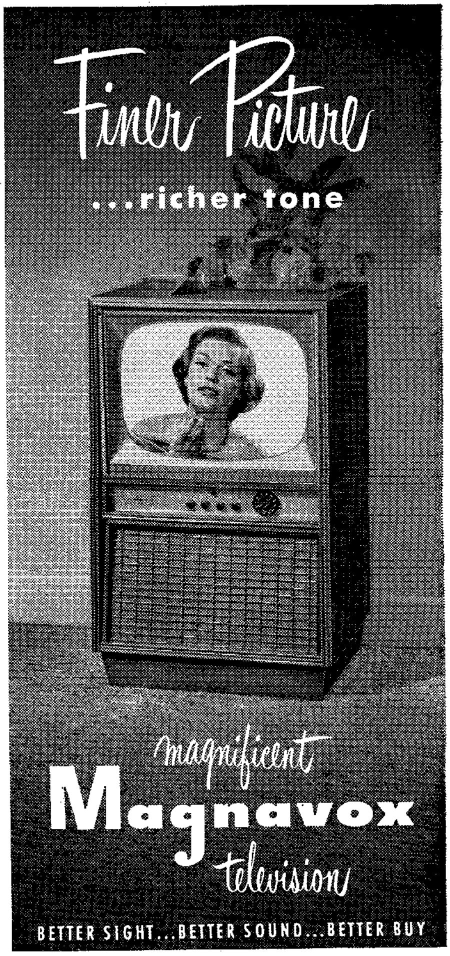
Macy, McCreery, and Gimbel. . . . And there are nylon mittens to wear while washing stockings or just putting them on or taking them off—to prevent snags. Tubmits is the name; Lord & Taylor charge $1. . . . Norman Hartnell, the British couturier, has now turned out Hartnell 1st, a gentle floral perfume with woodsy implications; $6.60 a quarter ounce at Bergdorf Goodman and Saks. . . . Lancôme has cooked up three more colognes. Grâces du Printemps is cool and brisk; Joyeux Eté is light and dry; Bel Automne is musky and warm. Four- and eight-ounce flacons are, respectively, $4.20 and $7.20 at Saks. What, no Horrible Hiver? . . . A flexible gold-metal spiral spring set with a reticent fake jewel or two holds a dram of Lenthéric's Red Lilac perfume and a Red Lilac lipstick; $6. . . . Cyclax of London's aromatic mauve-pink bath salts turn the water royal purple without doing the same to you or your bathtub. A two-and-a-half-pound jar is $3 at Saks or at 7 East 53rd. . . . Réplique's bath oil, a pungent rose and jasmine, is due from France in about ten days. It's put up in one- and two-ounce bottles; $3.60 and $6. Jay Thorpe will have it. . . . Yardley has revived its tablet sachets to give bureau drawers and linens a scent of crushed roses or violets. Six of either flavor are $1.98. . . . Viva, Frances Denney's rich, nourishing skin cream, is supposed to do a thorough job of nourishing in half an hour. A little over an ounce is $9. . . . Jacqueline Cochran's new liquid powder base goes on smoothly, doesn't cake, and makes powder adhere for hours. It's in six shades; $3.60 at Lord & Taylor, Franklin Simon, Saks, McCreery, and Altman. . . . Estée Lauder's all-purpose cream, in a tube for travelling or the desk, is $3.60. . . . Revlon's Nail Builder Cuticle Massage Cream softens the cuticle and discourages hangnails; $1.50. . . . Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass dusting powder now appears in a little pink plastic bellows that sprays the stuff out at the top when you pump it. Together with four or eight ounces of Blue Grass Flower Mist, it is, respectively, $1.98 and $3.42. All prices, incidentally, include federal tax. —G. J.

•

Nixon uses his official limousine and driver, provided by the tax-payers, only for social functions and other official duties. For things like Sunday drives and going to church, it's the family's 1900 4-door Oldsmobile with the vice-president at the wheel. —*Long Island Star-Journal.*

It's time for a change, isn't it?



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TEE AND GREEN

Perfection at Oakmont

AS far as the galleries were concerned, the 1953 Open Championship of the United States Golf Association, played last week at the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, can be put down as the perfect tournament. The weather and the course were both beyond any possible criticism, and Ben Hogan's winning 283, which broke a nineteen-year-old course record by eleven strokes, was as near to perfection as anything anyone is ever likely to see. In my opinion, Hogan hit only three shots during the seventy-two holes that were open to reasonable question, and all of them were made on the horrendous fifteenth, perhaps the most difficult par-4 hole on one of the most difficult courses in the world. The hole is four hundred and fifty-eight yards, the drive is uphill, the green is heavily trapped and invisible from the tee, and the second-largest trap on the course is just over the hill crest, to the right of the narrow fairway. On the third round, Hogan faded his drive into that trap, chipped to the fairway, and then sliced a No. 3-iron shot into another trap, to the right of the green. He came out nicely but took two putts from twelve feet for a 6. In the final round, his drive was long and straight, but, as he admitted afterward, he misjudged the distance and played a No. 2 iron when he should have used a No. 3, with the result that he went into a trap beyond the green and needed three more strokes from there. Otherwise, I can recall nothing really egregious. He three-putted a few times, but on the lightning-fast Oakmont greens, some of which are fifty yards long, an occasional three-putter can scarcely be considered a lapse.

Sam Snead, the second-best player in the starting field of three hundred, making his thirteenth try for the one major professional title he has never won, was the only serious opposition Hogan faced after the third round on Saturday morning. At the end of forty-five holes, Snead actually led by a stroke, and when he went to lunch, he was only one stroke behind Hogan's 212. Many in the gallery were ghoulishly recalling Hogan's performance in the final round of last year's Open, at Dallas, where he could do no better than a 74 and finished third after leading the field by two strokes at the halfway mark. It was Snead, though, who did the cracking. Obviously as taut as a zither string as he started his afternoon bout, he missed four putts of three feet or under, and an equal number of possible birdie putts, to finish in second place with 289. He has, it seems to me, an even smoother swing than Hogan, but he lacks Hogan's calm, dispassionate judgment. A good example of this difference occurred at the seventeenth hole in the third round. It's a two-hundred-and-ninety-two-yard, uphill affair, and Snead, one of the longest hitters of all, put his drive on the green, about forty feet from the cup. Instead of playing safe for a birdie 3, he went for the eagle, slid eight or nine feet past the cup, and missed again coming back. Hogan can hit as long a ball as Snead when he thinks it advisable, and he thought it advisable on the same hole in the final round. He also drove the green, but he played it safe a foot or so short of the hole and got his 3.

FOR those who have an idea that the placing of pins on the greens during a national tournament is pretty much a hit-or-miss proposition, I can report that such a notion is without foundation. At five o'clock Thursday morning, I accompanied two representatives of the U.S.G.A., John Fischer and Richard Garlington, as they went about the business. They carried topographical maps of the various greens, on which Richard Tufts, the vice-president of the association, after making a round of the course a couple of days before the tournament, had marked the approximate locations of the pins for each day's play. The U.S.G.A. insists that the area within three feet of the pin be completely flat, and it was up to Fischer and Garlington to find the precise spot nearest the one indicated by Tufts that met that specification. Sometimes they spent as much as fifteen minutes on a green, and it was almost two and a half hours before the whole job had been completed to their satisfaction. Back in the clubhouse, Garlington sighed and said, "In about an hour the chorus will start: 'Now, what simple-minded clown put that *there*?' " —P. W. W., Jr.

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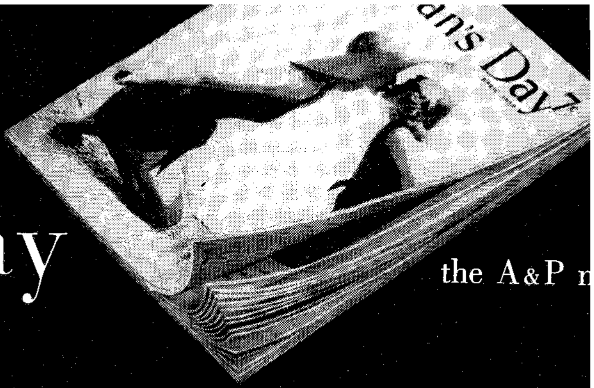

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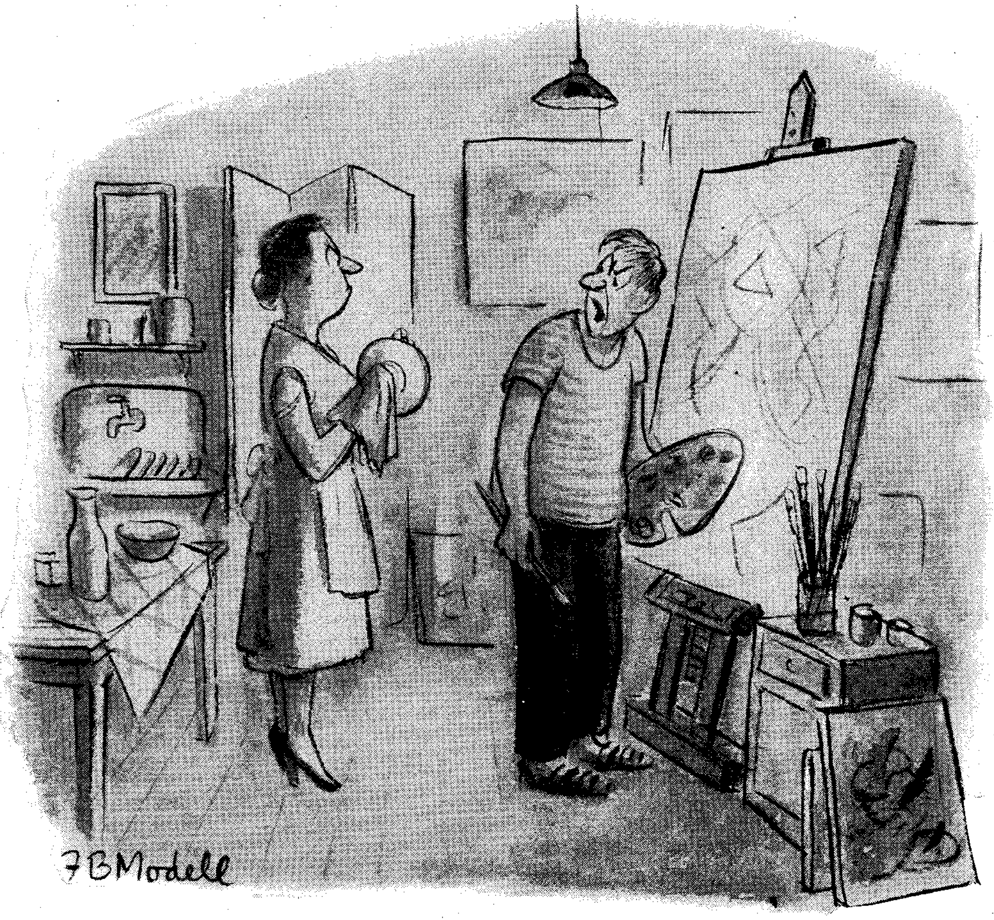
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 11

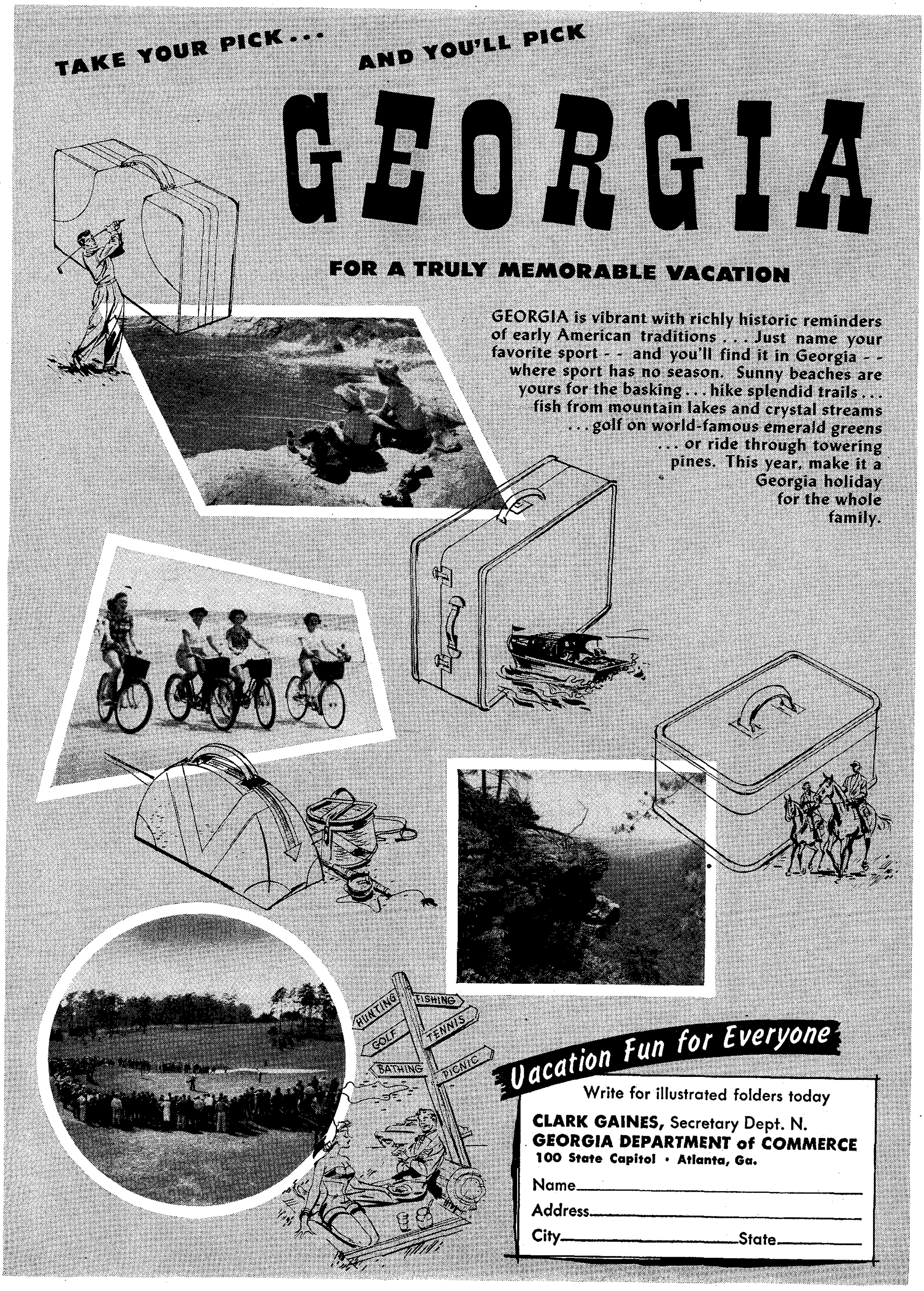
FORTY-EIGHT hours ago, it was thought here that the shooting in Korea might be over by this weekend, but Syngman Rhee has dashed all hope of this, and now there is a feeling that it may be weeks before a way out is found. It is a pretty mess, and one that was almost completely unanticipated. Throughout the two years of the truce negotiations, there were rumblings in Seoul and in the Republic of Korea Embassy here, but no one paid much attention to them. It was assumed that President Rhee and his colleagues were talking mostly for the record and that a few concessions from us in the form of mutual-assistance guarantees—which we would have wanted to give them in any case—and applications of that universal solvent, the dollar, would make them see things in a more agreeable light. As recently as last week, when Rhee was saying he might accept the United Nations terms if the United States would promise to return if South Korea had more trouble with the Communists, it seemed that he had simply been needling us with his talk of continued resistance. But his behavior since he received President Eisenhower's eloquent appeal suggests that he may really be serious about going it alone, and as long as there is any reason to believe in his seriousness, the conclusion of an armistice is unthinkable. There has been some airy speculation in the Pentagon about changing Syngman Rhee's mind by cutting off supplies to his troops, but even if the moral objections to this could be put to one side, the practical ones could not. If we began withholding supplies before the truce was signed, sealed, and delivered, the Communists might crash through the Korean lines, which now cover more than half the front, and they might develop second thoughts about the desirability of an armistice. If we concluded a truce first and then withheld supplies, our own troops would be dangerously outmanned and the Communists might begin reflecting on the advantages of the situation this would put them in. Moreover, as the Washington *Star* pointed out last night, we may face trouble even if the South Koreans don't go to the extreme of fighting on by themselves. "Suppose they merely refuse to accept an armistice and decline to withdraw their troops from their present positions?" the *Star* said. "Would not that raise the gravest threat to the hope of attaining an armistice?" It certainly would.

Syngman Rhee's attitude has produced some sobering thoughts, but there is a feeling here that, one way or another, his obstinacy will be overcome or circumvented. State and Defense Department people are convinced, despite all the protest rallies the Seoul government is staging, that the truce is popular with the general run of Koreans. And there is evidence of this in the appreciative response the South Korean press gave President Eisenhower's letter. Since the Korean press is not distinguished for its political independence, it is thought that lack of sympathy with Rhee's stand must be widespread and intense. Right now, it is difficult for anyone here to imagine what pressures can safely be brought to bear on Rhee and his government, but the conviction is that some will be found. Meanwhile, Seoul will endure more bombing, the United Nations forces will suffer more deaths, and the Russians will make more hay.

If Seoul were Washington, it might be prophesied that Syngman Rhee's stubbornness would not have to be overcome but would simply go up in smoke. This is what has happened in Washington to a great deal of the opposition to the truce in the past week or so. Nothing about the present moment is more remarkable than the rejoicing over the proposed cease-fire terms by people who only a short time ago were insisting that the nation would be shorn of all honor and moral authority if it accepted them. "Is this a truce with honor that we are about to get?" Senator Knowland was asked, in a radio interview a while back. "I don't believe so," he replied. He said he thought that under the terms we had settled upon at Panmunjom "inevitably we will lose the balance of Asia." But this week, after the release of the President's letter, Senator Knowland advised Rhee to do as he was told, saying that "any action that would endanger the truce about to be consummated would be detrimental to the people of the Republic of Korea." Washington is full of people who for two years or more have been saying that a settlement that left Korea divided would not only disgrace our nation but would demonstrate the malign power of Communists in our nation's councils. Two stout adherents



"Maybe I'd get somewhere if you'd stop nagging and start inspiring."



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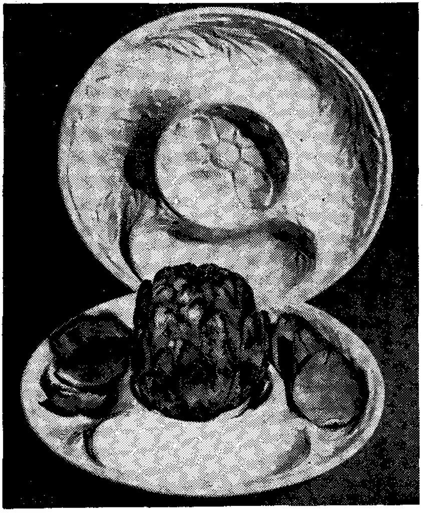

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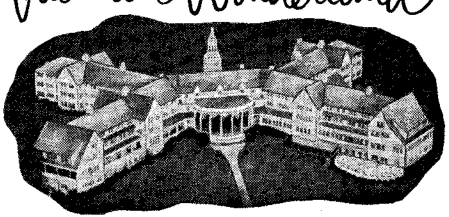

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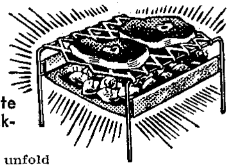

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of this view have been Senator Jenner, of Indiana, and Senator Malone, of Nevada. Only a couple of weeks ago, Senators Jenner and Malone devoted an afternoon to warning their colleagues of the imminence of betrayal in the Far East. "At the Pacific political conference to be held ninety days after the cease-fire in Korea, we are to sign away our honor and give Soviet Russia and her satellites the fruits of victory," Senator Jenner proclaimed. "Mr. President, have we been defeated by Red China? Is it true that we must drink to the last drop the bitter brew of defeat?" Senator Jenner rejected the draught, but he felt that it was to Secretary Dulles' taste. When he was asked by Malone, "Does the distinguished Senator remember any change in the State Department policy . . . by Mr. Dulles since he has taken office?," he replied, "I have noticed no change." This was the tenor of a good deal of Congressional debate up to the time it was announced that the Communists would accept our truce proposals. But now that the dark act will be consummated whenever Syngman Rhee gives the signal, not a word of protest is being heard. Apparently not even General Douglas MacArthur is in a mood to object. He was here a few evenings ago, in the company of Herbert Hoover and other men of substance, to attend a stag dinner given by the President. Reporters saw him briefly as he was leaving but were unable to learn what he thought about the truce.

It appears to most people here that Senator Jenner's description of the truce as an expression of the policy pursued by President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson is accurate as far as it goes. In some ways, the truce terms are more conciliatory than those offered by the Democratic administration. While the present prisoner-exchange proposal does not violate the principle of no involuntary repatriation, which has been a cardinal point in American policy all along, it yields to the Communists the right to employ various forms of persuasion on prisoners reluctant to go home, and it recognizes two satellite governments as neutrals. Furthermore, the prospect of Peiping's entry into the United Nations seems to be implicit in the current offer. President Eisenhower has assured the Senate Appropriations Committee that he will instruct Ambassador Lodge to lead the opposition to Peiping's admission, and Ambassador Lodge has said he will cheerfully accept such instructions. But this is not the ironclad promise to keep Communist China out Secretary Acheson and General Marshall gave in the course of the MacArthur hearings two years ago. By and large, though, the major difference between the Eisenhower administration's efforts at getting a truce and those of the Truman administration is that—Syngman Rhee and the Communists willing—the Eisenhower efforts will be accepted by Congress. They will be attacked later on, of course, for it has been shown that this is a profitable political strategy, but everyone is at present in a mood to accept them, and some, like Senator Knowland, are full of praise. But if a Democratic administration were in power, and if it attempted to negotiate a truce on these terms, there would be neither praise nor silence; on the contrary, mere anticipation of the noise and excoriation would in all likelihood have effectively restrained a Democratic administration from even seeking to get approval for the kind of settlement that is now in the process of being made. Similar anticipations and anxieties often restrained the Truman administration in its last few years in office, and one of the neater ironies of the moment is that the party considered to be the unbending one in its view of the national interest is, by very virtue of its reputation for inflexibility, able in this matter to pursue the more flexible policy.

Although criticism of the proposed settlement is now muted, there are surprisingly few American statesmen who are ready to challenge the opinion expressed in this morning's Washington *Times-Herald* that this "is the only American war that ended without military victory, that . . . has settled nothing." The fact that such a statement goes almost unchallenged is a measure of how greatly the basic assumptions about the Korean war have changed in the three years it has been going on. If the mood that prevailed here in June of 1950 still prevailed in June of 1953, the settlement, when and if it comes, would be celebrated as a great triumph of arms. (One unique thing about the prospective conclusion of the war is that it will be the first time that the end of an American war has been glumly, rather than happily, awaited. Here in Washington, at any rate, it promises to be a poor armistice from the confetti merchant's point of view.) At the time of the intervention, the military objectives were perfectly clear to most people, and they were precisely the objectives that now seem on the verge of attainment. They were to restore peace to an area where it had been violated and to maintain the integrity of the

Republic of Korea, which was understood by everyone except Syngman Rhee to be that part of the peninsula below the Thirty-eighth Parallel. The Rhee government then claimed, as it does today, sovereignty over all Korea, and it was the only Korean government the United States and the United Nations recognized, but later, when the Allies crossed the Thirty-eighth Parallel, the United Nations declared that the Rhee government would not be recognized as the national government of the whole peninsula until elections had been held; unification was a legitimate aspiration, but one to be fulfilled only by peaceful means, and before the invasion we were everlastingly warning the Rhee government, as we may be warning it again in the near future, that we would cut off all military aid the moment it provoked hostilities with the North. The first United Nations action was an order for a cease-fire, and, despite what many people now claim, in and out of print, no subsequent United Nations action was ever intended to achieve a forceful unification. On October 7, 1950, the General Assembly authorized the crossing of the Thirty-eighth Parallel, but it neither authorized nor ordered fighting aimed at bringing about the unconditional surrender of the North Korean armies and government.

In terms of the original objectives set by the United Nations and the United States, the Communists' acceptance of our truce proposals is an acceptance of our victory. The worth of the victory is widely disputed, and it is possible that majority opinion here and throughout the country holds with the *Times-Herald* that the war has "settled nothing." On the other hand, somewhere voices may be raised to say that it settled the Communists' hash and that if it hadn't been fought and won, Southeast Asia would today be united with Communist China. It is possible, too, that the minor but perhaps significant concessions the Russians are making in Austria and Germany are somehow related to our success in Korea.

CONGRESS proposes to adjourn by the end of next month, and even if it stays on a week or so, as it probably will, there is hardly an outside chance that it will take action on all the matters commended to its attention by the President when he took office. The protracted wrangle over tideland oil, the controversies over Presidential appointees, and the investigation fever are a few of the things that have contributed to the delay. Others are the time spent on the

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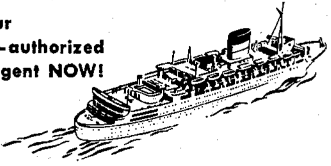

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many matters not commended to its attention, and the tardiness of the administration in drawing up its own legislation. In any event, the President is reported to be resigned to running behind schedule and to be insistent only upon the passage of appropriations bills and legislation extending the surplus-profits tax. He is reluctant to urge Congress to stay in Washington beyond midsummer, for he expects to be in a holiday mood himself by that time, and has laid plans for a long Colorado vacation in August. He is also, according to his aides, hopeful that the departure of Congress will release his colleagues in the executive branch from the anxiety of being subject at any moment to a call for testimony on Capitol Hill and give them an opportunity to settle down in their jobs. Thus far, most of his department heads have spent as much time justifying themselves before Congress as they have fulfilling their bureaucratic responsibilities, and although soothing Congressional spirits is an important part of their work, it butters no parsnips inside the departments, where disorder and delay are almost as extensive as in Congress.

It will require adroit leadership and stern self-discipline for Congress to get through even its stripped-down agenda in time for a late-July or early-August closing. The debate over the reduction of the Air Force appropriations will expand when it moves from committee hearings to the Senate floor, and there may be a good deal of argument over excess profits and reciprocal trade. Right now, though, the problem with excess-profits legislation is not how to speed floor debate on it but how to get it to the floor so it can be debated. Early last week, it seemed that this thorny issue had been resolved in an agreement negotiated between the White House and Representative Daniel Reed, of New York, the militant octogenarian who runs the House Ways and Means Committee. (It is assumed that Representative Reed is an octogenarian, but it is not definitely established. Like Syngman Rhee, he is reticent about his age, and in such compendiums as *Who's Who* gives his birth date as "September 15, 187 .") Under the agreement as first reported, Representative Reed would permit a committee vote on reciprocal trade in exchange for a promise that no administration supporter would try to sneak through an extension of the excess-profits tax by making it an amendment to the reciprocal-trade measure, and that the administration would fight any Democratic effort to do so. "I have now re-

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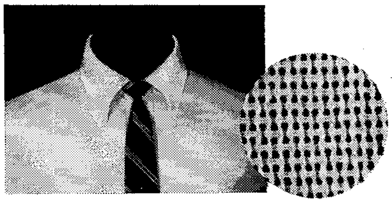

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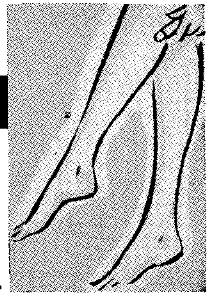

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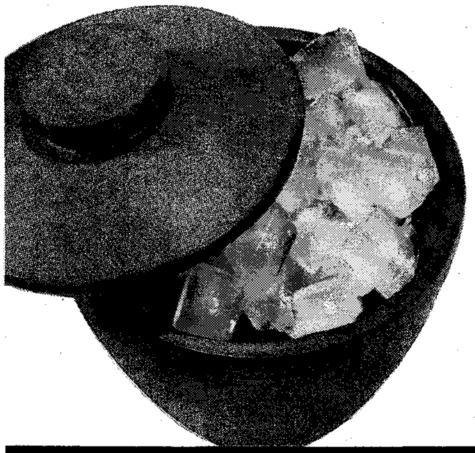
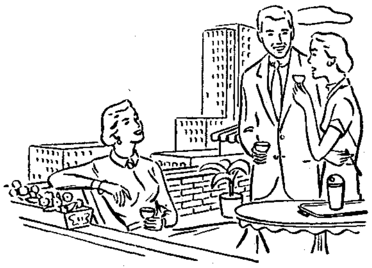
ceived airtight assurances from the White House, from the Senate and the House leadership that they will oppose any attempt which might be made to amend trade-agreements legislation with an extension of the discriminatory and unfair excess-profits tax," he said in a prepared statement last Saturday. The administration corroborated the fact that such assurances had indeed been made, but its spokesmen said that, as they understood the gentlemen's agreement, Representative Reed was also pledged to allow Congress to consider excess-profits legislation on its own merits. In other words, his committee was to hold hearings and bring the matter to a vote. And as far back as May 20th, when the deal was in the making, Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., the Speaker of the House, announced to the press that Representative Reed would hold the hearings and get them over with in ten days. This was Representative Martin's understanding but not Representative Reed's, and last Saturday the latter attributed the whole thing to the imagination of the former. "I didn't agree to anything," Representative Reed said. The hearings are still being held, and someone is going to have to step lively if the tax is to be prevented from expiring on June 20th. It probably won't be Representative Reed.

Nevertheless, administration leaders are convinced that they will get through, in a form acceptable to the White House, the legislation the White House says it must have. It is a barebones program, however, and it will put to a severe test the theory that if a new President fails to secure the enactment of most of his program in the first session of Congress, he will never see it enacted at all. The opposition, this theory holds, not only will be bolder and better organized in all subsequent sessions but is likely to increase in numbers at the next election. The present circumstances require a peculiar interpretation of these hypotheses, for in this case the really stubborn resistance to the administration's program comes not from the formal opposition but from the administration party, and a projection of present trends would suggest that better organization by the Democrats or an increase in their number would improve the President's chances of getting what he seeks. The Democrats have been quick to see this, and if the President's personal popularity holds up through next year—Dr. Gallup's poll shows it holding very nicely so far, seventy-four per cent of the public giving him high





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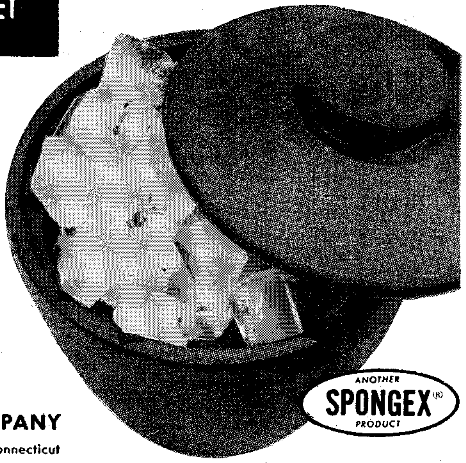

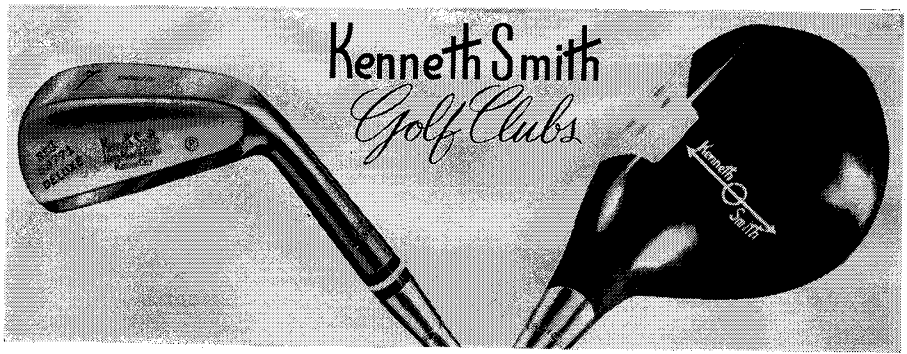

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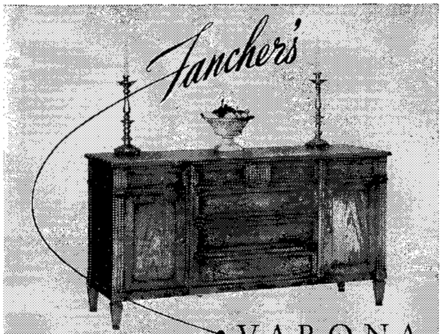

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grades for his performance to date—the Democrats will exploit their support of the President in the Congressional elections of 1954. If such exploitation should work, it would put both him and them in an odd, uncomfortable, and unprecedented situation.

SENATOR TAFT, who announced yesterday that his illness would force him to quit his position as floor leader for the duration of this session, has been a popular symbol of the part of the Republican Party that conspicuously fails to support the President. But it is more his articulateness than his record for dissent that has made him a symbol. On the whole, he has supported the President, and he has performed some heroic services in winning allies for the administration, and how this momentous news will affect the situation, no one can begin to foretell. A great deal depends on the extent of Taft's withdrawal from Senate life. If he continues to be available around Washington, the change may be imperceptible, for Taft's influence is independent of any title he holds. Wherever Taft sits is the head of the table, as someone pointed out when he took over the formal leadership at the start of the session. But if his health forces him to absent himself for a long period, it may make a lot of difference. There is no one else in his party with prestige to match his, and there is no one else in either party with his energy and persistence in political combat.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

INFATUATION WITH THE SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

The American novelist's main task, so far as language is concerned, is to lend literary dignity to American colloquial speech, which is so ephemerally wealthy and so misleadingly alive. The Italian novelist's predicament is almost the converse. He has to inject new life into a literary language, which, being old and cultured, is far removed from common speech—for most Italians think and live in their own vernacular, in one of the many dialects of their country.—*From a review by Paolo Milano of Verga's "The House by the Medlar Tree" in the Times.*

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TABLES FOR TWO

Music on the Roof

Los Chavales de España, eleven men who make up an extraordinarily smart-looking and slick-sounding commercial orchestra, are, happily, back on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, the scene of their North American début last summer. The fine discipline that underlies their playing is also evident in their immaculate appearance. Their neat bullfighters' jackets, white blouses, black trousers, and scarlet boots make our home-grown bands, whose members often look as though they had just skinned through a quick shower and picked up their suits from the floor of a closet, seem pretty sleazy. As those of you who saw Los Chavales last summer already know, the orchestra is really several bands in one. Only the piano, bass, and drums are constant; the eight other musicians—who always stand, by the way—switch around among violins, saxophones, clarinets, and trumpets, every now and then throwing in a guitar and an accordion. In addition, four or five of the men, alone or in groups, step up to the microphone to sing while all the backdrop musicians hum and sway in time. Although Los Chavales' repertoire consists primarily of French and Spanish favorites ("Autumn Leaves," "April in Portugal," "Granada," some gypsy airs, and the like), their playing style resembles polite North American dance music more closely than anything else, but they overcome the customary pallidness of such music by frequent departures from strict tempo, as the violins linger over a phrase or the brass swells out on a sustained note, and by constantly and subtly varying the volume of the sound. Appearing with Los Chavales is a petite, pretty, and accomplished flamenco dancer named Trini Reyes.

Harry James' band is playing on the Astor Roof these nights, and a week or so ago I dropped in to catch the boys in their last set of the evening, when I thought they might let themselves go. They didn't—or not very far, at any rate. Only twice, in a hard-driving arrangement of "Lullaby of Broadway" and an equally powerful instrumental number that brought the set to a close, did the band show its muscle, and then both James and Buddy Rich, the drummer, played brilliantly. As a matter of fact, Rich's drumming was first-rate all through the set, but James sounded at times like a different and lesser man, as when, for example, he raised his trumpet in a gummy solo chorus of "Ruby," a cloying theme from Hollywood. Despite the band's apparent unwillingness to cut loose for long, though, I thoroughly enjoyed my visit. The enormous roof garden was largely taken over by high-school-graduation couples; the boys' summer whites and the girls' yards of pastel tulle created a beguiling pattern on the dance floor. From where I sat, at a table far from the dancers, the scene had some of the distant grandeur of Thomas De Quincey's dreams, and I sipped my glass of blended laudanum with a full feeling of peace.

Another summer institution that recently opened its doors for the season is the Riviera, across the George Washington Bridge. Driving through the parking area in front of the building, you are liable to think you're on a tour of the Cadillac branch of General Motors, but the phalanxes of big cars are merely an indication of the superb solidarity of the group that patronizes this establishment. When I got there, the spacious platform that serves as both a stage and a dance floor was choked with rumba dancers performing their earnest rites, but soon the peppery Latin band gave way to a less frenzied group of musicians, who played for the show. This consisted of a couple of production numbers that were fairly meaningless in themselves but served to fill the stage with pretty girls in fetching costumes, and a few individual acts. The current headliners are Tony Martin, the singer; a portly comedian named Jack E. Leonard; and the dance team of Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander. The graceful Miss Linn and her able young partner did three rather conventional bits—a Viennese waltz, a hoodlum-and-moll routine built around Alfred Newman's "Street Scene" music, and a jaunty Gay Nineties number involving a prim young man's courtship of a lively girl—with charm and a good deal of competence but, I thought, not much individuality. Leonard followed them to deliver, with what seemed to be a kind of nervous compulsion, a strange

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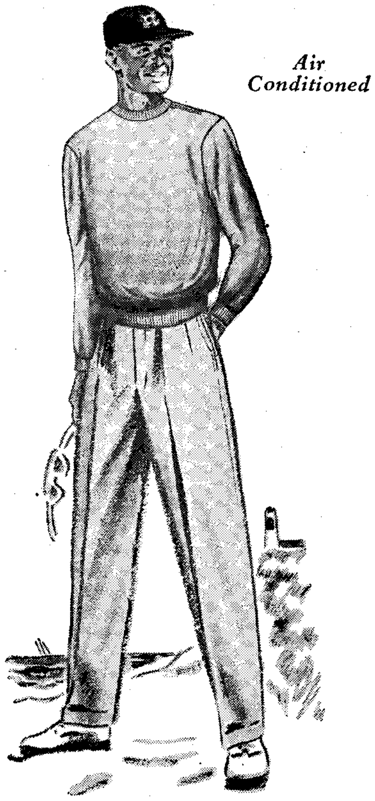

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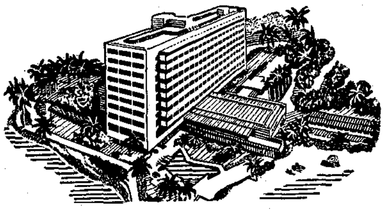

THE CASE OF THE SMITH WHO FINALLY GOT IT STRAIGHT

Once there was a Smith named Joe who mixed cocktails which were marvels of mediocrity. But, since Joe was such a swell Joe, most of his friends drank his offerings like little men. Except his wife. Mrs. Smith never drank a Mr. Smith cocktail and never hesitated to say why. "Your cocktails taste terrible," she boomed. "Anyway, cocktails are too strong for me. I like that nice, mild Cinzano the girls serve at our Bridge. You drink it straight, over ice. 'On-the-stones' I think they call it." Finally, out of desperation and out of vermouth, Mr. Smith sampled Cinzano. "Hey, this is wonderful straight!" he smacked. "And if it tastes so good straight, Cinzano is bound to make better cocktails." And—as his friends said later—"Joe, you are *so* right!"

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harangue in which hurried words of insult and flattery were directed at various notables in the audience. He gave the odd and slightly disquieting impression of a man talking to himself, grinning and frowning at this thought and that. Only when his monologue was ended and he burst into song and a surprisingly delicate dance did he suggest that he might have the makings of a droll performer. Martin, a suave and extremely mannered singer of sentimental songs, closed the show with a generous but, on the whole, undistinguished collection of pieces, of which the high point was a few choruses of "Manhattan" and the low point was a musical tribute, heavily larded with sanctimony, to the late Al Jolson.

HEADED by Ceil Cabot, a wild urchin with a hilarious singing style, the bill at Le Ruban Bleu, which closes soon for the summer, is highly entertaining. A young lady of boundless energy, Miss Cabot twists such standard pieces as "Cecilia" and "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" into wonderful new shapes, and gives a very funny interpretation of a self-conscious number, "Guess Who I Saw Today?," from the score of the recent Broadway revue "New Faces of 1952." Also on the program is the comedy act of Dana and Wood, two young men who do, among other things, an amusing father-and-son routine; the Jackson Sisters, three winning adolescents who sing a delightful version of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," in addition to more sophisticated pieces; and Nancy Reed, a pretty young woman with a sweet voice who sings ballads and rhythm tunes and accompanies herself on the piano. The background music is the work of the versatile Norman Paris Trio. . . . Tyree Glenn, an expert trombonist who was a fixture of the Duke Ellington orchestra for some years, is currently at the Embers, where he does some spirited work as part of the Jo Jones quartet. (Drums, piano, and bass are the other instruments.) Keeping his instrument muted in the small room, Glenn winds up each set with an engaging example of wah-wah tromboning—"Without a Song," "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," or some such. —D. W.

•

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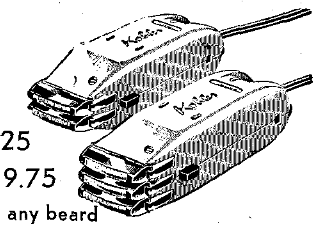

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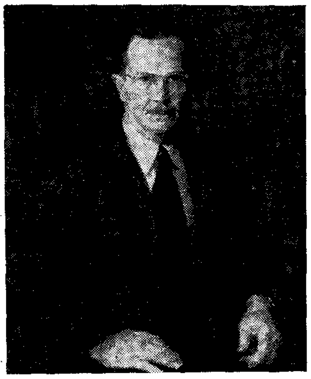

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THE RACE TRACK

Confirmation

I DARESAY horseplayers looking for a three-year-old to beat Native Dancer must be pretty disgusted. They won't give up, though; they're an indomitable breed. Anyway, Alfred Vanderbilt's gray colt took the measure of Jamie K. more convincingly in the Belmont Stakes last weekend than he did in the Preakness last month. In the Preakness, as you may remember, Jamie K. started off so slowly that after going half a mile he was apparently hopelessly distanced; then he gave out with a spectacular spurt and nearly headed Native Dancer a hundred yards from home. Immediately, you heard everywhere the old story that begins with "if." You know the sort—"If Jamie K. had...," and so on. Well, in the Belmont Stakes, Jamie K. was always close to the pace and took the lead on the turn into the stretch. Then Native Dancer came along, raced him into submission, and won by a neck. Arcaro, who rode Jamie K., and who is forthright, if not always tactful, in his comments, said his mount simply wasn't good enough to beat the winner. In any event, the finish of the Belmont Stakes was a good show—almost as good as Tom Fool's Suburban, and you don't see better racing than that. By the way, Royal Bay Gem came in third, as I thought he would. Ram o' War was fourth.

As one who has spent a great deal of time watching horses in all kinds of weather, I'd say that last Saturday at Belmont Park was as thoroughly disagreeable a day as I can remember for the most important race of the meeting. Skipping over the puddles, with rain trickling down the back of my neck, I followed the crowd to the saddling paddock. Royal Bay Gem was sleeker and livelier than he was before the Preakness, and it seemed rather a pity to me that his stable keeps sending such a game, willing little fellow on impossible tasks, instead of running him where he can win. Jamie K., a big, plain-looking animal, also shone with good grooming and conditioning. The biggest crowd, of course, was around Native Dancer's stall, and the experts hardly gave a glance at anything but his ankles. Frankly, to my eye, they didn't appear to be a bit bigger than the last time I saw them, but several horsemen who are inclined to worry about things thought they were. Nobody paid much attention to the other runners: The Preem, a chunky little bay owned by Louis Prima, whose racing colors are "red, white trumpet, red sleeves, white musical notes" (pretty fancy, I can tell you); Ram o' War, a rangy chestnut who has been in nearly all the big races for three-year-olds this season, and never once in the money; and Kamehameha, a colt one had heard all sorts of rumors about. The story was that Bob Kleberg, who owns Kamehameha, wanted to find out how good or how bad his horse was, and decided that the Belmont Stakes was just the race to do it in. Somebody asked Max Hirsch, Kamehameha's trainer, what about it. "Well, I can tell you this is a nice little horse," said Hirsch. "There's a race up at Suffolk next Wednesday I'd like to run him in, and maybe he'd win, too, but Mr. Kleberg wants to find out right now." As a matter of fact, Mr. Kleberg didn't find out, for Kamehameha's saddle slipped early in the running of the race and he finished a bad last.

Although the first four home in the Belmont Stakes finished in exactly the same order as they did in the Preakness—and I expect that Lloyd's of London would have laid you fantastic odds against such an occurrence—the race was anything but a carbon copy of the one at Pimlico. For one thing, the Belmont is at a mile and a half and the Preakness at a mile and three-sixteenths. Obviously, you would figure that the first half of the Belmont would be run in slow time (it was), and after that the two top riders would get to work. Arcaro, on Jamie K., was the first to make a move, and he's rather good, too, at getting the jump on his opposition when there's not much pace. But Guerin, on Native Dancer, was just as quick. Also, he had a better horse. Maybe I'm a pushover for the gray, but there seems no possible doubt whatever about Native Dancer's being our best three-year-old. After all, he has won five of his six starts this season, at distances from a mile to a mile and a half—never in track-record time, but always with

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authority. And if you measure achievement in money, the $82,500 that was his share of the Belmont Stakes brought his total earnings to $522,745. Wonder if he'll make a million? It would be silly to try to guess when he'll be out again. I'm sure that right now even Bill Winfrey, his trainer, hasn't given the matter a thought. Winfrey has always believed in his horses taking their races in stride, so to speak, and now that Native Dancer's biggest test is over, he has plenty of time to think about the next one

ONE thing I can say—there's no Native Dancer or Tahitian King among the two-year-old colts I've seen so far this spring. I thought C. V. Whitney's Catspaw was a possibility, and maybe he is, but he had a fit of temperament just before the National Stallion Stakes the other afternoon. First off, he wouldn't go into the starting gate, then he sulked in the race, and finally he finished third to Llangollen Farm's Porterhouse and James Cox Brady's Best Years. Catspaw inherits his crankiness from both his sire, Mahmoud, and his dam, Boojie. Porterhouse may be a runner, and he's well named; his mama, Red Stamp, was christened back in the meat-rationing days, ten years ago. The best two-year-old filly is still Maine Chance Farm's Incidentally. She won the Polly Drummond Stakes at Delaware Park last week. It was her fourth victory in as many starts. Nice going.

HARRY LA MONTAGNE, who is better than a green hand with a horse, writes from Paris that the English Derby was a great success, but the three-year-olds over there are nothing much. . . . If you care how they feel in England about jockeys' being knighted, I submit a picture caption from the London *Times* of June 8th: "Pinza, ridden by Gordon Richards, being led in after winning the Derby. Sir Victor Sassoon, the owner, is on the right." The old order doesn't change. —AUDAX MINOR

●

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She found she might as well have been looking through colored window panes. And just like window panes you've seen, cheap lenses are liable to have tiny bubbles, waves or other imperfections in them that could cause distortion, and headaches and crow's feet, too. You can profit from this girl's experience if you remember this advice:

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Our young lady had a few of her own ideas about colors, too. Many women buy colored glasses...say blue or brown lenses ...to match their clothes. Actually, the important thing is to get glasses that will protect your eyes against glare that can cause squint and unlovely lines; against invisible ultra violet and infra red radiations that are potentially harmful. Wear blue lenses, and you'll see blue. Wear brown, and you'll see brown. Wear Ray-Ban Sun Glasses and your eyes will be protected; you'll see things as they are. Ray-Ban's correct sage green lenses don't play tricks with colors. If you still want your sun glasses to harmonize with your ensemble, there are choices of stunning frame colors.

If you've got scissors handy, why not clip out this little list of what to look for in sun glasses.

1. Ground-and-polished-to-curve lenses, made from genuine optical glass.
2. Optically correct, fadeproof lenses of uniform thickness that screen out glare and potentially harmful invisible light rays.
3. Long-lasting, high-quality comfortable frames you'll be proud to wear.

Or...just remember to ask for Ray-Ban Sun Glasses!

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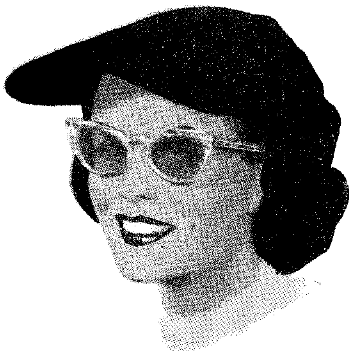
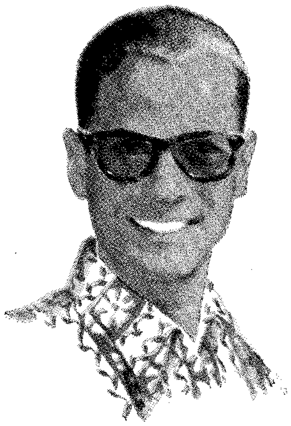
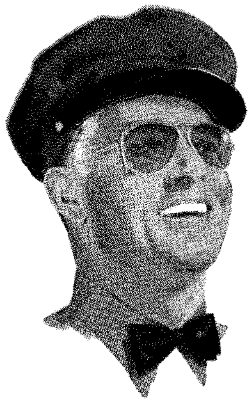


Flatter your eyes with the alluring new Ray-Ban "Aloha" Sun Glasses—so distinctive that Lilly Dache created a hat to match them! You'll protect your eyes, too. Ray-Ban lenses screen out the sun glare that causes "tired" lines and crow's-feet.

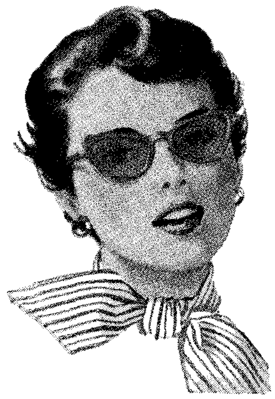
smartest protection under the sun !



Here's the handsome New Ray-Ban "Wayfarer" model for men! All Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are made from the finest optical glass, ground and polished to highest precision standards. "Wayfarer" frames are made of sturdy zylonite.



An amazing development for people who work outdoors is Bausch & Lomb Gradient Density...a metallic coating that screens out fierce overhead sunshine and minimizes reflected glare from water, sand or highway. Admits soft, cool, comfortable light.



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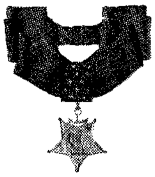
Medal of Honor



COLD, BATTLE-WEARY, fighting for every mile of wintry road, the Marines were re-deploying toward Hungnam. A rifle company was guarding a mountain pass vital to the withdrawal of two regiments. The company became surrounded. If help didn't come, 6,000 men were lost.

Into this situation, Lieutenant Colonel Davis boldly led his Marine battalion. Over eight miles of heavily defended icy trail they attacked, and across three ridges deep in snow.

They fought three days and nights, often hand-to-hand.

But finally Colonel Davis reached and freed the company. He opened the pass and held it till the two regiments got by. Then, fighting through the last of the enemy and carrying his wounded with him, he led his own gallant battalion into safety.

"Korea and World War II have taught me," says Colonel Davis, "that courage is common to *all* armies; it's the *better equipped* side that has the edge. You're giving *our* men that edge every time you invest in a United States Defense Bond. For Bonds, which are personal savings for you, are also muscle for America's economy. Helping produce *more* and *better* combat equipment to protect the brave men who are protecting us all."

Peace is for the strong!
For peace *and prosperity* save with
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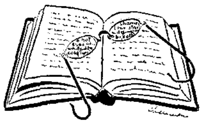
Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semiannually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years. Today, start investing in Series E Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan at work. Remember, 8 million fellow Americans find it a wonderfully easy way to save. Or ask your banker about the convenient Bond-A-Month Plan.

BOOKS

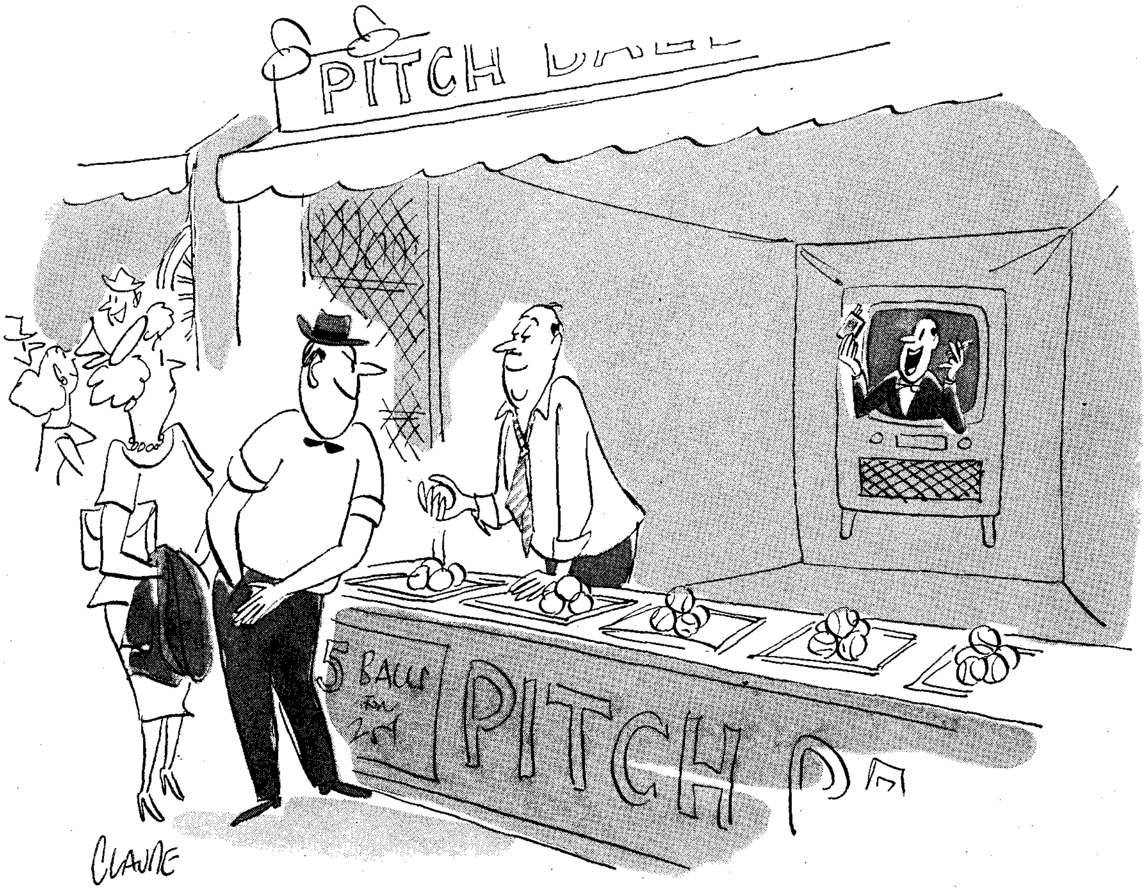
Sorry Lives



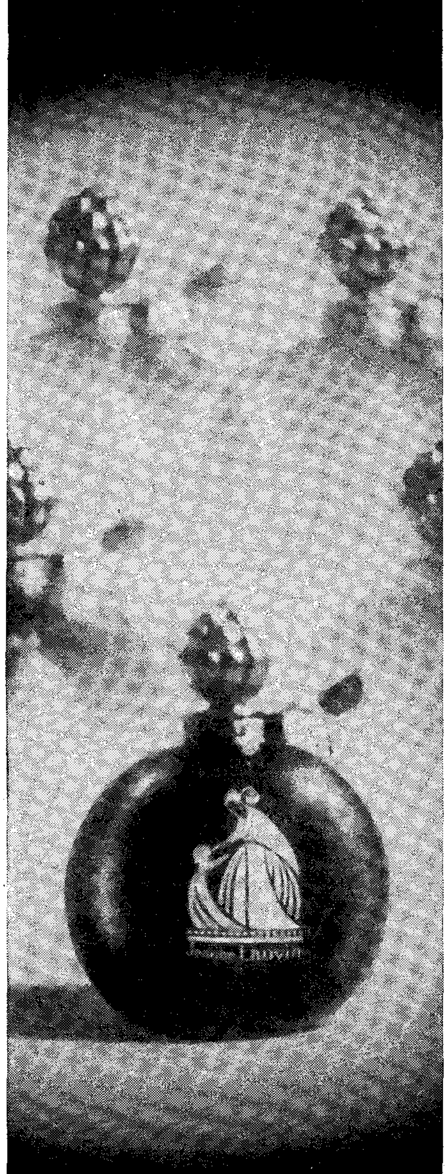
JAMES BALDWIN'S "Go Tell It on the Mountain" (Knopf) is a first novel of quite exceptional promise, centering on a church in Harlem. The church is one of those enthusiastic and declamatory Bible-thumping tabernacles characteristic of religiosity in decay, and the noble idea of man speaking directly to his God has betrayed a preacher into being a medium through whom the inner voices of fear, vanity, and hunger for love and power speak violently and repulsively. The Temple of the Fire Baptized is the scene of a conflict between a growing boy with a real vocation and his preacher stepfather, a compulsive lecher whose sense of guilt, rather than a true call, has brought him to the pulpit. The soured and corrupt man does his best to try to beat a sense of shame and misery into his stepson, but the boy, withdrawing from the squalor and tensions of his home into a private world of dream and ecstasy, at last arrives at the state of grace and peace the stepfather has always desired and never achieved. Mr. Baldwin, who heard the call and preached in just such a chapel when he was fourteen, gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of the intellectual seediness and poverty of this kind of religious life and of the secular life that produces it, since all the characters, particularly the women in the tormented stepfather's life, have histories that inevitably bring them into the Temple of the Fire Baptized.

But for all its abundant virtues there is something lacking in the book; its perfections are wooden and it is without vitality in spite of its realism. When one compares it with Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," the deficiency immediately declares itself. Ellison's novel was emotionally disturbing and extremely serious, but it was also rich in comic invention. It made its points with the same sort of broad farce effects that Dostoevski used time and again, and that any novelist who aspires to be serious must use to give a rounded picture of the business of being a man. A Harlem without laughter is as incredible as "The Brothers Karamazov" without Krassotkin, Mme. Hohlakov, and the doctor who stands in Captain Snegiryov's poverty-stricken rooms advising him to send his wife to Paris and Ilusha to Italy for their health. Ellison's white man pretending he is better than the colored one and the man with gas pains pretending that his belchings are God's voice speaking through him are comic figures by any honest system of values, and comedy not only tells the truth about them but is also the essential truth. Mr. Baldwin's God-intoxicated lecher, with his roving eye and his inflamed conscience, which always arrives on the scene too late, carries farce with him wherever he goes, and if one treats him with Kafkaesque solemnity, the life goes out of him and the spiritual tragedy of his congregation loses a dimension. Ellison gives the whole picture in the two and a half pages in which the Invisible Man visits the Holy Way Station of the Reverend B. P. Rinehart, the Spiritual Technologist, whose slogan is "No Problem Too Hard for God." The whole thing is grotesque. And the situation in which the Invisible Man is mistaken for the Spiritual Technologist by the innocent Sister Harris and Sister Judkin is low comedy, with a background of sacred boogie-woogie beaten out on a piano and an electric guitar, but the farce goes right to the heart of the innocence of the two women and the hero's despair. Mr. Baldwin's novel is humorless, and the result is that it seems not more dignified or more understanding but less penetrating.

"MR. NICHOLAS" (Farrar, Straus & Young), the smartly written and sharply unkind first novel by the English author Thomas Hinde, will possibly appeal to the admirers of Mr. Angus Wilson and Mr. Henry Green, whose influence it largely reflects. In modishly understated phrases, it describes the slow decay of a suburban bully who drifts from obtuseness through mild alcoholism into genteel madness, and it is mostly concerned with the unenjoyable time had by all in his family circle during the process. Mr. Hinde appears to have a slight bias in favor of the family, but the reader may well prefer the hearty egotism of the bullying Mr. Nicholas, the



ARPEGE



MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

head of the family, to their resolute dimness:

> Peter was on the lawn when David came back a few minutes before supper.
> "Hallo," David said cheerfully, with no cheerfulness.
> "Hallo," said Peter. He didn't know what to say to him.
> When they had started supper it seemed too late to say anything.

David is on the brink of becoming a homosexual, but he is also a promising tennis player, so there are a number of tennis-court scenes:

> "Damn fine shot," said the Hump, partly to the court, and partly to Mr. Nicholas.
> "Mm," said Mr. Nicholas vaguely.
> "Well played, David," shouted Mr. Nicholas.
> "Mm," said the Hump, agreeing conditionally.

The Hump is David's unsuitable older friend, a Captain Cambridge, and he is the occasion for a number of tense emotional passages. Mr. Nicholas wants to know whether David has been giving money to the Captain:

> "Well, either you have or you haven't."
> "Mm."
> "Well?"
> There was a pause.
> "Well which is it?"
> "What?"
> "*Have you or not given him money?*"

Mr. Henry Green, understandably, seems much taken with this sort of brittle, deliberately empty writing, and describes Mr. Hinde as the white hope of the British Isles. He particularly admires the conversation between Mr. Nicholas's boys, which he calls "the best I can remember of its kind":

> "How do you know?"
> "I'm sure."
> "But how are you sure?"
> "I just am."
> "But something must make you sure."
> "Not necessarily."
> Peter went away. "Oh," he said, and shut the door.

This devoted imitation of Mr. Green's mannerisms finally topples over into parody when the responsible, serious Peter comes home from Oxford to find out about his father, who has been in a sanitarium, and meets his mother and his youngest brother, Owen:

> "Hallo darling. What a surprise. Let me take your case."
> "Hallo."
> "Hallo," said Owen.
> "Hallo, Owen."

After seventy-five thousand words, one begins to get the idea: these people are not very good at communicating with each other and don't speak or act from the heart. They are also all wicked and damned for the same reason that the bad characters in E. M. Forster's novels are damned. But as there are no good characters to bring a breath of life or a conflict into the story, it is hard to see it as more than a rather tiresome and uneconomical piece of nagging.

THE revealing essay by Mr. Angus Wilson that serves as an introduction to the new edition of Zola's "Restless House" ("Pot-Bouille"), just issued by Farrar, Straus & Young, does a good deal to account for the particular emptiness and aridity of the new school of English novel-writing represented by "Mr. Nicholas." Mr. Wilson, whose method and line of approach owe more to Zola than to anyone else, explains that a bitter discontent was hag-riding Zola when he wrote "Pot-Bouille." "The novelist felt increasing need to project this personal misery into literary form—the writer's instinctive means of self-healing," he declares. Mr. Wilson goes on to accept Zola's picture of bourgeois Paris, seen through eyes glazed with pain and distress, as a valid one. It is a city in which all kitchens smell of rancid butter, in which everybody wears soiled underclothes, and in which nobody finds sex a source of pleasure.

> Gradually the truth about these homes is revealed—women nourishing themselves upon the romance of fifth-rate novels, women hysteric with sexual dissatisfaction, women who have come to regard their husbands as automata to be pushed up the social ladder, daughters who hate the mothers who are scheming to find them profitable marriages as sterile as their own. . . . Whatever the slight material and social differences that separate them, differences over which they sweat so much blood of envy and pride, all are living the same lie—a lie of polite social talk, little card parties, small family dances, pretentious musical evenings.

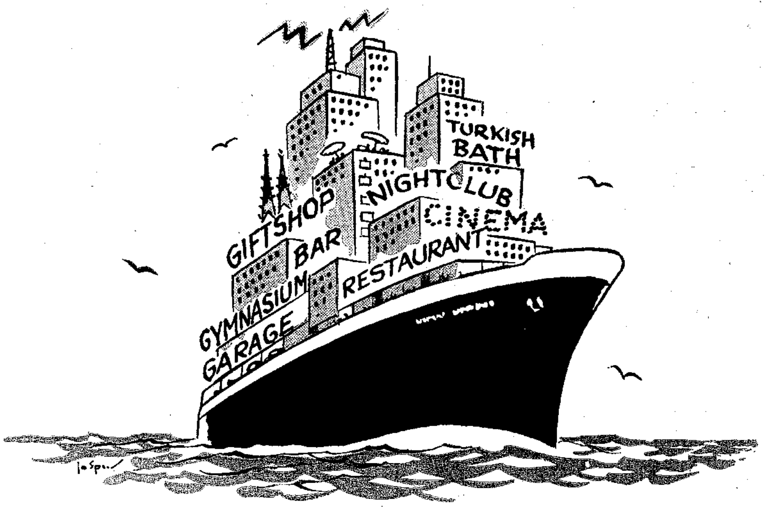
This murky hell is, of course, exactly the same one we see in the conversation pictures of Renoir and in the early work, luminous with petty pleasures, of Vuillard and Bonnard. There is a possibility, which some writer should someday entertain, that people enjoy small talk, cards, dancing, and musical evenings, and enjoy them in the family circle—even when they have occasional sexual adventures outside it—because they love each other, on the whole, more than they irritate or depress each other. Zola's picture of life in a Parisian apartment house has an electric vitality, but it is grotesque in its solid concentration on its physical and moral squalor. The service staircase is always referred to as a sewer, and the courtyard onto which the kitchens and maids' rooms open is pictured as a cesspool of vile talk. The front part of the house is worse. Zola makes no exceptions in describing life in his apartment house: "If you've been in one of them you've been in all. They're all pig sties." Common experience, though, no matter how finical the observer, or how cynical, suggests that this assessment of middle-class behavior is too sweeping. One is always running into men of that class who seem to like their wives and are honest in their relations with them. They do not appear to differ radically from their grandparents, many of whom have left behind memories of more than brief flashes of happiness and lives not altogether corrupt. The contemporary critics who derided Zola's realism as a love of the nasty may not have been merely mouthpieces of bourgeois hypocrisy; it may be that their reaction was a healthy one and that what they disliked so much was not his honesty but a fundamental flaw in his writing. Reading Mr. Hinde's cold mockery of Mr. Nicholas and his sad, glum family makes one suspect that the new neo-realists have accepted the flaw as a virtue. It is the same flaw Sherwood Anderson thought he detected in Henry James:

> You may be interested to know my reactions to some solid weeks of James reading—the feeling of him as a man who never found anyone to love, who did not dare love. I really can't care much for any character after he gets through with it; he, in short, takes my love from me too. I've a fancy—can it be true that he is the novelist of the haters? Oh, the thing infinitely refined and carried far into the field of intellectuality, as skillful haters find out how to do. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LAND THAT TOUCHES MINE, by John Sanford (Doubleday). Mr. Sanford's people seem to live in a sealed vacuum of self-pity, apathy, and bitterness, and he writes about them with a strength and imagination that deserve more scope and better human material on which to spend themselves. His hero, Stan Clarke, is a self-centered weakling who enjoys remorse more than anything else, and directs his life, with enormous intensity, into paths that will allow him to flay himself endlessly and talk endlessly about his unhappiness. The story, which makes compelling, if unsatisfying, reading, tells



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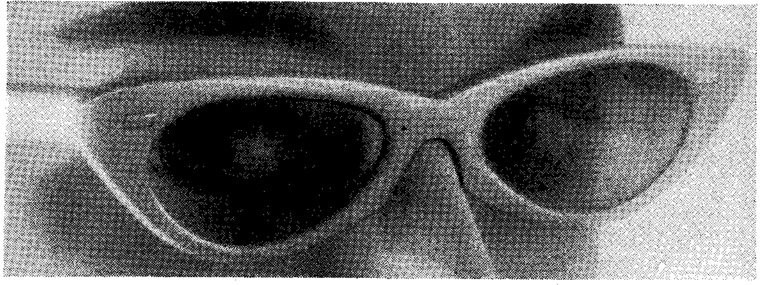

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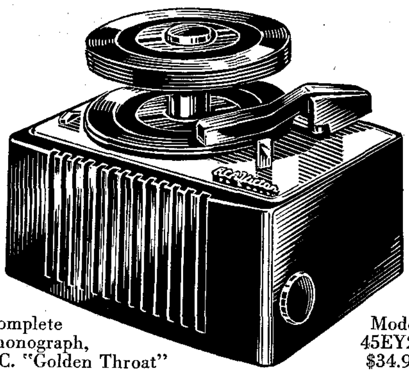
Claire McCardell
"sun specs"

Distributed by American Optical Company



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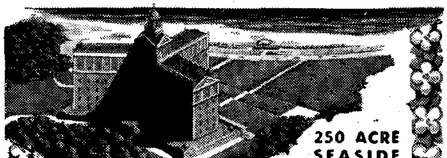

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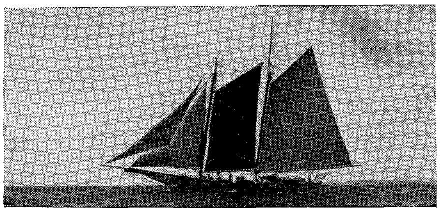

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of Stan's short stay in a lonely California settlement, near the Mexican border.

MY UNCLE LOUIS, by Robert Fontaine (McGraw-Hill). A desperately arch account of the sojourn of Uncle Louis, the family ne'er-do-well, in the home of his hard-working brother. The narrator, Bibi, is the thirteen-year-old son of the house, and the people involved are all carefully cut out and all set in their ways and in their talk—the pretty, shrewish wife of Uncle Louis, his vapid daughter, her timid young husband, and so on and so on. The scene is Ottawa in the nineteen-twenties.

THE SINGER NOT THE SONG, by Audrey Erskine Lindop (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A young priest, Father Keogh, is sent to serve in Quantana, a remote Mexican town ruled by a bandit, named Malo, who enjoys making life dangerous for members of the clergy. Miss Lindop, an interminably monotonous writer, describes Father Keogh's battle for Malo's soul and also tells about the romantic inclinations of Locha, one of his parishioners, who grows from a wealthy, bad-tempered little girl into a wealthy and passionate woman during his term of office. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

AMERICA'S ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS, by A. Hyatt Verrill and Ruth Verrill (Putnam). A survey of all that is known, or knowledgeably supposed, about the origins and antiquity of the pre-Columbian civilization of Mexico, Central America, Peru, and other points in the New World. It was once the double-barrelled canon of academic archeology that the aboriginal Americans reached this hemisphere only a few thousand years ago, probably by way of the Bering Strait, and remained completely isolated from the rest of the world until the arrival of the Spanish conquistadores, but recent discoveries have rendered this assumption more than a little infirm. It is now widely conceded, Mr. and Mrs. Verrill tell us, that if man did not actually evolve in the New World, he at least came here at a very early date, and it is almost certain that long before the European "discovery" of America, the ancient progenitors of the Incas and the Mayans were in communication with the peoples of Southeastern Asia. They then discuss, in great and fascinating detail, the various important finds—among them, the Folsom man (in New Mexico), the many wheeled toys (in Mexico), and the astonishing similarities between the Incan and the Sumerian linear script—upon which these conclusions are based. Drawings and photographs.

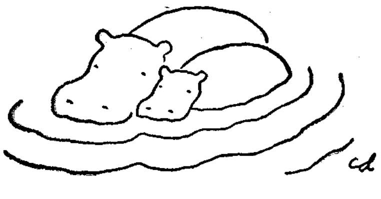
THE BRONTË STORY, by Margaret Lane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). Although Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," which made its first appearance in 1857, has the distinction of being the pioneer portrait of the unearthly inmates of Haworth Parsonage and the only one of any consequence written by an intimate of the family, most critics now regard it as inaccurate, incomplete, and outmoded. The author of this curious book disagrees. Despite its flaws, Miss Lane believes, it is still, in the main, a work of great and enduring richness, and in "The Brontë Story" she attempts to instill a similar appreciation in us. To this end, she has produced a kind of abridgment of the "Life." It is composed of numerous extracts from the original (some of them two or three pages long), rearranged according to her fancy and joined by transitional paragraphs that clarify the narrative and on occasion introduce pertinent new material. The result, as might be expected, is something of an oddity, but since Miss Lane is not only an enthusiast but an extremely able writer, it is a most enjoyable one.

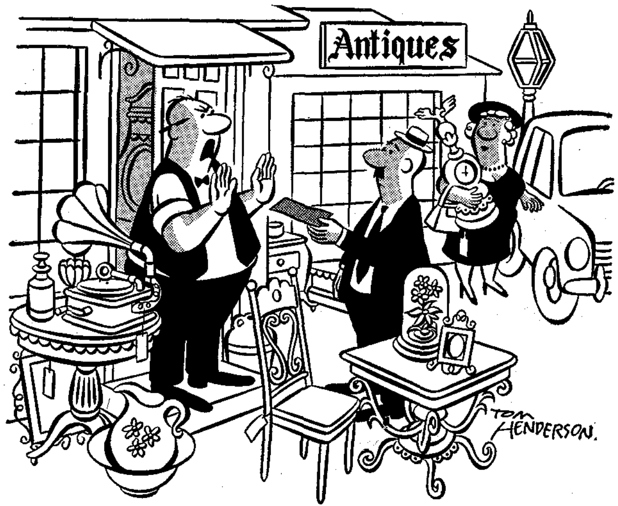
WHERE MAIN STREET MEETS THE RIVER, by Hodding Carter (Rinehart). In this autobiography, Mr. Carter, a native of Hammond, Louisiana, a graduate (class of 1927) of Bowdoin, and since 1939 the editor and publisher of the Greenville, Mississippi, *Delta Democrat-Times*, tells of his hard beginnings on a four-page daily in his home town, his travels (a stimulating term at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow, a misfit hitch on *PM*, and four happy war years as an officer and an editor of *Yank*), his vigorous and occasionally perilous opposition to the Huey Long regime, and his later inkpot battles with Bilbo, Rankin, and other cotton-belt grotesques. He also gives us his views on public education (its quality is low and, especially in the South, steadily declining), on lynching (it, too, is on the decline, especially in the South), and on his own writing. "It is mostly opinionated, personalized stuff," he says, "having in common only my belief in the rightness of what I am putting down." And, it must be said, a faint undertone of complacence.

LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES, by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus & Young). Miss Jackson (Mrs. Stanley Edgar Hyman) is the mother of four young children and lives in a large and admittedly untidy house in the country. She writes here of the small events and problems of day-to-day family existence—her boy's first experience of school, the dolors of owning a second-hand car, the arrival of a new baby and the critical attitude of the other children toward it, and things like that. She has a true ear for the way children talk, and she writes of her household with a sort of nervous and observant detachment that is sometimes quite funny.

THE SEA-HUNTERS, by Edouard A. Stackpole (Lippincott). A history of American whaling by a native Nantucketer who is curator of the Marine Historical Association at Mystic, Connecticut. He does a thorough job and covers new historical territory, telling us how men in America first devised ways of killing whales alongshore, and how they developed their art and extended their hunting grounds until every part of the marine world was familiar to them. He goes into such things as the Quaker influence on whaling, and whaling's role in sustaining American economy for two centuries. One chapter is devoted to the extraordinary interlude, after the Revolution, when American whalemen were denied access to their home ports by British ships; other chapters tell of individual exploits and disasters, including the tale of the whaleship Essex, which was sunk by a whale in the Pacific and inspired the climax of "Moby Dick." Illustrated.

THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA, by John Esquemeling (Macmillan). One of the most important source books on the seventeenth-century pirates of the West Indies. The author, a Dutchman who was himself a pirate, says he witnessed many of the "remarkable assaults" and "un-





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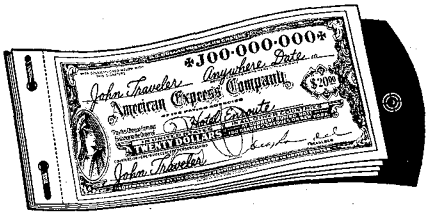

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paralleled exploits" he records. He was also a writer of considerable vitality and restless curiosity. This book, first published in English in 1684, not only contains a lot of information on such seagoing bravoes as the savage Frenchman L'Ollonais, and the notable Henry Morgan, who capped a career of piracy by becoming the respected and knighted lieutenant governor of Jamaica, but also abounds in observations on the way of life of the common pirate, the complement and equipment of pirate ships, and the flora and fauna of the islands of the Caribbean. How trustworthy Esquemeling was is still a question. He was writing for a public avid for gruesome details about the fabled buccaneers and he did not let his public down. Illustrated with engravings made for the 1684 edition.

MANTA, by Hans Hass (Rand McNally). The story of the author's explorations under the Red Sea. Dr. Hass is an enthusiastic member of a new breed of sporting scientists—the "free divers," who are discovering a new world at the bottom of the warm seas. This book deals with a five-week expedition he made in 1949 to Port Sudan, and with the fish he met and sometimes fought during hour-long descents—moray eels, barracuda, sharks, and mantas. His encounter with the manta—largest of the known rays, which sometimes measures twenty-two feet across its batlike body and can weigh up to six thousand pounds—is the focal center of the book, but there are other high spots, too, such as a run-in with a shark that, contrary to what Hass had learned about sharks in other waters, was *not* a coward. He recounts all this in a pleasantly offhand but still instructive way. Scattered through the book are some truly startling photographs of deep-sea monsters.

THE GREAT MAN, by Howard Swiggett (Doubleday). Another attempt to shake some life into the graven image of George Washington. While it would be too much to say that Mr. Swiggett has succeeded in an exertion that has exhausted so many before him, he has, largely as a result of composing his portrait almost entirely from the impressions of those who saw Washington plain, come impressively close to it. In the end, however, he defeats himself—by wrangling with his own witnesses, by ill-natured asides to earlier biog-

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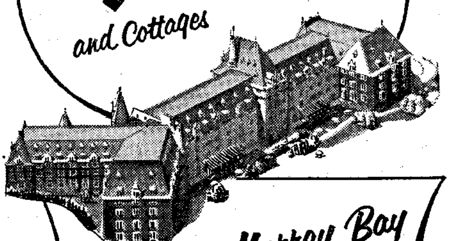

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raphers, and, above all, by a style that manages to be at once flat, turgid, and elliptical.

TRUTH IS OUR WEAPON, by Edward W. Barrett (Funk & Wagnalls). A critical analysis of the United States' information and propaganda programs by a man well qualified to write it. During the war, Mr. Barrett was an important executive in General Eisenhower's Psychological Warfare Branch; later, he was a director of the Office of War Information; and in 1950 he was made an Assistant Secretary of State in charge of all the government's information and education projects overseas. In this book, he reviews the work of the United States Information Service and the Voice of America and dissects the criticism, both constructive and asinine, that has been brought against these agencies. In doing so, he covers the entire field of international persuasion, discussing propaganda techniques, radio warfare, how to counter the systematic (but not necessarily clever) lying of the Kremlin, and how we can wage peace more effectively by long-range planning. Throughout the book, he insists that America must tell other peoples nothing but the truth, which he says is not only an ethical policy but a practical one.

MAURICE RAVEL, by Victor I. Seroff (Holt). It is not surprising that there should be so few biographies of Ravel, since the composer led an undramatic private life—no love affairs, no family rows, no legendary outbursts of temper. The fireworks come from outside the composer—musical politics and critical cabals for and against his music. Today, when Ravel's tidy works are standard repertory, it is hard to understand why they ever raised a furor. Mr. Seroff, who perhaps overrates his composer somewhat, explains it in terms of Ravel's daring, but it is easier to believe that the French of his era simply preferred to conduct their musical affairs like mortal combats.

SCULPTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie (Museum of Modern Art). Sculpture, so long considered the poor stepsister of painting and especially handicapped by the fact that it is so difficult to fit it into modern living, has been undergoing a revival of interest lately, and certainly a good part of this is due to the immense diversity and range of inventiveness its practitioners have shown in recent

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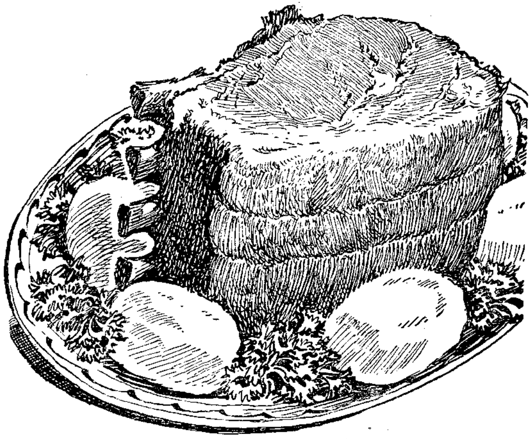

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years. Mr. Ritchie, beginning with Rodin, to whom he ascribes an importance as a forerunner rather greater than is customary, takes up the development of modern sculpture both here and abroad from its roots in post-Impressionism, through the Cubist, Futurist, and Surrealist periods, to the present day, when a healthy eclecticism—and a consequently almost bewilderingly wide variety of styles—seems to be the rule. There are no less than a hundred and seventy-six full-page illustrations to round out and amplify the text.

THE BEST I EVER ATE, by June Platt and Sophie Kerr (Rinehart). June Platt, who provides the recipes in this volume, is one of the most talented cooks who ever stirred a pudding, and Miss Kerr, who fills in with gastronomic reminiscence and reflection, writes about food with gusto and common sense, which should—and does—make their collaboration a happy one. Hostesses who have sailed to fame and glory on Mrs. Platt's previous cookbooks may, however, be disappointed that the new work offers relatively few opportunities for this inspired guide to mount her culinary high horse. It's Miss Kerr who sets the pleasantly nostalgic pattern of the book, in which forthright American pies, doughnuts, fried pork chops, and poundcake play an important part.

•

The banker has been a supply pastor for the past seven years. His recent official ordination made the ordination official.
—*California paper.*

We *ought* to be surprised, but we're not.

•

'51 AB; '51 AB—First Lieutenant Keith M. Seegmiller is a Psychological Warfare officer and, at present, squadron adjutant in Libya. . . . Mrs. Seegmiller (Nancy Russell) '51 had a daughter Lisa, February 22. Their address is 580th Reproduction Squadron, APO 231, % PM, New York City.—*Cornell Alumni News.*

That's *one* squadron that's on its toes.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Denver Post*]

NEW YORK (AP)—Paul Roberts, 69, and Mary Watts, 65, met on a boat ride sponsored by a day center last month.

He sampled a basket lunch she had prepared, and found it delicious.

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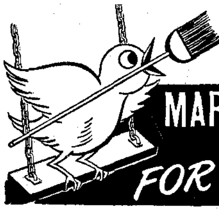

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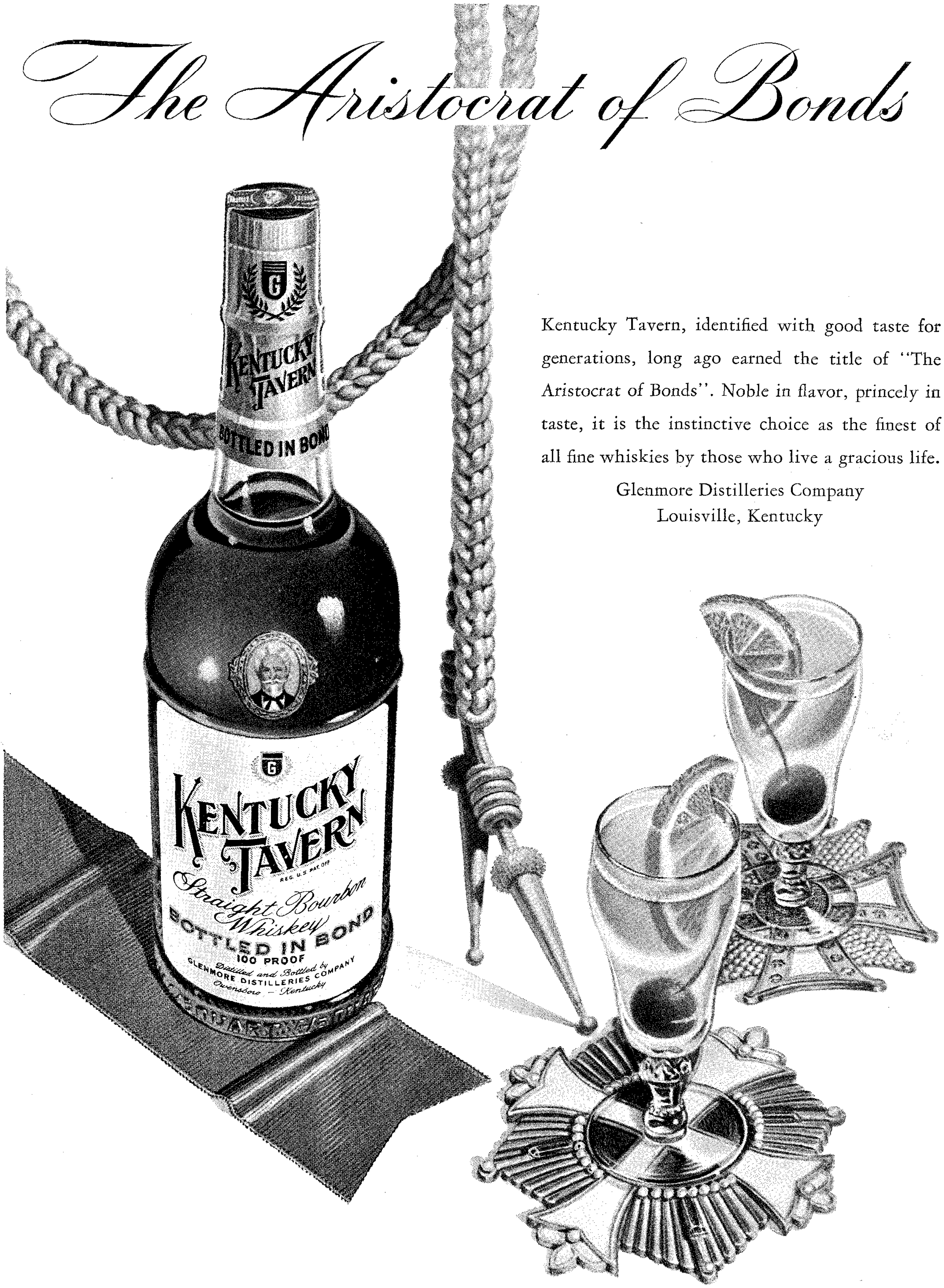
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